

REMINISCENCES

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THE NARROW WAY.

Experience Illustrated.

REMINISCENCES

SUB-PASTORAL WORK

BY JAMES H. HUTCHINS,

CLASS-LEADER, ILION, N. Y.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS,

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

UTICA, N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION.

The literature of the church necessarily embraces many subordinate fields. It reaches to the highest walks of theological research and discussion, it takes in all doctrinal statement and teaching, it abounds with history, and its biographical department has a wide compass. The church provides for the intellectual demands of the learned, but it has equal resources to meet the multitudes of her sons and daughters who can only give their largest attention to that class of reading which practically concerns the growth of the religious life and offers studies that will give a broader basis for usefulness and Christian activity. We have text-books for the recitation room of the theological seminary, for the minister's study, for the Sunday school parliament, for teachers' classes, for Bible readers and for class-leaders' use, who takes the oversight of a small flock of believers and applies himself to the best methods of leading them in duty and holiness. We have authors in the ministry, and authors in the laity. Whoever so writes as to enrich the mind and benefit the heart does a work that gives lasting reward.

This volume is the result of a laborious and patient mission in the church of a layman who in a humble and loving way has been the instrument of untold

spiritual comfort and blessing to hundreds to whom he has ministered in the capacity of class-leader. It is the record of one who has been content to go out simply as a gleaner and pick up the fallen heads of wheat, and yet it may be that in the years he may show as many sheaves as some who have labored more publicly and have been entrusted with greater responsibilities in the church.

The book is an echo that comes from many a bedside where spiritual comfort has been given, and where warm Christian sympathy has done a work that will be seen in heaven. It has been written as a help to spiritual workers. The incidents related will be of interest to the many who may be familiar with the scenes, and those who look to the experiences of others will find many suggestions that will help them into a more loving and devoted Christian life, and find more effectually the way of happy living. The joy of the Lord is a wonderful power in the progress of Christ's kingdom, and he who has it in large degree will be efficient in leading others to the same fountain.

Carvosso and Father Reeves and many others who have gone out into this humble and highly useful field of effort have left blessings upon thousands who have read their unpretending pages, and the church itself has been the recipient of untold good in a deeper consecration and a more perfect faith of many seeking souls.

A loving thought can never die,
And thousands wait the seed
Where it shall fall, not long to lie,

To grow a blossomed deed;
Nor will it cease until the fruit
Shall hang in clusters rare,
And praise shall ring from lips once mute,
And eager feet shall give pursuit—
Made swift to do and dare.

'Tis not the high, 'tis not the low,
Which God doth most approve;
The heart that knows the overflow
Of his unending love
Calls most his benediction down;
His throne built up within
Is better than an earthly crown,
And better than a king's renown,
And there does heaven begin.

This little volume is a tribute of love to him who only can build the temple of beauty in the soul, and reside there as a living presence of joy and purity. As such we pray that many hungering and fainting ones may be led into a deeper and holier life of duty and blessing by perusing its pages.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Cazenovia, N. Y.

THE NARROW WAY.

EXPERIENCE ILLUSTRATED.

At the request of my friends, I have consented to give my Christian experience to the public. As I have consecrated myself to God, and made a covenant with him through the atonement and blood of Jesus, for all time to come, to be used for his glory and the honor of his name, I expect, by the help of the Holy Spirit guiding my pen and operating on my heart, filling it with Divine love and inspiration, to utter words that will quicken souls, cheer the downcast, comfort the broken-hearted, prompt the indifferent and negligent to be active and zealous in the cause of Christ. Unless God will put his seal and blessing on these sayings, they will be a failure. Paul may plant, Apollos water, God giveth the increase.

Twenty-eight years of my life is a blank. I do not derive any pleasure or help as I reflect upon it. It is past, never to return, the time wasted. I loved company and was fond of dancing, would engage in it with others for four nights in the week until four o'clock in the morning on some occasions, but not satisfied even at that late hour. No results except weary limbs, loss of time, and an empty purse. I served the world and Satan the very best I could, al-

though unhappy and discontented, knowing I was doing wrong. I had a thirsting within me and a strong desire for something real, that would console the craving of my longing heart and fill that aching void which the things of this life cannot satisfy.

During the time of writing this experience I have received several excellent letters from the members of my classes and kind friends who have sympathized with me in my work, and have offered prayer to God in my behalf. I will pray God to reward each one of them for the good their letters have done me. Their kind advice and words of cheer have encouraged my heart; by the blessing of God upon what they have written, it has helped me to be a better Christian, and go forward in the pathway of duty, fearless of criticism, with one purpose and aim of my life in view—the glory of God and the good of never-dying and immortal souls. I have given the contents of several of these letters to be published. In doing that, the name of Christ has been honored, and good accomplished, and hearts touched through the Spirit of the Master. The experience of each one coming from a heart filled with the love of Jesus is cheering and profitable to the reader. Some of them have been great sufferers; grace has kept them through faith in the blessed Redeemer—kept by the power of God for the Master's use. Experience will reach hearts where everything else has failed. The Lord is able to use the weak things to confound the mighty, and the simple things to confound the wise. Some with whom I have corresponded may be surprised when they read this article, to see some of their own

composition in print that they have written to me. I have done this for the benefit and interest of others, with a pure motive of doing good to the public, with God's blessing upon the course I have taken for the advancement of his cause and building up of the Redeemer's kingdom. I have not given the name of the writer in any case, but one of their initials. I am under many obligations to them for contributing to this publication from their pen, the thoughts that have been given to them from Him who says in his Word, "I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." To think, speak and act right, we need inspiration from above. The press is a great educator ; the pen that is set in motion to enlighten the people, will wield a mighty power for good if the life of the one back of it has been consecrated to God and his service. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. This life is given to us to prepare for the life that is to come ; we are building character, and doing work for eternity ! May we act wisely ; our destiny is in our hands to a certain extent. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." May we choose that good part which shall not be taken away from us. Each one of us has an influence ! how are we using it ? what have we done to help men to be good, and love God ? We are accountable to our Maker, and must answer at the judgment. May we be endued with power to persuade men to seek the Lord. I expect God will reveal himself to those who peruse these pages, and impress hearts by his tender Spirit, and win souls to Christ. If that may be accomplished, the desire of my heart will be realized.

I hope and trust it may be, and expect it will, for I have the promise of it in his precious Word. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall grant thee the desire of thine heart."

Reared and trained by pious parents—father Presbyterian, mother Methodist—being the youngest child at home, I was in the care and direction of my mother wholly. She was a sainted woman, lived and enjoyed religion every day of her life; she had a powerful influence on those around her. God says in the Word, "They that honor me, them will I honor." As I reached the age of accountability, I was impressed by her holy life. Again and again she would receive so much love in her heart trusting Jesus, that tears of joy would run down her face, and often would praise the Lord for his loving kindness. I was wayward and wilful like other boys, and wanted my own way. Repeatedly have I brought grief and sadness to her heart, still she would go forward expecting God would open the way, answer prayer, and save her erring boy. I decided quite early that there was a reality in religion. I wanted the same kind that kept her sweetly in every trial and under all circumstances. I do thank God, and will praise him all through eternity for giving me a Christian mother. The years passed away; I happened to meet in class-meeting, and was very much affected; the leader was a devout man; what he said went to my young heart, although he was not aware that his words were making an impression on me. An earnest Christian will not know the good he is doing in this life, until the books are opened at the judgment. In

many ways the Lord answered prayer, and used means to draw me to himself.

A Baptist minister called and spoke to me about my soul. I thanked him, and said, When I seek religion, I want mother's kind. He did not call again. I admired him for the interest he had in my salvation. In the great revival all over this country and Canada, in 1858, I surrendered in answer to prayer and tears. I gave all to Jesus, and sought the pardon of my sins, by simple faith on the Son of God. Rev. D. C. McDowell was the preacher in charge at Kemptville, Canada. The Methodist church in that village is of precious memory—my spiritual birthplace. At that altar, on my knees, I bowed in humble supplication. When we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. We must believe that he is a rewarder to all them that diligently seek him. For three nights in succession I went forward to the mercy seat with others seeking. Through the kindness of the pastor, advising me to look to Jesus by faith, and thank him for prompting me by his blessed Spirit to take that step. In answer to the prayers of the church I was saved, praise the Lord. There was a great awakening of feeling in the whole community, all classes were reached, many hardened sinners were won to Christ. At the close of the revival services we organized a band-meeting, composed of five members ; it was the duty each week for one of the members to take charge and lead the service ; the key was turned in the door, as no one was allowed to enter. Those meetings were of great benefit to each one of us. I well remember the first time in my life

that I offered prayer to God in public. I look back to that occasion with deep interest; it was a cottage prayer meeting in a palace—the finest residence in town. I am glad to say it was consecrated to the Master. The owner of that beautiful home was the leading merchant in that section of the country. After the toil and wear of business through the week he would go out and preach the gospel to lost men, and honor Christ. No wonder he grew to be a man of wealth and fame; God blessed and prospered him. The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich.

In a few years I disposed of my goods, let my store, and followed farming. Being in the country, I did not attend all the meetings, which was a great detriment to me. One lesson in life I have learned, the most important thing to a Christian, is, watch, work and pray. It may be I was not called to be a farmer; however I did not succeed. After consideration and thought upon the situation, I came to this conclusion, to bid good-bye to the land that gave me birth, and cast my lot among strangers. Having a friend living in Rome, N. Y., I decided to make my home in the great republic, and seek my fortune in the United States. The chorus of the song is, “Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.” April, 1862, we arrived in Rome—the people were kind to us. The excitement and push of business which is characteristic of the Americans, attracted our attention, but we soon felt at home. There was a demand for help in every enterprise. The government was in need of men; a regiment of volunteers to go to the front were mustered in and quartered there in

the barracks. The sound of the bugle call in the morning to rouse the boys in blue to prepare for drill was often heard. We found employment on the R. W. & O. R. R., and tried our hand at that kind of work for several months.

Rev. J. B. Foote, pastor of First M. E. Church, called at our home. I need not say we were more than pleased to see him ; we shall never forget that act of kindness. We united with the church above referred to, were assigned to Dr. Cowles' class ; they convened on Tuesday evening. A little mound in the cemetery reminds us where the remains of our much loved boy Fred were laid away to await the sound of Gabriel's trumpet in the resurrection morn.

We next found a position in the office of that popular firm, E. B. & H. S. Armstrong, wealthy merchants, and men of business and high standing in that town. The junior partner was a man of influence and ability, held the title of "Colonel," had charge of the boys in blue that I have written about, before they left the city to go South. In the mean time a number of very wealthy men formed a company to manufacture pig iron, and purchased the blast furnace owned by Mr. Munson, located at Franklin Iron Works. Col. H. S. Armstrong had an interest in the business, and was made by the Board of Directors the Managing Trustee. He kindly invited me to go with him, and offered me a position where I could work my way up, and be useful to the firm, and demand a remunerative salary. April, 1864, we put our goods on board a canal boat and started for our new home. I commenced in service as bell

boy and time-keeper. The years rolled around, business increased, and I was so much interested in the welfare of the corporation, and especially in the matters of Col. Armstrong, as he alone owned a large number of boats on the canal, and other property that needed attention. The company built a store in connection with their works, and sent me to New York to purchase goods, Sept., 1867, to furnish our men with an assortment of supplies such as a family are daily in need of.

My former experience in the mercantile business was of great advantage to me, although there was a difference in buying goods in Montreal and New York. Goods well bought are half sold. They raised my salary, and put me in charge of the store, and gave me two young men as assistants, as my duties increased. Through the influence of one of the members of the corporation, Hon. O. B. Matteson, Utica, who had communication with the proper authorities at Washington, D. C., the Postmaster General appointed a post office at the works; I was made assistant postmaster. I was obliged to go every month to the ore beds and pay the men. The furnace was one and a half miles from Clinton.

We gave our church letters to the pastor, Rev. Dwight Williams; he gave us a hearty welcome, and assigned us to John G. Davenport's class, which met after the morning service. For the first time in my life I was homesick when I went into that little church to worship on the Lord's day; the congregation was small, the appearance of the building not inviting; the walls of the basement, where the class

meeting was held, were in the rough state as the masons left them, no matting on the floor, no pictures on the wall. We were loyal to Methodism, or we would have gone across the way and united at the stone church, where the membership was large, wealthy and popular, where nearly all the people went to hear Rev. Albert Erdman preach the gospel. Hamilton College, Houghton and Cottage Seminaries, and Prof. Kelsey's School sent all their students to the Presbyterian church. We have remained on board the old ship so far, and don't propose to change at this time. Brother Davenport, the class leader, had an influence on me, through Jesus, that no man ever had ; he used to call on me at my home ; I needed his counsel. In the class room I used to sing heartily. God used my voice to cheer the heart of the leader. He would often ask me to lead a part of the class, which was a blessing to my soul. The Master knew what was awaiting me in the near future. I did not understand it then ; I do now. I prized a good horse ; the more life and speed it had the better I was pleased. I kept one to drive from my home in Clinton to the works. (We changed our residence for the convenience of my family.) Through the care of business and increased duties for the firm, I neglected the means of grace. I would find fault with everything ; all was going wrong. Afterwards I found out the trouble was in myself ; I was cold and formal, and in a backslidden state, but did not know it. Rev. M. S. Hard was sent to Clinton to succeed brother Williams ; he was active in the church and out of it, full of magnetism and song. In answer to prayer,

and thought upon the subject, he was led to propose to the members and congregation to make improvements on the church edifice, which was long needed. He soon appointed a building committee to take the matter in hand. He could make any one of us put our hand down deep in our pocket and pay out money, and feel happy over it. The Lord used him to do that kind of work. They enlarged the church, put in a bell, painted the house in and out, and changed the basement, and made an inviting place of worship. He then sent for his much esteemed friend, Dr. Peck, to dedicate it to Almighty God. The people gave liberally to meet the expenses ; a great revival followed ; lawyers, doctors, gamblers and others were converted ; the gospel net was full—a great ingathering of souls, a new state of things for Methodism in that village. The next summer they built a new parsonage ; now they are well to do, and rejoicing in the Lord.

Rev. M. G. Bullock was the next minister sent to that charge. He was an able preacher, and quite an orator, second to no one in any pulpit. He read law with Prof. Evans while in Clinton. Rev. O. C. Cole followed him as pastor of that church.

Nine years passed away pleasantly in that beautiful village, with all its opportunities—the excellent schools and the benefit of attending the college—the blessing and help that will come to a community where men of learning, and the gifts of talents that are bestowed on them from him who gave us our existence tend to make us better. All the citizens of that place greatly admire the young men that are

there to be instructed and benefited in their halls of learning, and pay their money in exchange for what they get. The students grace the streets of that lovely town with their gentlemanly presence. It is a beautiful scene to witness on College street in the afternoon, as these young men are passing on their way to the post office, anxious to receive letters from dear friends—to hear from absent ones, father, mother—sister will pen a few thoughts to inform them of what is taking place at the home of their childhood, the dearest place on earth to them.

May God bless all of those dear ones and use them in answer to prayer offered in their behalf from a sainted mother, that each one will be made a blessing to the world and do good in all the pathway of life.

August 31st, 1873, we severed our service with that wealthy and popular corporation, the Franklin Iron Works. After a rest of a few months, through the solicitation of my dear friend, Rev. M. S. Hard, and a kind Providence leading him and others to intercede in my behalf with the Messrs. Remingtons, they kindly offered me a position on the clerical staff in their office. December 25th, Christmas day, we landed bag and baggage in Ilion, to commence again among strangers. We gave our church letter to the pastor, Rev. T. B. Shepherd, who received us cheerfully in his off-hand way and made us feel at home. He assigned us to the class that met on Tuesday evening, Marshall Lewis, class leader. We were edified and instructed from his well chosen words of common sense and deep thought, in response to the members of the class after testimony of each one.

He is a well-read man, an excellent scholar, an earnest Christian ; uses good language, can express himself with ease, is a fluent speaker, a little conservative in manner, must be convinced and persuaded by argument before changing his plan and line of work, is an old time and consistent follower of Christ. The boom was up to high tide in Ilion ; the armory had a full force working day and night on the Spanish contract, a mint of money in it I should be led to say. Gov. Squire had charge of the clerks in the office and was secretary of the corporation. He was kind to the stranger, God bless him ; his pleasing way and happy expression on his smiling face would gladden any heart under reverse circumstances. He was liberal and gentlemanly to the clerks, made each one of the staff a valuable present on Christmas day. The monthly pay roll of that far-famed and noble firm would amount to \$110,000. Seventeen hundred men at work, the blue checks paid to the men were quite conspicuous in those days, each man going to the bank to draw the greenbacks and pay his bill as he pleased. The contractors became rich, while their wives and daughters dressed in a style the very best the market could afford. One merchant in Utica said to me, "We can not buy goods anywhere too valuable to please the people in your town, they won't select any cheap stuff." A large number of the contractors kept a nice turn-out and a man to drive, each one making an effort to excel the other.

A vacant residence on a convenient street was not to be had. There were from two to three occupants in each dwelling, and it was said that 800 families.

lived in 550 houses. At last we found a place on Armory hill to settle.

Now came a new experience to the writer. A large church with 350 members all well to do and rich in regard to this life, talented and endowed in spiritual gifts ; many of them walking in the highway of holiness and enjoying the blessing of sanctification. They were gifted in prayer, while answers of peace and the very presence of the triune God would be manifest as they were pleading on their bended knees, calling on the name of the Lord. We attended all the means of grace and soon became acquainted and attached to the people, and loved them. Everybody seemed to be employed. It was not offensive to any to toil in a manufacturing town where each one was engaged to do their part, and in return be amply rewarded for the same. The church, a little ancient in the outside appearance, the audience room beautiful, the frescoing very elaborate—no better work anywhere, with gas in the ceiling, and when lighted you might imagine you were in some city church as you enter it for worship.

Rev. A. J. Cowles, Mohawk, was a wide awake man. The Lord blessed him down there in his work of the ministry. The whole town was stirred by his earnest appeals, and especially the intemperate class; a great many were converted. At the close of the year, the pastor invited me to become the leader of a class made up of the converts ; I thanked him, but dared not undertake the care of those precious souls. I felt my own weakness and inability to be a class leader away from home. I did go down

for a few weeks and met the class while the preacher was there, but declined the offer made to be their leader. May, 1874, brother Shepherd kindly suggested to me to take charge of class No. 5, organized and led by brother R. for a term of years. His health failed, and he resigned. Brother W. became the leader of the class, got discouraged on account of the small attendance, and gave it up. We organized and started for work and success. It is an old adage, "A new broom sweeps clean." After a time the members neglected to attend, only five persons came that we could rely upon each week. In about two years the interest in attendance was so low, that for two weeks in succession the only person present was the leader. I did not backslide over that, or cross the way and join another church. I did learn my own weakness. I had no power with God, I had not the influence upon the members of my class that brethren B. and T. had on their class. In the meantime brother B. would converse with me about the higher life, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. As we were employed by the same firm he would often speak to me on the subject. He could give day and date when he received that blessing. I soon became a firm believer in that doctrine ; the more he explained it to me about his own experience, the more light I received. The Lord made use of that devout man to help me. By simple faith I waited and earnestly coveted that blessing. One very stormy night, in the basement of our church a few were present to honor the Master. Brother Harter was there. I am happy to say the good Lord filled my soul with His love and power. I

can not describe the feeling and emotion I then had. I could not find a name to give it. I said "Yes, Lord, that experience and blessing I want constantly in my heart. I will do anything or go anywhere to work for Jesus, if I can feel the Spirit's power through me and abiding within me." It was plainly revealed to me by grace that I must for ever consent to do certain things. I had a quick, bad, sulky temper to overcome ; I was irritable and impatient, would sin and repent often. It was necessary for me, owing to my position as class leader, to be an exemplary, cross-bearing Christian, to be kept by grace divine. I then solemnly agreed and promised to obey Jesus, as the light was made known to me. I was able after that gift from God to lead my class with ease, and did not shrink from duty as I had before in many ways. I think, if it was necessary, I could with that blessed experience go out on the street corner and bow on my knees and offer prayer to God, should He make it known to me that was His will. I committed, bequeathed and transferred without reserve all I had to God, to have, hold, possess, control and make use of time, talent, friends, reputation and purse. All for Jesus ! Hallelujah to His precious name ! O, what a hallowed revelation I had from heaven and immortal glory ! The thought of being wholly the Lord's ! It is blessed beyond description—the joy, comfort, peace and rest to a sanctified soul. The chorus of that grand, inspiring old song is appropriate right here :

"The half has never yet been told !"

After that memorable occasion and wonderful manner, the Lord led me to see new beauties--holding communion with Jesus, and the sacred nearness of His presence in our walk together by faith on the strong arm of Jehovah. He gave me for my first lesson, to prepare me to honor Him each day of my life to gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord, a relish to study His precious Word. I became interested in it, and had a hungering and thirsting after spiritual food. Rev. W. F. Crafts gave an address, 1877, in the First M. E. Church, Utica. I was present, and learned through that devout man and the Spirit of God how to study the blessed Bible. Through a mere accident, a short time after I attended the Sabbath school in our church. Brother Moss was teaching a class, and he kindly asked me to take a seat with them, but did not for some reason ask me a question. I was in dread all through the session for fear he might speak to me to explain some portion of the lesson. Afterwards I had charge of a class of boys, and remained their teacher until the school gave me the honor to be assistant superintendent. I had lost a great deal by not being engaged with the children in the Sunday school work.

"A little child shall lead them." I am very grateful to the Master for the deep interest He has given to me in the children. I attended six Sunday school conventions last season, and had the privilege of giving a short address at each session—Jordanville, Cedar Lake, Coldbrook, Earlville, West Frankfort and Remsen. The superintendent of the school at the last mentioned place has held the office for

twenty-one years in succession ! precious record. He is a self-made man, a staunch Methodist, well read in the catechism and discipline of our church, and chock full of the Bible ; a man of much prayer, strong faith in God, speaks his mind with freedom, and gives his opinion of doing things in a rapid off-hand way. He has accumulated large property, and knows the value of a dollar as well as his next door neighbor. He is in love with the Sabbath school work, takes an interest in the children, uses his time and money to bless the young people of that community, and push the battle to the gate of the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel. The secret of it all is that God works in and through that devoted man to bless the world. Methinks his crown of rejoicing in the glory land will be full of stars, and many of the dear young hearts he has won to Christ will meet him at the judgment, and call his name blessed !

I love the narrow way ; as we are traveling in it we are able to help others, there are so many that need an encouraging word or a pleasant smile. The Word says : " He that converteth a soul from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." O, the value of an immortal soul, who can estimate it ? No one but our Maker.

After we make the consecration God fits us for our work. Paul says, " I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Now, a word or two to those who are class leaders, or workers in the Sabbath school. I have no plan of

my own, and no set rule or form to lead my class. I ask Jesus to lead me and help me to lead the class, and He has never disappointed me. As I am very busy in the office and go before my class without any time for preparation, I trust wholly to the Holy Spirit, and find that man's extremity is God's opportunity. I think we trust too much to ourselves, and do not honor our Saviour. Christ says in His Word, "No man cometh unto me except the Father draw him." Very true. If we are filled with love we can help others to get nearer to Him.

Some one has said, "It is so hard to take care of the young converts, more so than to bring them to Jesus. We cannot help them only as Jesus helps us." We are the honored instruments in the hands of God in winning souls for heaven. There is a joy in working for Him. We do the best we can, and leave the results with God. It is our duty to work; results belong to Him alone. We will give Him all the praise.

I would recommend that a leader commence his meeting on time as far as possible, and close at 9 o'clock precisely. Open with singing and prayer, read a few verses of the Word, and comment upon it if you are led by the Spirit to do so. Be very brief in whatever you have to say yourself, as the class are watching you. Slow singing, long prayers and long testimonies will drive the young converts away, and they will grow cold and formal. Have them all take part in singing; sing quick, short and often, and select something appropriate for the occasion. There is a power in song. I am learning every day that

more souls will be gathered for the Master through grace and the song service than we think of.

I have observed that after a revival in the church our class meetings are better attended ; as the interest of the church members seems to slacken, they stay away from the class meeting. There are some who are kept along from year to year, and they depend upon the help they receive from the church to carry them through. If you are so fortunate as to enjoy a revival once a year in the church, in that way you may hold your members.

The custom now is, after the week of prayer, in January of each year, to commence a series of meetings, and often a revival will follow. There are some that wait and depend upon these meetings to be carried along ; the trouble is with us—not the plan of salvation—God is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, praise his dear name. “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” The length of time to hold a class meeting depends wholly upon circumstances—one hour if you can get through in that time. We had sixty-nine testimonies, fourteen songs and three prayers in one hour and twenty minutes, seventy-four persons present—not much time for the leader to respond. I let the good Lord speak through my voice in song. Jesus led the meeting that night ; the occasion I will never forget. His presence filled the place. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”

Mr. Wesley recommends that the leader see each member of his class once a week. He knew what he was saying. If a man is filled with the Holy Ghost,

and likes his work, he may become a power, under God, and do an amount of good in the church, and be a great blessing to his own class, for the members of his class are watching him closely. He cannot lead them on to higher ground only as Jesus leads him. The class will never go ahead of the leader—that is true. O, for devout and holy men for class leaders. *I want to emphasise that sentence.* (May God impress that upon each one of us that are called to this great responsibility.) He said to Peter, “Feed my lambs.” In order to do that, we must hold communion with God, and be filled with his Spirit, have a relish for our work, and enjoy much of his love in our hearts. Paul says in the tenth chapter of Romans, “Brethren, the desire of my heart and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved.” When we get a burden of soul for the unsaved, something will be done, as that desire is given to us by the Lord. I saw the account of a Sabbath school convention in our family paper (*Advocate*) ; I had a desire at once to attend. In the mean time I made it a subject of prayer ; the Lord blessed me in a powerful manner ; the tears ran down my face while I was pleading with God to save a few souls on that occasion, and use his servant to gather a few sheaves at that place for the garner of the Lord. Blessed Lord, he did answer my prayer, and gave me such faith as I addressed the young people at that gathering. I gave the invitation at the close of my remarks, for any one that had a desire to give their heart to God to manifest it by rising to their feet—no one ready to take such a stand. Satan will keep a person on their seat if he can. I

asked the congregation to bow their heads while I went on my knees and offered prayer to God to send conviction to the people, and save souls for whom Christ died. The Lord touched hearts in that audience, and made them tender with his love. In the evening, after the benediction was pronounced, I was shaking hands with the children ; as I walked up the aisle a young person came towards me and addressed me with these words : "Mr. Hutchins, your remarks this afternoon impressed me very much. I want to be a Christian ; I ask you to pray for me that I may be saved." I asked their name, and said, "I will pray that you may be saved ; when you are converted, write to me." I gave my initials ; we separated, perhaps never to meet again until we meet at the judgment. I began at once to pray for that soul ; the Lord gave me faith as I continued to pray. I will not attempt to tell if that one was saved. I will give a copy of a letter that I received in a few weeks from that person :

"DEAR FRIEND—I have not forgotten the promise which I made you a few weeks ago. I am happy to inform you Jesus has at last shed light upon my darkened pathway. One week ago last Sabbath during class meeting I expressed my desire to be a Christian. We knelt in prayer, and I then gave my heart to God ; but it seemed as though God had turned a deaf ear to my petitions. I struggled on in darkness, praying and reading, but no help came. Tuesday night, December 26th, 1882, I was obliged to decide whether I would be on the Lord's side or not. I passionately loved dancing and dress. My companions invited me to attend a long anticipated party, and I could not see the harm in attending. I talked with

Elder B., and thanks be to God, I finally made a stand for Jesus. I felt happier, but still I was groping in the dark until last night, when God spoke peace to my weary soul. I am sweetly trusting in Jesus, and am determined (God helping me) to remain faithful. I was partially converted when twelve years of age. I remained faithful for about two years, then I became discouraged and fell by the way; but the Spirit of God followed me. Although for a few years I was more reckless than ever, God did not forsake me. Three and one-half years ago I took the first step towards returning, and during the same time was striving against the Holy Spirit. For more than a year I have been under deep conviction, and during my solitary hours I have prayed, read and thought much; but in society (and especially before Christians) I have seemed the most hardened. Many times when I have met Christians with a cold, haughty appearance, I have only tried to cover a breaking heart, and only one word rightly spoken would have caused me to yield. God brought me down to a sick bed the 21st of August, 1882. The 3d of September I thought I should die, and when the time came to bid my friends farewell I felt that I was unprepared to meet my God. Then did I earnestly pray that if God would spare my life a little longer and permit me to recover, I would consecrate my life, my all, to his cause. God permitted me to recover; and as I began to improve I kept thinking of my vow, and felt that I never could keep it. The way seemed more difficult than ever; and until you spoke at the S. S. Convention that day, my feelings were, I'm further from heaven to-day than ever I've been before. But during your address I broke down completely, and had I thought it the proper place then, I should have given my heart to God. That induced me to attend the evening service, and I determined to ask your prayers. The Lord has indeed

granted them. I am weak yet, and still need them. Pray for me whenever it is convenient. I believe the Lord will bless you and make you instrumental in doing good. I will try and repay you by serving the Lord and praying for my associates. Excuse my lengthy "note," for I wanted to tell you my experience. May the Lord bless you, and grant that we shall meet on earth; if not, I hope to meet you where partings are no more. Very sincerely, S."

I do thank the dear Lord for saving that soul, and for that beautiful letter. I hope Jesus will use it to save precious souls, for his own name's sake. He shall have all the glory.

An aged minister once said to a younger one, as he was giving him his ordination charge: "Every man has a heart, not every one a head; if you aim at the heart in preaching to your people, you will hit more of your hearers than if you aim at their heads; there is more power in sympathy than in logic in swaying men's convictions; some men get religion through their passions, and not through their intellect. God has different ways of working in bringing men to Christ. If we are willing to allow him to use us, he will do great things for us and through us to his glory and the good of the cause."

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." I would advise a class leader to read the Word and to commit to memory; there is power in it; it is the sword of the Spirit. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and

is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Avoid as much as possible any form or set way to lead your meeting. If you have a liking for your calling it will help you materially. If the leader has enthusiasm in his work he will give it to his class ; it is contagious ; the husbandman must first be a partaker of the fruit.

We are commanded to sow by the side of all waters ; if we sow, we shall reap if we faint not. The narrow way is a safe way ; it is the way of the cross. "No cross, no crown." Doubtless you have experienced this. What we accumulate in this life that costs us the most we esteem the highest ; we will enjoy all the religion we live for ; the oftener we go to God in prayer, the greater our enjoyment.

I know of some Christians in time of trouble that neglect their closet duties, and try and arrange matters themselves. I cannot get along and make any headway in that line, so I take everything to the Lord in prayer, and the best of it to me is, he leads me. I find rest in believing in his Son Jesus Christ. Some one has said, We must take up the cross at both ends ; that we must pray in a prayer meeting, speak for Jesus in the conference meeting. We are to confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

It is an old adage, "Practice makes perfect." The more we confess our Saviour, the more enjoyment we will have. By neglect of duty we gradually drift away from God ; the cross is so heavy we cannot find the courage to take it up. "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.”

We are saved through faith and prayer. “He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again.” There is power in Jesus’ blood to make the foulest clean. Paul says, “When I would, do good, evil is present with me.”

It is the little things that make up life. With Jesus’ love in our hearts, and kind words on our lips, we can win the hardest heart for the Master. It was not the nails in the hands of our Saviour that held him to the cross ; it was love, wondrous love, so full and free that it reaches even me. Praise his dear precious name for a salvation that saves all that will come unto him. As I was calling at the home of one of the members of my class, the lady of the house said to me, “I know of a young man that is very low with consumption—my neighbor—I want you to go and visit him and speak to him about his soul, as I feel a great burden for him, that he must be saved soon, or lost to all eternity.” I soon became much interested in the young man, although I had not seen him. God put the burden of his precious soul on my heart. The lady gave me the name of the person, and directed me to the house. I promised her that I would call as soon as an opportunity was offered me. I remember well the evening I rapped at the door of that home ; the idea of calling on a strange family, and not one of them Christians ; no sympathy with Christ or religion—I assure you it was not an easy

task. There was a soul to be won for the dear Saviour. I will use the words of the Apostle : "The love of Christ constraineth me." The mother came to the door and invited me in. I called the name of her son, and said I wished to see him. She called him in and introduced me to him. I called his name and said, "I have come to sympathize with you in your affliction." He was very frank to talk with me. O, what an anxious look upon his face ! I never can forget it while I live. I soon found he was anxious to know about the future ; he seemed to realize that he was a very sick man, and must be prepared to die. I did not say much to him that evening, or let him know I was anxious about his soul, for fear he would not be free to talk with me about giving his heart to Jesus. The Lord was working upon that young man by his Spirit. He knew very well he was not prepared to meet his Maker. I addressed the most of my conversation to the family that evening. Before I left, I asked him if I might pray for him. He answered in the affirmative. I then bowed on my knees in prayer to God, while the whole family remained in their seats. I beseeched the Father for his Son's sake to speak to the heart of that young man, and save his soul for whom Christ died. The lady was also praying for him, and that encouraged my heart, for she promised me she would unite her prayers with mine that God would save the soul of that young man. As I clasped his hand to say good night, he seemed pleased to have me call, and asked me to call again. The next visit was on Sunday afternoon ; I could see he was failing, as I took his hand in mine,

the fever was very high. My heart went out to him at once ; he was troubled to get his breath, and had pain in his side. I read to him from the Word, and spent a short time in prayer, commanding him to God and the word of his grace. My next visit was on Friday evening. I noticed he was much worse, and would soon cross the river of death. He said to me he hoped he would not be confined to his bed very long. O, the mercy of God, to grant him the desire of his heart. As he rode out Tuesday to Mohawk and back, he was taken down with severe pain, and suffered much through the night. In the morning a neighbor of his called at the office and said to me, "Orrin is very sick, and won't live but a short time ; he has been talking, and calling your name during the night ; you had better go at once to see him." I then took his case to God in prayer and faith, and asked him to save the soul of that young man. O, the burden I had then and there on my heart ; I did plead with the Master to speak peace to that soul. The answer came that he would grant it for his Son's sake. The burden left me, and I had faith that I would meet that young man in heaven. I went on with my work until nearly noon day, when I walked up to the house to see him. He did not recognize me, he was so low. About one o'clock his spirit passed up to the glory land. In the forenoon of that day sister C., who spoke to me about him, went to her closet in prayer to God to save his soul before he called him away. The answer came to her that her prayer was answered. She immediately arose from her knees and went on with the duties of

her home. We claimed one of the promises simply by faith, "Where two or three are agreed as touching one thing, it shall be granted unto them."

Blessed are they that be wise, for they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. Blessed Lord, we give him the glory.

That sainted man, Payson, once said he was not fit to speak to a man about his soul until his own heart was all broken to pieces with the hammer of God's love. "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." "When thou seekest him with all thine heart, he will be found of thee." I remember the time when a devoted young minister was anxious for a revival in his church. He came to Ilion for some of the brethren to go and assist him in extra meetings. Brother B. and the writer went up to unite our prayers to the Almighty for the spirit of work and the salvation of souls. We had a blessed time together ; the Lord did wonderful things for me. The pastor preached well, good attendance at the meetings, but no one seemed to be ready to seek the Lord. It did seem that we must give up the meetings, without anyone being converted.

On Sunday evening brother B. was conducting the services at the altar ; the pastor, a dear, sweet spirit-ed man was pleading with the young people to come forward and start for heaven. Finally, one beautiful young lady decided while he was talking to her, to embrace the Saviour, and went to the altar, and the consequence was twenty-four more followed her be-

fore the meetings closed. Our hearts were happy in the Saviour's love on that occasion.

We found out in a few days in one of the meetings that a devoted sister in the church there had a great burden for souls on her heart. She took it to the Lord in prayer. God can take a worm and thrash a mountain. Yes; "One shall chase a thonsand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

God moves in a mysterions way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." The experience I had in the meetings in that little church was a great blessing to my heart. I have learned that when we try to make others happy, and do a little work in the vineyard of the Master, he does great things for us. There is a hungering after more of his love, and only Jesus can satisfy our longing appetites and fill that aching void in our hearts. His gracious presence makes our paradise. I am glad salvation is free ; the rich and poor may share in it ; there will be no difference in heaven—all will be on a level. We shall be so much attracted by looking at the dear Saviour ! We will fall at his feet, and the story repeat, and the lover of sinners adore ! The way to heaven is so plain that a fool need not err therein. God's blessed spirit is striving with our hearts, convincing us of sin and a judgment to come. We are to flee to the outstretched arms of Christ ; He is waiting in tenderness and love to receive us with gladness and joy in the Holy Ghost. Without

Him we are miserable—no hope of everlasting life, no peace, no rest out of Christ. I remember the case of a young man who was anxious about his soul. His devoted mother was praying to God for her boy that he might be saved from his sins, and become a Christian man. At last he yielded to be saved, and went forward with others to the altar for prayer. At his side a young man was seeking salvation, and weeping as though his heart would break. The blessing came, and he was happy in the Lord, while the other was expecting he must shed so many tears. The facts were these—they were different in their make-up. It is by simple faith on God's dear Son. Some grasp the promises at once, others receive the pardon of their sins gradually, without much excitement or emotion of their feelings. With a very wicked man sometimes the change is wonderful, very marked and thorough in the extreme. Still the work may be genuine in either case. God is to be our judge—I am so glad of that. We dare not say to our fellow creatures, you must do this, or that. We need to have charity. In the Word I read, "Faith, hope and charity; the greatest of these is charity." Paul says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men or of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I drove out into the country to-day, and addressed a Sabbath School for fifteen minutes. As the choir was singing that beautiful hymn, "I am coming to the Saviour," God touched my heart and filled it with his divine love. I had great liberty in the opening prayer. I always have found that if we are doing

work for the Master, and trust to him for grace to keep us and his Spirit to help us, He will use us for his own glory and the good of the people. We must be humble, simple and loving. Be easy and natural, and not try to fill some great man's place—we will fail every time. The children will detect you, they are sharp critics. You cannot hold their attention any length of time unless you let the good Lord use you. A gentleman of culture once said to me, "It don't matter so much what you say in public ; it is the spirit you say it in." It is true we have good men and women in our community whom we can take for our example ; still we must work in the way marked out for us. We all differ, but we are seeking the same end in life. We all belong to the same great brotherhood. May God help us to treat each other in that way. I think in doing that we will be happy as we travel on to the glory land.

I hope the reader will not think that I am so happy because I travel in the narrow way I escape all trials. We are to be tried as gold is tried in the fire. The Lord says in his precious Word, "I will have a tried people, a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Trials are blessings in disguise, they help us if we take all to the Lord in prayer. I am asking for grace daily to keep me, for patience to wait the Lord's good time in everything, feeling that I belong to Jesus, that my pardon has been purchased by His own precious blood. There is nothing here that satisfies us but His own presence. O ! for more of his gracious love in my heart—that is the intense desire and longing of my soul.

My mind goes out to one that has passed through severe trials during the past week. It would astonish any one, and still the dear Saviour has kept that person in the "lonely midnight hour," when only a few intimate friends knew what was going on in that home. Blessed Jesus! He will keep in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on God. Those He loveth He chaseneth, and scourgeth every one He receiveth.

That one that I have referred to has helped me very much in the meetings, and is a bright and shining light for the Master. And why are they obliged to pass through such scenes that I could not endure, I wonder at it. I have taken it to the Lord in prayer, in doing which I have been blessed in a special manner. By and by we will know all about it. David says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray."

God doeth all things well. With His grace we can look up to heaven and say, "Father, not my will but thine, O Lord, be done." His way is right, we must submit to it.

On Monday, while I was in the office posting books, a dear faithful brother in Christ called on me and said, "You must go down immediately to a certain home, the man is dying, I want you to pray with him." I knew who the man was. A large, strong man stricken down while at his work with paralysis one week before, was carried home insensible to his dear family--wife and two little girls. I called at the house on the following Wednesday, and offered a prayer to God in his behalf, to spare him if it was his will; if otherwise ordered, to prepare him for death, and fit

his companion for the trials that were to follow. He was unconscious all the time he was suffering. I did not feel a burden on my heart for his soul until brother B. called with a message "from our kind heavenly Father." He said to me afterwards that he could not rest at his work in the armory, until he had notified me. The Spirit said, "Go and tell him to go down." I received a great burden as soon as he told me about it, and felt it my duty. I put on my hat, and walked in haste to the home of that dying man, praying as I went. As I walked in I saw he was very low, and O, the anxious look of that companion I never can forget it. I was not there to dictate what they were doing to help; no, my work was marked out for me—to take his case to the Great Physician of souls. I asked those that were watching by his side to go down on their knees with me in prayer. Sister Levis, a very devoted Christian, was present, and united her prayers with mine. Brother B. had promised me he would pray in faith for the good Lord to save the soul of that sick and dying man. While pleading with God on my knees in that home for that soul to be saved I had liberty, the tears were running down my face, and the answer came then and there that our prayers were answered. The Lord gave me faith to believe that the soul of that man was cleansed and made white in the blood of His dear Son. I arose from my knees, and looked at him. I was anxious to have him recognize me, and let me know by a word from his lips, or an expression of his face, that he was trusting in Jesus. I was obliged to leave without any expression from

him, as he remained in that state until his spirit took its flight to Him who gave it. All things are possible to him that believeth. God gave me faith to believe that I should meet that man in heaven. I expect I will. I pressed the hand of each one present, and bade them good bye, and walked back to the office to work. About one hour from that time, word came to me that A. R. G. was dead. How kind the dear Lord is to me in giving me the experience I had with that man. I do not understand it. "God knows, and that is enough." Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face.

I remember when that man was converted he was a very wicked man, and rough, was dreaded by every one when he was angry. I have called on him, and prayed in his humble home for the Lord to keep him in the narrow way (I was his class leader). He became indifferent and did not attend the means of grace, and was in a back slidden state when he was taken sick. The Lord is merciful, He bears with us; we may forget Him. His loving arms are open wide to receive the prodigal son. I am thankful to God for the experience I have had in the case of that man. May that widow and those fatherless children be cared for by Him who says in his Word, "I will be the widow's God and a father to the fatherless." In the midst of life we are in death. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. In the day when thou seekest me with all thine heart, I will be found of thee. Blessed Lord, he saves, and is keeping me.

While calling on one of the members of my class on

Tuesday evening, I met a young man in that home, very low-spirited. He was confined to his bed, he had a cancer in one of his limbs. I commenced at once to point him to Jesus, the great physician of soul and body. After I had said a few words to him in regard to his soul, I bowed on my knees before God. I had liberty as I prayed for him, and received an answer that his soul would be saved. I did not feel a burden that he should get well. I tried to comfort him and point him to Calvary. I found I had a little work to do in that home. God does bless me more than I can tell as I call on the sick and pray by the bedside of the dying. He uses me to do the little things for Him, and I do them gladly. The memories of them cheer me on my pathway. In that home there is a sainted mother that has prayed for that wayward boy. Although he has been wicked and wandered away, his mother's prayers have followed him. We often bring trouble and pain upon us on account of our sins. "Whatsoever we sow, that shall we reap. If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; if we sow to the spirit, we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Praise God.

Sunday morning I drove out into the country and carried the minister to preach the gospel. I found I could honor my Saviour in doing that. The Lord did bless my poor hungering soul by filling it with the love of his dear Son. While they were singing the opening hymn tears of joy ran down my face; they were for some one in the audience, I cannot tell who. I expect to know in eternity.

The superintendent then introduced me to the

school. I talked to them for fifteen minutes. I had liberty in speaking, tried to be simple and childlike myself. We must get down alongside of the children if we would help them. In doing that we may accomplish a great work under God. I read in the precious Word, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." I gave them some simple stories about Jesus and the children, not forgetting to quote from the Word occasionally.

They like to hear the Word, it is always fresh. Sometimes we think they are tired of the Word ; no, never, it is a mistake. To illustrate this I will tell you what a wideawake boy said in Philadelphia, in a certain school. Said he to his teacher, "Mr. we have only five minutes now, as the superintendent has sounded his bell ; give us all the gospel you can." With our own hearts filled with Jesus' love, and a liking for our work and the aid of the Holy Spirit, we can impart to others as far as we have gone in the way ourselves. Preacher, superintendent, teacher or class leader, is the beacon light in the congregation, school, Bible class, or the class meeting. O ! for holy men and women to work for God, and win souls to Christ and heaven. You may depend upon it, one heart consecrated to the Master is worth a half dozen that are cold and indifferent in the cause of the Saviour. We must become fools for Christ's sake if we may but win a soul in that way. It pays well to live godly in Christ Jesus.

In the afternoon I accompanied our pastor, Rev. G. M. Mead, to the river, where he performed the ceremony of baptism to one of the converts by im-

mersion. In the evening I attended the exercises of children's day and Robert Raikes' centennial, in a church a few miles east of this place. I was highly entertained by the speaking and singing, and especially by the little folks in their part ; they did well. The superintendent, by the way, is a dear friend of mine, and is aware that I love the children very much. He announced to the audience that I would make a few remarks. I gave them a story about a little boy and the village pastor at the town pump. Through Jesus' love in the heart of that man, and a kind invitation to go with him to the Sabbath school on that Sunday, it encouraged and cheered his little heart. God honored that kind act in that devoted minister of the gospel. That boy reformed and led a different life. In twenty years after, he met the pastor in a certain city, walked up to him and thanked him for the kindness he had received from him. Through a kind Providence he was now a Christian and a good business man ; he thanked him kindly. Please have a kind word for the boys, it does help at all times. The Lord will use us to help them. I then gave a story to encourage the teachers, and sat down. I will look back to that occasion with a great deal of pleasure. I have no doubt but impressions were made on hearts that evening that will be lasting all through eternity.

Monday evening I led the prayer meeting in a church below here ; a good number present, and Jesus' presence filled the place ; each one present was profited. We went to our homes happy in the love of our Saviour. Tuesday evening I visited the sick,

called and prayed in three homes. Wednesday evening I spent a while singing with one of the members of my class, prayed in three homes, spent one hour in Christian conversation. The good Lord does bless me in doing a little for him. It is a great help to me in making calls : my own heart is warm with the love of my Saviour. I can help others as the Lord is helping me. The joy of the Lord is your strength. It is the little things that make up life. I am a dull scholar, but I have a "kind Teacher." I sometimes get in a hurry ; haste makes waste ; think before you speak ; look before you leap ; it is work that wins. Reader, what are you doing for the Master ? Please answer the question to your Maker. Who gave his only-begotten Son to die for you ? O, stop and think of the suffering in the garden of Gethsemane ; look at the prints of the nails in his hands ; look at his wounded side—all for you—please do not reject him longer, but seek him with all your heart, for his own name's sake. Thursday evening I remained at home writing. Friday afternoon I attended the ladies' prayer meeting at the house of sister Tefft. The meeting was in charge of sister J. L. Douglas, a very devoted Christian woman. I am thankful to God that we have the Marys and the Marthas at the present day. I had great liberty in prayer and in song, more so than I do in any of the meetings in Ilion ; I cannot tell the reason ; I may not know until the books are opened at the final judgment, as my record is in heaven. O, for a baptism of divine love to come upon all of our hearts, and especially mine ; I feel so weak of myself ; I am not able to say grace at

the table on the many blessings the good Lord daily bestows upon me, without the power of the Holy Ghost on my soul. Friday evening I was disappointed in not holding class meeting as usual. The graduating class of 1880 held their exercises in the Opera House, and all our town's people were there—all that could be accommodated with seats. The young people did well. Professor, teacher and parents of those that graduated were more than pleased, and went away happy and delighted with the entertainment.

Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren." I am so glad there is something to do. Our Saviour said to the fishermen, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Are we willing to follow Christ? that is the test case. We will have opposition in the way. Reader, have you experienced that? I have. I find that the Lord does sustain and help; I go forward in his name, expecting to overcome through his strength given to me. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

I remember well when I asked the good Lord to give me a little work to do in his vineyard if it was in accordance with his will; I would be glad to labor for his glory and for my fellow beings. A sister church not far distant was in need of help. A good brother kindly invited me to go down and assist them during the week of prayer. Our own church was strong enough to hold revival meetings every night and not miss us. Three of the brethren and the writer went down to assist, at the request of Rev. J. V. Ferguson, the pastor. The meetings continued six

weeks. I only missed two meetings in that time, and then I was leading my own class here. The pastor and brethren gave us a hearty welcome ; the Spirit of the Lord was there, we had liberty, and the members were quickened. The pastor would preach a short sermon each evening, followed by exhortation, singing, prayer and testimony. I was not accustomed to revival work, and one of the weak and feeble of all the brethren. I asked the Lord to use me to do the little things. I got blessed being obedient, my cup was full and running over. Glory be to Jesus our king ! Hallelujah, I will sing ! We had great liberty in prayer, the Holy Spirit aided in singing, and we made melody in our hearts to the Lord. We were led to pray the second time in the course of the evening. The power of the Most High came down upon us as we were assisting in that series of meetings. I am unable to find words to explain how much the dear Jesus did for me each evening as I would enter the church and commence in the service by singing, or engage in prayer. It seemed to me that the place was solemn on account of the gracious presence of God. While at my work in the office during the day, I would be thinking of the meetings, and my heart would cry out to the Lord in silent prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and for love of his dear Son to fill our hearts with his presence, and give us strength to work for him in his own good way. Glory be to God for salvation. The pastor labored hard, would preach good sermons, and then exhort the people with so much tenderness and sympathy for the unsaved, and no one ready to move

to the alter to be saved. O, for decision to seek the Lord. It is so hard for them to decide to go at once. They acknowledge it is right and proper, and will say, "Not to-night." How merciful the Lord is, not to take his Holy Spirit away from striving with the hearts of the people, and leave them to join their idols! How many commit the unpardonable sin, and lose their souls by refusing the Holy Ghost while striving with them! Again and again I noticed good singing would draw the people out night after night. I think it well at 9 o'clock to close if possible, if circumstances will admit. Quite a number were reclaimed during the meetings and made happy in the love of the Saviour, and started out in the narrow way for glory. Several of the young people said good bye to the world, and went to the altar, and there exchanged their load of sin and guilt, and received the love of Jesus in their hearts, and went their way rejoicing. I noticed that the testimonies of the members of the church would move the audience to tears, and touch the hearts of the congregation when nothing else would reach them. We are to confess our faults one to another, and pray for one another. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I remember one very stormy Sunday morning, my dear brother B., whom I have referred to as my tutor and instructor in the higher life, (I do thank the Lord for putting words into the heart of that devoted Christian to say to me to help me along in the highway of holiness,) as we were walking down

through the snow and blow of that winter day to the little brick church, to hold a prayer meeting before the morning service for a half hour, the wind blew a tree to the ground and across the sidewalk; we were obliged to move it off before we could pass. I read in the Word, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and He will direct thy paths." By and by we shall walk the streets of that city where they are paved with gold. Blessed Lord. As we walked into the basement of the church and stood by the furnace to warm our hands, the sexton came along and said that Mr. I. was up-stairs in the audience room all alone, we had better invite him down to the prayer meeting. Brother B. said to me, "Go up and speak to him. I shrank from doing my duty and asked to be excused. Poor, weak humanity, I wonder the Lord has so much mercy for us! I suggested to brother B. to go up; his answer was, "I have not any influence with that man. I did speak to him last night in the meeting about seeking the Lord. He put me off in a cold way, and was quite out of patience with me for speaking to him on the subject. I can tell you he was under deep conviction; the good Lord had touched his heart, the Holy Spirit was "striving with him." I at last had the courage to go up and speak to him. As soon as I called out his name he gave me such a look, and asked me how I knew his name. I was afraid he would begin to argue with me. I kindly invited him to come down into the prayer meeting. I then turned and left him; and to my surprise when I was about to enter the room, as I looked around he was

following me. We went in and commenced the meeting. He yielded to be saved then and there ; he was willing and did go on his knees and cry out to God for mercy. He was a backslider, and the dear Jesus came to his rescue, and filled his heart with love and made him His child. That little meeting that stormy morning will be remembered with much interest. God says in his Word, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The testimony of that man was a power for good in the meetings after he was converted. I remember one afternoon I accompanied the pastor making calls, and we met his wife. She said her husband was deeply convicted, and made the remark that he must either keep away from the meetings altogether, or go forward to the altar and seek the Lord.

In a short time the meetings were brought to a close, and the writer was invited to take charge of the young people's class. Saturday evening was the time for them to meet. I thanked them for their confidence in me—almost an entire stranger, except the six weeks' acquaintance in the revival meetings. I made it a subject of prayer, and asked the Lord if it was his will ; to give me liberty to work and use me for His glory, and help the class. I felt the great responsibility but dared not refuse, as I promised Him when He gave me the blessing of sanctification, I would go anywhere or do anything for Him where He would lead me. I am thankful to the Lord for a great many things, and especially for a good memory! In the few weeks I was among the people down there during the revival services, I learned the names

of the young folks, and the first class meeting was held Feb. 7th, 1880. Twenty-one persons were present, and the Saviour was prompt and made our hearts rejoice. I could call the name of each one that was there. It gives a home feeling to the members as the leader has his heart filled with Jesus' love, and call the name of each as "mother would do at home; Carrie, Mary," &c. I practice that in each of my class meetings, and call on my young people by their given name. They were anxious to organize a young people's prayer meeting; it is a good thing for the converts to learn to pray. I told them I would take charge of the prayer meeting. They selected Monday evening, and they were well attended. Some came to enjoy the song services, and I trust the good Lord touched their hearts. I hope they will find profit from being there. We made it a rule in the prayer meeting to devote a portion of the time each evening; in quoting Scripture, every one was prepared with one verse, and more if they chose. There is power in the precious Word. The young people will sustain their own meetings, and feel at liberty to take part in them; they are interested in each other, and help one another along in the narrow way.

We continued the prayer meetings for some time, until we had a change of pastor. The new one asked me to discontinue the Monday night meeting and appointed the class meeting on that evening, and held the teachers' meeting on Saturday evening. I said to him that I was there to assist him, and help the young people; I was their servant. My ambition was to do them good—that was my aim and one de-

sire. I think the people don't pray enough. It is by constant effort, and doing all we can to keep up the interest in the church that we can attract the attention of the young, and let them know we want to assist them, as the dear Jesus will work in us and through us. He says in his Word, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." I believe that promise is true. I expect He will use me to help the people.

We lack faith, we doubt in our minds, and often think these passages I have quoted were written for others, and not for us. It is a mistaken idea ; we are to put our names in there and feel they are for us. "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." It is love that moves the chariot wheels, it is love that breaks our stubborn will. I want to love the Saviour more, and serve him better ; I expect to, I mean to. I do not want to lose my crown. God helping me, I will do more for Him. My life will be short, and I can see so many avenues where there is work to be done. These golden opportunities will soon be past and gone ; let us seize them as we are journeying to the glory shore, with a helping hand and whatever we may accomplish through grace, we will give Him all the praise.

The Christian's pathway is a warfare ; we must fight if we would win. We are to meet the enemy without flinching, we must show our colors. When we gain a victory, we are not to be elated and think our work is done ; we are to hold our ground and press forward. I will take a humble place

in the service of the Master. I have learned I can do nothing without Jesus. My own experience for the past few months has been a great blessing to me. When we are doing work for the Lord we are to expect great things from His hand ; for in his Word I read, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

I remember one evening during the revival meetings in the brick church, after I returned home I had such a spirit of prayer and burden for souls ! I went on my knees before God, and continued my petition to the throne of grace until after the clock in the Armory struck twelve, and during the day I was beseeching the Lord in silent prayer to give us power from on high, and anoint us with the Holy Ghost to work effectually in His vineyard.

Saturday evening—good attendance at the class meeting ; I had unusual liberty in leading, and felt in my heart that the dear Saviour was leading me. As I opened the Bible to read his word, I felt inspired from above to the depths of my soul. There was the best of attention from the members, they listened with such eagerness ! God was speaking to their hearts through his Word. I waited for a message from Him. I have never failed while I look to Him for help in time of need.

Sunday morning I enjoyed the sermon very much ; my heart was tender with the love of Jesus, and tears dropped from my eyes during prayer. It is so precious to hold communion with God, and feel and know from the blessed spirit He gives that you are His child. Where He leads we will follow. " Nearer

my God, to thee!" is my song and my prayer. I was greatly blessed in the Sabbath school as I studied the Word. I heard a good sermon in the evening from the words, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Hebrews 11: 1. The pastor commenced his discourse and said: "Faith has two senses,—it is the repose of the soul; it is an act on our part, it is a gift from the Lord through faith in Christ. He is the rock on which we build." He spoke for twenty-six minutes, —quite long enough for a summer evening. He explained the Word very well, and enjoyed what he was saying. It has a wonderful good effect on the people if the speaker feels down in his soul what he is trying to tell them. It is a long time since I have heard a sermon from that text. If a man has a deep experience he can make it interesting to his hearers. Experience is a good teacher.

Monday evening I was in the young people's prayer meeting; we spent a half-hour in singing from that little favorite book of "Chaplain McCabe," "Joy to the world." During that time we felt an inspiration coming down from heaven, which stirred us to the depths of our souls. We then went down on our knees before God in prayer; we had a quick meeting, and that will long be remembered. They are green spots on the way from earth to heaven.

Tuesday evening I called on the sick; there I met some of the members of my class; we spent a short time in Christian conversation; I then offered a short prayer to God in behalf of the sick one. God filled my heart so full of his love that the tears came to my

eyes. I had great liberty in prayer, and nearly every one in the room were weeping ; the good Lord was present in power. O, for more faith. " Hitherto ye have asked for nothing ; ask, and I will give you," saith the Lord, " the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions." I called for a few minutes in the prayer meeting, and found that quite a number of my own class were present.

Wednesday evening I drove down to M., and called on a young man who was suffering great pain of body —his soul was happy in the Saviour. He asked me at once to pray with him. I requested the family to come into the sick room, and we engaged in prayer, and asked God to give grace to the one suffering so intensely, and fit him for whatever awaited him in the future. Paul says in the Word, " These light afflictions worketh out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Good will come out of the sickness in that family in some way. God doeth all things well ; his way is right. The Lord blessed my soul on that occasion in a wonderful manner, and especially while I was pleading with God, for his dear Son's sake, to give strength and wisdom to that devoted mother while watching over, and administering to that loved boy who was so soon to pass away to the spirit land. I expect God will keep that family in the hollow of his hand, and do for them more than we can ask or think, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

I then called at a home to sympathize with a man who had just been bereft of his companion, left with

two little ones to mourn the loss of a *mother*; they are too young to realize their loss. I was disappointed not to find the man in; I found his mother there in charge of the house—a very pleasant lady. I asked her to remember me kindly to her son, and say to him he had my sympathy and prayers in his affliction, and tell him to look to Jesus for comfort and strength to bear up under this trial. I then bowed in prayer, commanding them to God. I found that the neighbors had called to assist and care for the children. As I clasped the hand of each, going out, not to meet again, perhaps, until we meet at the judgment, I noticed the tears in their eyes. God had touched their hearts, although they did not bow the knee with me in prayer. I leave them in the hands of their Maker. I walked out of that house feeling thankful to Jesus, my loving and kind Saviour, that I could say a word to the broken hearted in time of trouble. I quoted to them these words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I then called and prayed in three families, where some of them are members of my class.

Some one asked the question, "How shall we become strong?" The answer is, By going on our knees. It is knee work. We need discipline; we must go down before we go up. As the grist is to the mill, so is reading to the mind. In the Word we find the command to the Apostles, "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye are endued with power from on high."

Friday afternoon I spent one hour at the ladies' prayer meeting. Jesus' presence filled the place; we

give him all the glory. There is nothing like prayer. I think sometimes we are too nice, and try to be like others. Speak and pray well; we must be simple. Simplicity of intention and purity of affection will take us through this world; yes, through hell itself. In the evening I met my class in Ilion; the Lord was with us in great power. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." We are to feed upon the promises. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." We are not all called to preach the gospel; still we can invite souls to Christ, and through our faithfulness win some for heaven.

Saturday evening I am leading my class in Mohawk. I am glad I can repeat the words of that sainted man, Mr. Wesley: "The best of all, brethren, God is with us." "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." The interest in the class is good; they are getting on to higher ground in the divine life, in answer to their own prayers and the reading of His Word, they are profited, and are growing in grace. To him alone we ascribe ceaseless praise. O, for a baptism of all the church in that place, pastor, teachers and the class leaders. This work is a new experience to me, to have the responsibility of a class out of town to care for. Paul says in the Word, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The attendance is good—better than I could expect. Some have not missed one meeting during the past

year only by being absent from home. May the Lord bless and make them shining lights. I have not missed a meeting yet; if the members do not stay away from the meetings until the leader does, they will be present every week. With the blessing of God giving me good health, to be able to lead my class, they will never have the excuse to take to the judgment, The leader has lost his interest, and does not come; and I may do the same. The way of duty is the way of safety. "The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land." I find we can answer some of our own prayers. Some say, "Be careful, and do not get excited." I read in the Word, we are to be zealously affected in a good cause. O, the good we may be doing while the years are rolling on. To be dead to sin and alive to God is the command. The Christian's armor will rust except it be polished with prayer.

The wise man prayed for wisdom and knowledge, I am obliged to pray every day for patience. We are to rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. One of the members in my class said last evening, "There is but a step between me and death." How true! O, to be ready! After death, the judgment. There is no work beyond the grave.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward."

May we all strive to enter in at the strait gate. "For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." May God turn our feet into the narrow way.

Sunday I enjoyed the day very much. Our pastor was away on his vacation, to get rest, which I suppose is necessary; for I think we are held responsible how we use our bodies; that is, not to over-do, and bring on sickness and early death. I need not say much on this subject, as I think it not called for, as there are very few who are so zealous in the cause as to over-tax themselves in the work for the good of souls. I do think of some—Whitefield, Fletcher, Payson, Cookman. Such men we need at the present day. O, how I do want to be like them; not as great, but as good, and true to my Saviour. I am glad we have their example. I have been blessed in reading their memoirs. I thank the Lord for raising up such men.

I heard two able sermons to-day from a Baptist minister. (When our own church is closed, then I go across the way to a sister church.) I am a Methodist through and through, and still I am not sectarian; I have charity for all “Bible Christians;” that is the kind that will be in heaven. It is not the name of a church that will give us an entrance to glory. It will be the clean heart, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb that was slain to purchase our redemption and pardon from sin. “Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved.” What a broad invitation; it takes me in. It is a blessed gospel, free to all, white or black, rich and poor. “Take my yoke upon you, . . . for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” Take me, break me, make me. I want to be thine, wholly thine, purchased by blood divine. Seal my heart, and let it be forever closed

to all but thee. We enjoyed the study of the Word in the Sabbath school to-day. That noted and popular man, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr., once said at a S. S. Convention (in the city of Utica), that we are to prove the Scriptures by the Scriptures. The word is what we all need ; we do not appreciate its value to us as Christians. I want to have it hid in my heart.

“DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST—Words would fail me were I to try even to express my thankfulness to you for your kind letter. It cheered my heart as I was passing through trials. Surely we understand it is nothing but the Holy Spirit that could have revealed to you to write to me at the present time. I wonder why God is so mindful of me, in giving me so many friends. I accept them in the precious name of our Master ; and may God’s richest blessing rest upon you and yours, shall ever be my prayer while on earth I remain. And, my brother, as God has revealed himself to you so many times in the past few months, may his tender love bind you closer to the side where flows the blood, and may you feel every day and hour in the future as I believe you have in the past.

“I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin,
I see the blue above it,
And day by day this pathway smooths.
Since first I learned to love it:
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever flowing,
All things are mine since I am his.
How can I keep from singing ?”

O, I am so glad we may be abundantly satisfied out of the fatness of his house. And though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh, “ For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds : casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and

bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." I wonder how any one can think but there is a fulness in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Glory be to his name; I am glad he enables me to believe, and I enter into rest and rejoice in tribulation, and it ever works for me patience, and then comes experience, and my experience gives me a hope that enters away into that "within the vail." And the anchor holds, as I hear my Master's voice so many times cheering me onward and upward. I, too, may come with all my unworthiness, and in the merit of the blessed Jesus, be able to comprehend with all saints this uttermost salvation. It is a fountain full and free, pure, exhaustless, overflowing. Wondrous grace; it reaches me, even me. How can we help rejoicing, with that "joy unspeakable and full of glory?" How I prayed for you in the Sabbath school room! but I trust that wherever you were last Thursday evening (I was absent from the prayer meeting), the opening heavens around you shone with beams of sacred bliss. You will never know, my brother, the good you are doing, through God, until you wake up in the image of our Saviour. And may God give you the joy which is the Christian's strength, and may your efforts be crowned with abundant success. I will close; but how I have failed to tell you what I feel; but God knows, and will reward you during time, and in eternity. From your sister in Christ,
F."

Monday evening I am in the young people's prayer meeting. The Lord accepted of our offering, and blessed us as we bowed in prayer, and called on His dear name for His Son's sake to come down and take the lead of all our hearts. It is the spirit of prayer that He gives us. In Isaiah I read: "He will give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the

garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I am in love with the precious Word of God ; it is food to my soul. It is a great Rock in a weary land for my feet to rest upon ; it is a hiding place from the storm and tempest of life's troubled sea ; a high tower—the righteous remaineth in it, and are safe. It is accessible by faith on the Son of God.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Reader, how is it with you? May I with all the simplicity of a child and the affection of a fellow traveler to the bar of God, ask you this question. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Tuesday evening I spent an hour in Christian conversation at the home of a friend, and then offered a prayer to God for His blessing to rest on each one as I called them by name, for I believe in that. The presence of the Saviour was felt in power, and especially on my own heart. The enjoyment of that evening will be remembered with pleasure.

Wednesday evening I visited the sick and prayed in three homes, and the dear Jesus was present to help His weak and unworthy servant, in doing the simple things for His cause.

I have received a letter from one of the converts in the meetings last winter,—a member of my class who has been called away from home, and deprived of the class meeting on account of his business being out of town. My heart was cheered as I perused the contents of his note.

"DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS—Your letters were received with great pleasure, and in reading them I

was encouraged. Bless the Lord for Christian friendship! My dear leader, a letter from you at any time will be kindly received, and encouraging to me. But you must pardon me for not answering, for I am working from sunrise until sunset. You will see I have not much time for writing. Thank the Lord, I finally hit upon the method of living by the moment. I am trusting in the blood of Jesus already shed as a sufficient atonement for all my past sins, and the future I have committed wholly to the Lord, agreeing to His will under all circumstances, as He will make it known; and I saw that all I had to do was to look to Jesus for a present supply of grace, and to trust Him to cleanse my heart and keep me from sin at the present moment. Praise the Lord! I am glad the class are getting on to higher ground, and my prayers are that they may. I hope the Lord will fill us with his fulness and give us all the mind that was in Christ. The Lord loves us, and will work through us. I am resting on that promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' My heart is full of love and gratitude to the blessed Master. I claim a place in your class, please remember me there!

I."

Thursday evening I attended the prayer meeting. Brother Tufts was our leader, Jesus led him! Quite a number of strangers were present. That meeting will be remembered for some time on account of the presence of the Master. He filled all our hearts with His love. It is true where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. Glory be to His precious name. Friday evening I called at the home of one of my neighbors where the father had been called away to the spirit world, sick only a few days. I met the friends of the departed one—wife and two daughters,

who are left to mourn his loss. I extended to them my hand in friendship, and my heart in sympathy in their affliction, and commended them to look to Jesus, as He is the great sympathizer of all hearts that are afflicted. I then went on my knees, and prayed to God to give grace to that sorrowing family, and care for them while passing through the greatest trial of life. He did come down in mighty power, and touched my heart in such a wonderful manner ! Tears ran down my face, while those afflicted ones were all weeping. I will remember that occasion for years to come. The Lord is doing wonderful things for me, whereof I am glad and rejoice in His love. "God is love." I feel that my friends are praying for me ; their prayers are answered in my behalf. I am humbled when I think of all His tender mercies to me. I felt His gracious presence in the room leading my class. As I tried to say something that would cheer them, the dear Saviour blessed my soul. It pays well to serve God. He says in His word, "Them that honor me, I will honor."

MR. HUTCHINS—I am afraid you will think I did not appreciate your kind letter. I hope you will pardon me for not answering it before. I read it with a great deal of pleasure, it was as good as going to class meeting. I read it to an old lady friend of mine ; she said it did her more good than a sermon. I think if I should see Mr. Hutchins now, he would ask me if I was happy ; my answer would be, as of old, that I was. The cause of it is, Jesus so sweetly abides within. He is more precious to me than when I left Illion. I have had a new experience, and I learn to trust Him more and more each day as it passes. Surely it is a heaven below, our Redeemer

to know. I often wonder of God's goodness to me, and feel so unworthy of the blessings He bestows upon me daily. The other day, while I was reading the life of "Payson," his experience gave me comfort and light. I will write a few words as found in his book.

"The other morning, while half awake and half asleep, I said, 'Lord, why is it that thou art never weary of heaping favors on ungrateful persons?' In a moment a reply came as powerfully as if He had spoken with an audible voice, 'Because I am never weary of gratifying my dear Son, and showing my love to Him by heaping favors on his friends, however unworthy.' A day or two ago, after reading this I read in God's Word, "And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Never has nature looked so beautiful to me as this summer, it seems as if everything said, "Praise the Lord." But my heart is made sad daily, for I see so many that have not the love of God in their hearts, and walk in darkness without knowing the light. How glad I am that I know He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. What a comforting thought is that verse found in Romans 14: 8. 'For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.' I must close my letter by telling you that I hope and trust I am making a little progress in Divine life, and that my faith is strong that I shall meet you in that sweet by and by. Respectfully yours, M."

Saturday evening the Lord did bless me in leading the class meeting. O, to be ready to go at the call of the Master! O, for more of the spirit and mind that was in our dear Saviour! May He send the Holy Ghost down upon us and fill our hearts, the leader and all of the dear class. Without this power

we are utterly helpless. He is leading me into green pastures, and by the side of still waters. My heart is tender, my will is lost in His. I am waiting for marching orders to attack Satan, the enemy of all souls.

Sunday was a feast to my soul, I heard two good sermons. I enjoyed teaching in the Sabbath school, although I had but one scholar in my class. I did the very best I could, and that was so poor the half hour would have been lost and the time wasted, only that the dear, precious Jesus did lend me a helping hand and blessed us in the study of His Word. I remember reading in the Book of all books, the greatest Teacher in the world taught one at the well, and she went away back to her people and said to them, "Come and see the man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Cheer up, my brother teacher, it is for you and I to work; results belong to God. You may never know until eternity what your influence has been for God. Go on in the narrow way, and the Lord will reward you in this life with joy and peace in believing in His dear Son, Jesus Christ, and a triumphant death from earth to glory.

"DEAR BROTHER H.—I shall not be able to attend class on Friday evening, but instead I will try and express my thoughts to you by sending you the few verses which I have composed and arranged since I last saw you. Your friend.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

As I stood gazing from my window,
Watching the beautiful sky,
And also the glorious sunset,
As the evening shades grew nigh.

While gazing there in the twilight,
At the peaceful clouds above,
The stars began to twinkle,
With a heavenly light of love.

And I thought with a sigh of reverence,
Of the loved ones gone before,
Of their peace and joy unspoken,
On the banks of the golden shore.

Of those who dwell with the angels,
In the home of that sweet paradise;
And of Jesus who purchased it for them,
In the agony of a blood-spilt price.

I trust by faithful watching,
In His footsteps so to tread,
That I may reach that haven,
To dwell with those called dead.

M."

Monday evening the Lord was with us, and gave us a spirit of prayer; we received an inspiration in the song service. I think we ought to pray more than we do for God's blessing on that part of our worship. Good singing is more than half the meeting when we enter into it with hand and heart. Some are influenced by it, and no doubt are made to think of Him with reverence, who gave us our voices to sing His praises and make melody in our hearts. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

Tuesday evening I spent an hour in Christian conversation very profitably, and then bowed in prayer with the friends who were visiting in that family. God did bless us in that act of worship, simple as it may seem. I will give you the contents of a letter from one of the members of my class who was called away from home on account of business. I have kept up the acquaintance with him by the way of pen

and paper. I have found the Lord is so good to me, and sometimes He gives to me something to put down on paper to cheer His dear followers on in the Christian journey. I am His unfaithful servant in any way that I can honor Him, or speak a word for His cause. I do it in all weakness, and trust results wholly to Him, for He is abundantly able to do for us far more than we can think of. Glory be to His dear name! I do love Him because He loves me, and makes me happy. All I do is to obey; obedience is better than sacrifice.

“DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS—I received your letter of the 17th inst. with great pleasure. Dear leader, your gentleness and patience with me I earnestly appreciate; and with your Christian example, I am encouraged to look away from every thing that is past, and with the eye of faith look away to that blessed One who loved us and died for sinners like me. This moment, with my eyes filled with penitential tears, my heart goes out with gratitude to God, asking him to fill me with more of the heavenly spirit. I was working at F. last week. I enjoyed a good season at the Thursday eveing prayer meeting. Blessed Jesus, I have been surrounded with great temptations while repairing a hotel, but the Lord brought me through them, and out of them sweetly. Unto thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock. Brother H., give my compliments to the class; tell them the Lord is leading me sweetly.

J.”

Wednesday evening I spent in calling on some of the members of my class. I prayed in three homes; the Lord gave me the spirit of prayer; we felt his presence overshadowing us while on our knees. It is knee-work that tells for God. I was introduced in

one home to an aged man. As we arose from our knees I took him by the hand to say good night. I noticed his locks were white with the frosts of many winters. We may never meet here again, but we shall meet at the judgment. We are passing away to the great judgment day! O, to be ready! how those words impress me, more than I can tell.

Thursday evening I attended the prayer meeting. In the absence of the pastor, brother Thurston led the meeting, while the Lord led him. Jesus filled us with his love; my faith grasped the promises, and the presence of the Master was felt by all. The memory of that occasion will be cherished and held in grateful remembrance for years to come. It is safe to wait at his feet for marching orders to advance.

I have written a letter to one of my members, who has been absent from the meetings for some time, and on account of it, is getting cold and indifferent in the cause of Christ.

“DEAR BROTHER—I am so anxious to see you once more in the meetings; I want to hear you testify for the dear Jesus—the power there is in his blood to save and keep them that trust in his precious name. My heart would leap within me for joy if I could see you again at the church. I will pray the good Lord to turn your feet again to the house of God. The memories of that little class room are very dear to me on account of the presence of the Master in the meetings there. And that is the birth-place of my dear brother that I am now addressing. O, the mercy of God in sparing you to live until you had the privilege of seeking our loving Saviour, and then to feel his blood applied to the washing away of all your sins, and make you an heir of God, and joint

heir of the Lord Jesus Christ. O, how the dear Jesus is filling me with his gracious presence and love. I cannot explain how much the good Lord is doing for your unworthy and weak brother and humble servant. The class are praying you to come back with us, and encourage us with your presence, and words of comfort and cheer. May I indulge the hope of seeing you in the meeting next Monday evening? Please remember me kindly to all your dear family, and accept a share yourself. I remain your brother in the Lord."

Friday afternoon I attended the ladies' prayer meeting for one hour at the house of sister Tefft. The leader was not present. They invited me to lead the meeting. I dared not refuse, but consented to go on in my simple way. The Lord showed mercy and love, and made my own heart very tender with his gracious presence. My cup was full and running over. To him be all the praise. The tears were running down my face while I was on my knees in prayer, and while I was speaking in behalf of his dear Son, tears dropped from my eyes. The rest caught the blessed tender spirit that was powerfully felt in that room. God's name was honored, and his children quickened in the journey to the heavenly kingdom. The joy of the Lord is our strength. In the evening we had an increase in numbers in the class meeting; the Lord is so good, he does answer our prayers. I was very anxious about my class, as some of them seemed to be getting cold and indifferent about their spiritual welfare. I took it to the Lord in prayer; I had liberty in leading the class. The dear Jesus was present to lead me. I expect to overcome through his strength.

“BROTHER HUTCHINS—I have been anxious to see you for some time upon business; ‘the opportunity not occurring obliges me to pen these few lines. My experience this beautiful morning is, Jesus sweetly saves me, glory to his name, and with the poet I can say,

O, to be ready, ready,
God’s word to obey,
Shunning the pathway of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.

O, to be ready to suffer His will! “Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;” chasteneth for good, not for ill. O, to be ready and watching in prayer, ready for Christ’s appearing, His glory to share. May God bless you more abundantly in your manifold labor. Methinks your reward will be indeed glorious, while it is blessed to know that without Jesus we are perfect weakness. But as He works in us and through us, we are enabled to do all things that He requires of us here, and we will give to Him all the glory. My heart is full, but I must close. Pray for us. From your sister in Christ, F.”

“DEAR SISTER—Your much esteemed letter came to hand this P. M. I can not find words to express to you my thanks for those beautifnl words of cheer. While reading them, the dear, loving, blessed Saviour filled my heart so full of his love that tears of joy started down my face. Praise His dear name! I am saved through the blood of the crucified one. To Him be all glory in heaven and on earth. O, the bliss of knowing Jesus! I am so busy in the office I scarcely know what to do first. I am so glad that I am saved; and with Jesus’ love in my soul prepares me for everything in this life. I have patience to wait, and faith in God gives me strength to endure. I expect to be obliged to toil while I live; my Saviour’s presence makes me happy. I hope by and by to gain an entrance to the saints’ rest in glory. I

drove twenty miles yesterday to talk to the children at Salisbury Centre. I enjoyed it very much, the people were so kind to the little man dressed in blue, that related stories to the children. I do not understand it when I think about it. I have arrived at this conclusion, that it is the love of Christ in my heart that wins friends. Glory be to Jesus, I do love him with all my heart, might, mind and strength. In the evening I returned to Little Falls on my way home, and led the young people's class meeting. The good Lord did come down our souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." O, to be little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone. God bless you and yours on your journey, and all through life, and a triumphant death for the dear Redeemer's sake ! I want to see you so much, and talk to you about the higher life hid with Christ in God. Pray, pray much and often for your weak brother in the Lord.

Saturday evening I am leading the class, not many present. I have learned this, that God is not confined to time, place or numbers, and is no respecter of persons ; the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. "No man liveth unto himself." If you want to be happy, go out and help others. O, for the anointing of the Holy Ghost ! Some one may ask the question, What shall I do ? we are not all called to preach the gospel. True ; but we can do the little things—visit the sick, say a kind word to them. There are hearts all around us suffering for sympathy and words to cheer them through the trials of this sinful world. Look after the poor in your town—enquire about their souls, tell them of Jesus who died on the cross to

save them. To fit us to do valiant work for the Master we need the courage of Peter, the meekness of Moses, the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. He that winneth souls is wise. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." If we are true to God, there are so many things to encourage us. Allow me to mention a few of them. Home, family, loved ones, about that we do not appreciate until they are called away by death, and buried out of sight. Christian friends are given to us from Him, the giver of all good things. Their worth I am unable to estimate. A friend in need, is a friend indeed. The wise man once said, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" The example of devoted ones helps us; we profit so much by them; their prayers are going up to God in our behalf. "The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." It is not the length of prayer, the beautiful sentences in prayer, the good grammar we use in prayer, that prevails with God. No, no; it is the prayer of faith. Without faith we cannot please God. If we try to be good and live near to God, we will have opposition. I think it will help us. Then we are compelled to go to God in prayer. I can not succeed without prayer. I do not pray enough. God helping me, I will pray more than I ever have done. It is knee work that will open God's hand to bring blessings down upon us. He says in the Word, "Before they call will I answer, and while they are yet speaking will I hear."

Sabbath day I enjoyed very much, especially teaching his Word in the Sunday school to my class. The

Lord did reveal himself to us in the study of his Word in a wonderful manner. I am resting in the promises. Monday evening I had liberty in leading the prayer meeting ; we were very much profited in that service. The leader that is equipped and fitted out for work from above by the great Commander, can have about such a meeting as he desires. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Blessed Lord, I believe that promise ; I have experienced that in my short life in the narrow way.

Tuesday morning 10:19 A.M., on my way to the St. Lawrence. The bus from the village to the depot was crowded with people, I counted twenty persons present. I thought of the old adage, "There is room enough for one more." In a few minutes' ride on the cars we reached Utica, in time for lunch. Then we made our way to the train on the Black River R. R., and secured a seat in the car for Clayton, the terminus of that road. An excursion party from Binghamton on the way to the Thousand Island Park joined us in Utica. Several coaches were filled with people traveling for pleasure. I was amused to look in so many strange faces and see the anxiety of each one to secure the best seat. How selfish we are ; we are willing to give the poor places to others. I had in my possession one of the best books I have ever read, the "Life of T. M. Eddy," written by Dr. Sims, Chancellor of Syracuse University. The train started, and I to my reading. The tears came to my eyes as I perused the pages of that book of the sainted man. My prayer is for God to give us more of such men as

Dr. Eddy—a deep thinker, a great writer, and a faithful worker. His flow of words, and that noble and tender heart of his did win friends wherever he went. “He being dead, yet speaketh.” As the seats on the train were in great demand, I was obliged to put my satchel on the floor, and allow a young lady to take a seat by my side, who was on her way to Trenton Falls with a company of pleasure-seekers to spend the day. No doubt she saw the tears on my face that God put there ; they were for some one he knows best. I was blessed in a wonderful manner reading about that devoted servant of God. It is so precious to hold communion with the Lord even in a crowded car. The Holy Spirit said to me, Speak to that young lady about her soul. I said, Yes, Father, I will. I dare not object the prompting of the Holy Spirit for fear God will take that spirit from me, and leave me to my own weakness. In obeying the prompting of the Holy Ghost I am blessed. Reader, are you working for the Master ? There was a lady not far from us in a seat with a pillow to her back to ease her on the journey. I spoke of it to the person by my side, and introduced the conversation with her by relating a story that I read some years ago about an invalid, for twenty years a great sufferer. One evening after the family had retired, she was thinking why she had to suffer so much and so long. Just then the room seemed to be lighted up, and a beautiful form stood by her bedside and addressed her in these words : “ Daughter of sorrow, are you getting impatient ? ” No, was her answer. “ But,” said she, “ I was wondering why I was obliged to suffer so intensely.” “ Come with me,”

said the stranger, "and I will shew you." He took her gently in his arms, and carried her away across land and water into a far-off city, and put her down in a workshop, where there were a large number of men busy at work on diamonds and pebbles. One of the workmen had a little diamond in his pincers, holding it on a grindstone that was going very fast, grinding it so the dust was flying. Said she to the man, "What are you doing that for?" Said he, "We are making a crown for our king. He was here yesterday, and is much pleased. I want this little diamond for a very important place in that crown. I am grinding out the flaws and cracks in it; if it will stand the test it will be beautiful." The angel guide then took her back and put her on the sick bed, and then said, "Daughter of sorrow, do you understand the vision?" "Yes, I do. May I ask you one question?" "Certainly." "Were you sent here to show me all this?" "Most assuredly I was." "Then may I have the consolation to know that I may be a jewel in the crown of our king?" "Yes, you may, and every pain of body shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night, revealing to you eternity. You shall walk and not faint, run and not be weary, and sing with those that have come up through great tribulation. Blessed Lord! All whom God loves he employs; every saint has something to do or suffer for his glory."

As I finished my story to the young lady at my side, I looked into her face and saw the tear in her eyes. God touched her heart in a powerful manner. I then said to her, "I hope you are a Christian,"

She answered me in the affirmative, and said she could not get along without Jesus. We soon reached the Falls. My lady friend said good-bye. I hope to meet her in heaven.

I was busy reading. Occasionally I looked out of the window, viewing the country. I noticed Lowville and Carthage are places of business and stir. I saw several smaller villages and less of business transacted. 5: 15 P. M. we reached Clayton. The hurry and bustle then came of getting our baggage, and getting on board of the little steamer to take us over to the Thousand Island Park. We called at the dock at Round Island. They have a large and commodious hotel there. The island belongs to the Baptist society, and will in the course of time be a great summer resort. In a few minutes we arrived at the Park. They have accommodation for a number of boats to land at their dock. The steamer "Maud" was lying at the dock with an excursion party from Kingston, our Canada cousins. They are very friendly and visit the Park often. As we left the dock, the next thing was to put our hand into our pocket and get fifteen cents for an admission fee. We received a ticket, and marched up the sidewalk to the boarding house, where they serve out on some days two thousand meals. We were late as we sat down at the table—after the time for a good warm cup of tea, then 7 P. M., our appetite was good about that time, as you may suppose. The air is very bracing. Coming down from the water the view is beautiful; you must see it for yourself—the finest river in the world, the St. Lawrence. After supper we walked over to

the Sanitarium, kept by our old friend, Dr. Hopkins, from Madison. He gave us room 5 for our lodging. We left our baggage and went out to view the cottages and tents, which are very numerous. There were several thousand people on the ground enjoying rest and pleasure. We walked down to the tabernacle; the accommodation is good for several thousands to listen to the speaker. I thought of the conveniences we have at the present day to worship our God, all of the good help we have. We ought to be better; we will have much to answer for at the bar of God. As I walked down towards the dock, I met a young man that I recognized as a member of my class in Mohawk. I was delighted to see him. He and his mother were spending a few days at the Park. We then walked down to the tabernacle to listen to the service of song. It was a great treat. The Tandy Brothers from Kingston, Miss Kelta from Hamilton, and Miss Bar from Toronto, Canada, make up the choir; Mrs. Tandy presided at the organ. The Rev. Fred Widmer from the Troy Conference, N. Y., had charge of the Sunday School Parliament. Prof. Osborn's name was then announced that he would deliver his favorite lecture. We listened to him until 9 p. m.; we then walked quietly down among the cottages and made a few calls. I was delighted to meet my old friend, Rev. H. W. Bennett from Fulton, my former pastor. We met several people going to the post office for their mail, and the store to purchase their supplies for the next day. In a few minutes we reached the Sanitarium; our old friend, Dr. Hopkins, showed me to my room for the

night. I was soon fast asleep. In the morning I felt refreshed, as good as new. After I had adjusted my toilet I started for the office in the building. As I reached the hall I heard the Dr. reading the Bible. their buildings are open; you can hear a sound in the third story down in the office quite plainly; the people there are accustomed to it. I walked into the parlor, and engaged in the service of reading and prayer with the Dr.'s family and the guests of the house that wished to be present. I enjoyed it much. After breakfast, with satchel in hand, I walked down to the dock, where the steamer "Pierpont" was waiting for the hour to start, 7:30 A. M.

I was informed there were about six thousand people on the island. I found the air very bracing and fresh at the Park. After two and a half hours' sail up the river we reached Kingston, that old city. We saw a few things of interest as we walked around town. The City Hall is a fine building. As we walked farther on, at our right stood a beautiful brick church (M. E. church); at our left we saw the Wesleyan church. A little way from that stands the Cathedral. As we went inside we saw two young ladies on their knees in prayer; near by we saw their college. We did not have the time to go and visit the Asylum and Penitentiary. We dined at the Windsor House, on Princess street. We were obliged to wait in the office for the train about an hour; during that time a great many people passed through into the next room to drink at the bar. It seemed to me as though nearly every man in town drank. O, when will men

cease to do evil and learn to do well. I am so thankful that I am not a drunkard.

At 4:15 P. M. we took a seat in the car on the Grand Trunk Railway, for Bowmanville (125 miles), to meet our old friend and spiritual adviser, Rev. D. C. McDowell. The car was full of French Canadians. I was not very much entertained by their language. We passed some fine places of interest—Napanee, Belleville, Coburg. At the latter place we stopped ten minutes for lunch ; the bill of fare was good. Fifty cents was demanded and paid. We were soon on our way. As I took my seat in the car I made the acquaintance of a young man who was very frank to talk to me about his soul. He was anxious about a brother not saved, and asked me to pray for him. We conversed together for a half hour ; the brakeman called out the station where I was to stop, and I bade the young man good night. I expect to meet him in the glory land. I left the train and started for the parsonage. At 10 P. M. I reached the place and rang the door-bell. My friend did not recognize me as I entered his home, until he heard my voice. He gave me a very hearty welcome as he put his arm around me and drew me up to him, by the side of his great loving heart. I felt I was well paid for riding that long distance to meet that devout and holy man of God. We had a good visit together in his parlor, alone ; the young people had been invited out to spend the evening ; the good lady of the house was away in Whitby, caring for and administering to the wants of a sick daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hare, Principal of the Ladies' College in Whitby.

After breakfast the young people gathered around the piano and sang a few pieces. The music was beautiful, each part was sung. I can imagine now how good they looked as they stood near each other around the instrument, while the face of that dear father was beaming with goodness as he looked upon those dear loved ones. O, what a sight!—all saved, and walking together in the narrow way. After the song we bowed around the family altar to thank God for the mercies during the night, and to pray that his grace and richest blessings come down upon that dear family and remain with them all through life. The good Lord gave me liberty while I was pleading in behalf of the dear ones that make up that home; the tears ran down my face, my heart was filled with the love of Jesus, and my faith took hold on the promises. The memory of that hour will be dear to me all the years to come. I bade each one a kind good-bye, and started for the train.

At 9:18 A. M. we were on our way homeward. We reached Kingston at 2 o'clock, got a lunch, and then rode to the dock and secured a passage on the "Island Chief," for Clayton. We left at 4 o'clock, and had a pleasant sail down the river. We took on board several people who had been fishing—ladies, with their broad-brimmed hats on, to protect their pretty white faces from the sun. At 6 o'clock we reached our destination. Our feet once more on *terra firma*, we walked up to the Walton House, S. B. Johnson, proprietor, a very pleasant gentleman, and the hotel is first class—plenty of dishes on the table, and lots of good things to eat. My appetite was

good about that time. I was highly entertained after supper on the veranda by a gentleman from St. Louis. He took me down (in my imagination) to New York, and told me about Jay Gould and his speculations, how he made money on Wall street in railroad stocks. While they were taking lunch together on a certain occasion, a boy came in and spoke in a low tone of voice to Mr. Gould, and passed out. In a few minutes he returned. Said Mr. Gould to his friend : " Since we sat down here together I have made five thousand dollars." The gentleman said to me, " It is all wrong." How true the precious Word, " The love of money is the root of all evil." I was much impressed with the appearance of that man, although I was an entire stranger to him. He took great pains to tell me about his travels in the " old country," and their way of doing business. One evening as he walked down to the market and asked the price of a certain line of goods that they would be likely to have for sale, the answer was, " We have sold out ; we do not keep them ; we can sell you the same kind of American manufacture." " Please explain that to me." " Well, you Americans can make and put in the market, and sell cheaper than we can here ; so we buy your goods ; the land rents are so high here we cannot compete with the market in America." I thanked the gentleman for the information he frankly gave me. I would say from his appearance he had plenty of money, a good deal of common sense, and had a good experience of the things in this life. The evening passed away quickly. I had a good night's rest ; in the morning I took breakfast and paid my

bill. At 9:15 we left Clayton for Ilion. After a pleasant ride of six hours we reached home very much refreshed in body and spirit. Now we commence our toil again.

Friday evening we are leading the class meeting—only twelve present—the smallest attendance we have had for a long time. I am glad I can say the words of that devout man, Mr. Wesley, the best of all brethren, “God is with us ; it is his presence that makes our paradise ; without him we are weak and helpless; the joy of the Lord is our strength.

Saturday evening, a good many present at the class meeting ; two of our best singers are absent on account of sickness ; we miss them very much. I think good singing is more than half of the meeting. We, as Methodists, have the credit of good singing. If that be true, I hope we will try at the present day to hold our reputation in that respect. We are commanded in the precious Word to sing heartily unto the Lord, expecting him to bless the same, and use our voices for the good of the people and the honor of his dear name.

Sabbath day I greatly enjoyed the sermon ; had a good time in the study of the Word in the Sabbath school. It pays well to do the little things for the Master. In the prayer meeting in the evening, the Lord touched my heart ; my cup was full and running over ; as I prayed for my pastor the dear Saviour blessed my own heart in a special manner, so that the tears ran down my face. O, for that anointing of the Holy Ghost. “Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, with all thy quickening powers.”

Monday evening the Lord blessed us in the prayer meeting, while reading and commenting upon his Word. We felt much of his presence and inspiration from heaven, which will make a good meeting whether many or few be present. It is the spirit of prayer that he gives to us; we can have it for the asking in faith. O, for a mighty faith that will hold on to God under reverse circumstances; and cries it must be done. All power is with God. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Tuesday evening I went down to Mohawk, made five calls, prayed in four homes, visited the sick. The Lord filled me with his love. I then walked one mile and a half alone with Jesus, praise his dear name. Some people look at me with astonishment and surprise, and say, "Why do you pray in so many homes, and spend so much of your time calling on the members of your classes?—other leaders do not practice it." I will use the words of the apostle Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me." It is God working in us and through us. To his own dear name be all the glory. "For no one liveth to himself." We are here for a purpose. The good old Quaker once said, "I am going through this world but once, so I want to do all the good I can." I think it is a great privilege to live in this enlightened age. Where much is given, much shall be required of us. Reader, can you stand the test if you are called today to the bar of God? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Paul says, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word." The Word of God is our chart

through life ; if we follow its teaching, it will guide us into all truth. O, for wisdom and knowledge. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all paths are paths of peace." We may have all of this world ; it will not make us happy. Not what a man has, but what he is, makes the man ; it is his character. Young man, set your standard high, and reach it if you can. Jesus is a satisfying portion ; without his presence we are miserable ; with his love in our hearts we are rich in faith, and made heirs of God and of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wednesday evening I went to East Frankfort, and attended brother Johnson's class meeting (at the house of Thomas Leech). The leader invited his class from Frankfort (one mile and a half away), for the benefit of the Leech family. The good Lord was pleased with that offering, and made his gracious power felt in that meeting. The leader called on me to make the opening prayer. I felt the power of the Most High God as I pleaded with the Father, for his Son's sake, to give us liberty in speaking in honor of his name. We arose and sang that beautiful song, "It is good to be here." Rev. W. F. Brown and wife, from Frankfort, were present, to cheer the hearts of the young converts that make up that class. We cannot do too much for our young people. Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." O, how tender the great Shepherd is of his own. "What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Blessed Lord ! he is mine, and I am his.

Thursday evening I called at the home of one of

the members of my class and had a very pleasant time for half an hour in Christian conversation ; then we went down on our knees and called on the name of our God ; our souls were hungry for the bread of eternal life. He came and filled us with the love of his dear Son, our Saviour, the sinner's friend, the world's Redeemer, My faith took hold of the strong arm of heaven as I asked God to send his special blessing to rest on the parents of that family circle, two sons and one daughter. As I prayed for them and called each one by name, and commended them to God and the Word of his grace, I felt Jesus' love welling up in my soul. As I clasped the hand of each and bade them good night, as I looked into the face of the one that they call "mother," that the dear Christ had touched her heart and filled it so full of his presence, the tears were running down her face. As I was leaving, the expression from her eyes told me in a louder tone than words, "God bless you, my brother, for the interest you have taken in my dear ones ; may grace be given to you from above, all through this life, and an abundant entrance into the world that is to come." I then found my way to the prayer meeting—very few present, but Jesus was there ; his presence filled the place. I prayed, sang and gave my testimony for the Saviour. I am thankful that God is not confined to time, place or numbers.

Friday evening we had twenty-one out to class; my heart was encouraged ; the Lord is good to me ; praise his name for all his wondrous works to the children of men. He does answer prayer. God bless

and cheer the praying mothers. One of the members of my class has started the second time in the narrow way, and is quite devoted at times, but is easily influenced by her wicked associates. She came to class, and there promised to renew her vows to God. I think it an answer to her sainted mother's prayers, who is now in heaven. The prayers of a devoted, faithful mother is the best legacy that can be left to the children. I have found it to be so in my own case ; I know it by experience ; I know what I am now saying is true. If there is a mother that perchance may read these simple words, I hope and pray that God, by his Holy Spirit, may impress upon their hearts the necessity of praying for their boys, although they may think that their case is a hopeless one. Your boy will not tell you how much your prayers help him, what your example has done for him, and the many snares and pitfalls he has been saved from in answer to your prayers. O, may God in his infinite mercy help you to pray in earnest for your dear ones. It may be the test of your faith, as you think of some that are saved, and your boy is not ; it may be after you are put away in the silent grave, that your prayers may be answered. God is able ; he doeth all things well. "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Saturday evening I find myself in the class room, a good many present. I had liberty leading the meeting, the Lord filled each heart with his love. On my way home I was reviewing my life for the week past. I felt humbled on account of the goodness of

God to me and doing so much for me, while I have done a little for him. O, the mercy of God and his long forbearance with unworthy me! I can not thank him enough. If I had a thousand tongues and a voice equal to a trumpet, I would sound them all to the ends of the earth in honor of the blessed Jesus. I will praise my Maker while I have breath.

I will give the reader a copy of a letter I have written to one of the converts in the meeting last winter, and his answer while away from home and the class meeting, among strangers.

“ DEAR BROTHER—No doubt you will think strange when you receive this letter. I missed you from the class meeting ; I made enquiry from your friend R., he said you were out of town. He gave me your address. It occurred to me I had better write you and keep up the acquaintance. I am more interested in your spiritual welfare than I can find words to tell. You have been so faithful in attendance at the meetings, I want to thank you kindly; you have helped me so much ; your testimony and passages of Scripture have encouraged my heart so many times, I do appreciate it. My daily prayer to God will be that his grace may be given to help you on in the narrow way. I remember well the time you started, —it was the most noble act of your life. God says in his Word, “ I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.” “ He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.” I hope you may continue to the end. I want you to be active in the cause of the Master ; in doing that there will come to your own heart joy and peace in believing in Jesus ; your influence will be felt by all your associates ; you can win many souls for Christ. It pays well to sow by the side of all waters ; for we shall reap if we faint

not. God bless and keep you, my dear brother. The meetings are well attended, the interest in the class is good ; to Jesus be all the glory. God is doing wonderful things for your unworthy and weak leader ; pray for me that I may be kept humble and true to Jesus. Good bye. Your brother in Christ."

" DEAR BROTHER H.—Your letter is received. I appreciate very much your kindness in leaving your business to write to me ; and I think you would not be sorry could you know how much good your letter did me. The passages of Scripture cheered my heart very much. I am happy, and trusting in my Saviour. Although I have not been with you in the meetings, my earnest prayers have. I expect to return home the last of the week. I shall be happy to hear from you at any time, trusting that you will unite your prayers with mine that I may grow to be a noble man and a zealous worker in the cause of Christ. I remain your friend,

R."

Sunday I was much profited in hearing two good sermons from our pastor. The Lord blessed me in teaching his word to my class in Sabbath school. As I called at the home of a sick man in the afternoon, I read a portion of Scripture to him, and then knelt in prayer in his behalf, God revealed himself to me in a powerful manner. The companion of that sick man was led to rejoice in the hope of a mansion in the skies. The promise made by our dear loving Saviour to the disciples, " I go to prepare a place for you," that means each follower at the present day. Many are waiting for Christians to speak a kind word to them, and call at the home of the sick and offer a prayer or read from the precious Word, to cheer them while struggling through this life and meeting

EXPERIENCE ILLUSTRATED.

the opposition that we find in the pathway of our pilgrimage as we travel to the land of rest.

Monday evening I am leading the prayer meeting. What an inspiration we received in the song service. I think we do not appreciate that enough ; there are some that will be saved in that way ; they have a passion for music and singing "that has a Christ in it." That is one way that God has to reach the hearts of the people. It is Jesus speaking through us ; to him be all the praise. While Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in Boston, an infidel opposed his wife in going to the meetings, or trying to become a Christian ; nevertheless she was determined to give her heart to the Lord and lead a different life. The husband said he would go to hear Sankey sing, but he would not listen to any of Moody's nonsense. He went, and when he came home he got his Bible, read from it to the surprise of his companion, and said to her, "If the Bible is true, we are wrong." He went again, and as he read from the precious Word, he said, "If it is true, we can be saved." Yes, he found that without Christ we are in a lost condition. He simply believed, and was saved ; praise the name of Jesus. It is so hard for a man to confess that he is a sinner. Sometimes it is the pride of our hearts ; with others it is their associates they cannot give up. Reader, what is your excuse ?—have you a good one ? —if you know it will stand the test at the judgment, hold on to it ; if not, fling it to the four winds of the earth, and take Christ at his word by faith on the Son of God. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

Tuesday evening I walked one mile and a half, made four calls, and prayed in three homes. The Lord blessed me in doing that; his presence cheered my heart and filled my soul with his love. I was very much humbled as I called on one of God's chosen ones that has been confined to the house for two years. What an experience she has had in that time. If I had the gift of words, I might write quite an article in regard to it. I learned a lesson from that afflicted one, and think I will by the help of God and the grace of his dear Son be more patient, and live better in the future, and cease fault-finding, and stop trying to pull the mote out of my brother's eye while the beam is in my own. As I prayed by the side of that sick one I felt the presence of the Master; I had such liberty in prayer. The communion of saints is glorious; it is work that wins. How many fail in the Christian life for want of faith, patience and perseverance. Time and perseverance will accomplish all things. I then called at the home of that sick one, went in and took him by the hand and said, "How are you, Fred?" His hand was cold; death had already begun its work in the body of that young man. He did not recognize me as I called his name and looked into his face for the last time. Thursday following, between two and three o'clock P. M., his spirit passed up to God, who gave it; he is now in heaven; he is singing the song of the redeemed and blood-washed around the throne of God. Mr. Wesley says our people die well. I am thankful that I made the acquaintance of that young man, and that I was permitted to call on him and sit by his bed-

side and tell him of Jesus, who died to save. I never shall forget how God has revealed himself to me while on my knees in that home. I imagine I can hear the response from his sainted mother as I have prayed to God in behalf of that dear boy in that sick room, while a kind father and a loved sister joined their prayers and dropped their tears of sympathy with that one suffering so intensely. Grace was given in that trying hour. On one occasion, while I was pleading with God, for Jesus' sake, to give strength of body to that devoted mother, as she was administering to his wants, his heart was broken to pieces with the love of Jesus, he wept like a little child. He loved that mother as he loved his own life. God bless the praying mothers.

Wednesday evening I called on one of the members of my class. We spent a short time in Christian conversation, then went down on our knees in prayer that the good Lord would bless all of that household, and prosper them with success in this life, and a triumphant exit from time to eternity. Thursday afternoon I received the sad news that my young friend (Fred), that I have just referred to, had passed away. The pastor of that family was absent from home, attending the camp meeting, and could not call and pray with the afflicted ones. The Spirit suggested to me to go down after tea and call there. I did. The good Lord blessed my soul with an outpouring of his Holy Spirit as I prayed to God to heal the wound that death had made in the hearts of that bereaved family. I then hastened home, and went to our prayer meeting. I found the Lord was there

in Spirit and in power. The tears were running down my face as I gave in my testimony for Jesus. I had such liberty in singing. O, for the anointing of the Holy One of Israel, The pastor was at the camp meeting. The Lord led the meeting. The narrow way is a safe way ; the service is delightful.

Friday evening, very few at the class meeting, but Jesus was there ; his gracious presence filled the place. I had much liberty reading and commenting on the Word. We sang, and felt deep down in our hearts. It is good to be here. God is no respecter of persons ; he is not confined to time nor place ; he is everywhere, beholding the evil and the good. "The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land." How many Christians to-day are quiet, easy, and seemingly asleep. Satan will keep them there if he can—he is so cunning and deceitful. "I would that ye were cold or hot." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." An aged Christian was in the habit of going to sleep while listening to his pastor. On one occasion he arose to his feet and stopped the sermon, and exclaimed with an audible voice, "Is it possible, dear Lord, that thy servant that has served thee for years, will go to sleep and lose his soul, and go to hell ?" Just then he felt something give way in his head, and that sleepy feeling left him. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light." O, for a contrite heart, believing, true and clean. May grace be given us on all occasions, "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Saturday evening, a good number at the class meeting. We received benefit from the reading of his Word. It is continuing doing good and serving Jesus; in doing that, we find joy and peace coming to our own hearts; we simply believe that if we endure to the end we shall be saved. One may say, "I have so many trials." We are to be tried, as gold is tried in the fire. Trials are blessings in disguise. Reader, did you ever think of that? I have found it to be a fact. God says in his Word, "I will not allow you to be tempted more than you are able to bear." He knows all our infirmities, and sympathizes with us. How often we sing, "Take every thing to the Lord in prayer." Are we doing that? God help us, for in his strength we shall triumph over every foe. "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." Love is the lever that moves the world. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Sabbath day I enjoyed the sermons very much; the attendance in Sabbath school was small. I spent a part of the day writing in my journal. About six o'clock a little man, dressed in a suit of blue, was seen walking in the rear of the Armory of E. Remington's Sons, going to the home of a poor sick man, wasting away with that fatal disease, consumption. After reading a portion of the Word, prayer was offered in behalf of that sick one. The Lord touched the hearts of each—only three persons present, the sick man, the wife and the stranger. God was there in great power. Harvey Brown was not a Christian

at that time. I will say more about him in the future. How true the Word of God ; when we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. Blessed Lord, O, for more of his presence in each one of our hearts. Prisons will palaces prove if Jesus will be with me there.

Monday evening I am engaged in the young people's prayer meeting ; the Lord was present, and helped us to get nearer to him through his dear Son Jesus Christ. The meetings have been well attended all summer. I would recommend to all pastors to encourage such means of grace ; if the young Christians desire them, they will feel the responsibility resting upon them, and will make an effort to be present and sustain them. The reading of his Word and the song service will tell all through the week ; the friendly hand-shaking at the close of each meeting is a means of grace ; we do not appreciate it enough. May it be practiced more in all our churches in the years to come.

Tuesday I was called upon to write an obituary for the young man (Fred) that died from cancer in the limb, that I have referred to. I could not refuse the mother's request. I said to her, "Why did you ask me ?" Her answer was, "Because you were with him during his sickness, and knew more about his experience than any one else." I consented to do it with the help of Jesus. I prayed about it, asked the Lord to give me something to say to cheer the hearts of that family and honor Jesus in those few lines, and if it was his will, a word to the unsaved, that some hearts might be reached through the press. In all

that I do I want to glorify God and gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord ; that is the reason that I am writing this, that some hearts may be won for Christ. I am happy to say the Lord helped me, and gave a few thoughts for the occasion. My time is fully occupied for the firm that employs me. As I was waiting in the city of Utica, in the office of a gentleman I was anxious to see, I took my pencil and wrote a few lines in great haste. The Lord was pleased with that feeble effort of his unprofitable and weak servant, and filled my heart so full of his love that the tears came to my eyes. I can never forget how he blessed me in that simple act. After I returned home I made a copy in ink, and went down in the evening to read it to the family, for them to dictate and make any change they might desire. Before I left the house of these afflicted parents I went down on my knees in prayer. The Lord gave me liberty as I prayed for the father of that young man. I found my heart was going out to God in his behalf; I had a burden of soul for him ; Jesus touched my heart and filled it to overflowing with his love. I made a call that evening across the way on a lady dying with a blood cancer in the stomach. She related to me a dream she had a short time before about her uncle who is now in heaven (my old friend brother Harter). It seemed that he was sent down from the spirit world after her to take her away with him to that beautiful land, the "Sweet By-and-bye." She said to me, "I am not a believer in dreams, but I thought that one may be real before long." I made her case a subject of prayer each day from that time

until her death, for God to give her grace, as she suffered so intensely, so that she could say from her heart, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

Wednesday evening I called on one of the members of my class. We spent a short time in Christian conversation ; we sang a few pieces and then bowed together in prayer around that family altar, and asked the blessing of Jesus to come down in a special manner upon the parents in that home, and on each one of the children that make up that family circle. God blessed me in saying simple words to the dear children. I felt I was a child with them, and the weakest one present without Jesus.

Thursday evening I attended the prayer meeting ; very few of the members present. Quite a number are on the camp ground. The Spirit of the Lord was present, but not much emotion. I did not receive the inspiration in singing I am accustomed to on such occasions. I did feel and sing, "It is good to be here." It is the good Lord working in us and through us for his own glory ; to him alone be all the praise. There are occasions in the meetings when I am inspired from above ; I can carry all the members of our church on my heart to God in the song service. I just open my mouth in song ; he fills it, words are spoken by the Spirit he gives to me ; my heart is stirred by the power of the Holy Ghost ; it seems to carry me over the bar to reach the highest note in the scale. My soul is made to rejoice with joy unspeakable as I sing for Jesus. Some may ask the question, "Why we do not always feel that emotion of soul in all our meetings?" I am not able to answer

that question. I often think of it, and say, " Dear Lord, send it down upon all our hearts ; without it we are powerless." Perhaps our physical condition has something to do with it. God is no respecter of persons ; he is the same ; I am glad of that. We are commanded in his word, Whatever our hand findeth to do, to do it with our might. I believe in that command ; whatever we do, do it heartily unto the Lord. Serve him not only because it is right, but serve him because we love it. I would rather be a Christian than not ; there is joy in the narrow way. As you sow, so will you reap. We cannot expect figs from thistles. Some one may say, " My prayers are not answered." Stop ; let us consider ; we may have a selfish motive in view. God will not supply all our wants, but he will supply all our needs. We must say in all our asking, " O Lord, thy will be done."

Friday evening, very few out to class meeting, but a large attendance at the Opera House to hear " Uncle Tom's Cabin." Christians will go to such places, and stay until ten o'clock at night ; they do not scold and find fault about it. If you should keep them in a class meeting until that time they would think it hard. One of the members of my class that went to the entertainment felt guilty about it on account of a younger sister's remark. She said, " I cannot go to such a place ; I would lose my influence." She said to me that was a rebuke to her. I think it was a message from God to her soul. We must take up our cross daily and follow Christ. Dear reader, I hope you are doing that ; if you are, you will be happy ; your life will be a success. What we do, we must do

it quickly, for there is no work beyond the grave. We are passing away to the great judgment day. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the sinner and the ungodly appear?" O, that we may each day try and honor our Maker, and help some one to get nearer to God. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Saturday evening in the class-room ; on account of sickness but few present ; the Lord showed mercy and love in the manifestation of his Spirit. Very soon we expect a larger attendance after the people return from the summer resorts and places of rest, which are very desirable, as our bodies need rest and quiet. Our young people are benefited by a change in society and travel, making new acquaintances ; they are held in grateful remembrance ; they brighten our pathway on the way to the home of the soul. The narrow way is the way of the cross ; no cross, no crown. Some parents have gone out after the midnight hour in search of a loved boy to find him in the saloon ; wives have had such an experience, searching for a husband who has spent his evenings at the gambling table. May God help such, and give them grace to keep in every trial.

The Sabbath was a day of rest to my body, and of profit to my soul ; my heart was tender by the presence of God during the sermon ; I was blessed in the Sunday school searching his gracious word. At six o'clock I called on the sick, and read a portion of Scripture to that sick man that will not be with us long. God touched my heart in a special manner ;

as I went on my knees in prayer for Harvey, the tears ran down my face. Glory be to God in the highest. It is the spirit of prayer Jesus gave to his weak servant. "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered." O, for more hungering and thirsting after God! "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." I had liberty in the prayer meeting in the evening. The Lord gave me a weeping blessing while on my knees. Obedience is better than sacrifice. I did sing with grace in my heart.

O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.

I am a pensioner on God's mercy and love. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

At the close of our prayer meeting I went up to the tent meeting on Elm street. The Protestant Methodists are holding a series of meetings there this week. The place was filled as I reached the tent; some, no doubt, came out of curiosity. Rev. Mr. Prindle preached from that beautiful text, "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." He felt the power and meaning of that passage. I was much impressed as I listened to his discourse, coming from a heart filled with the love of the dear Saviour. I stood back near the entrance among some of the wild, rough, young men, that had gathered for sport and to criticise; they were quiet, and kept good order. I am sorry to say a woman out on the street

at the top of her voice ; however, she got weary, and was very noisy, and acted disgracefully by calling out walked quietly away. The speaker was so filled with the spirit of the Master that his words were felt out on the street. I was led to say, "God is here in power." The audience listened with much interest, and, no doubt, impressions were made that will be lasting.

Monday evening a full attendance at the prayer meeting. I felt inspired as I read from the Word. "Thy word is truth." He says, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent." Tuesday evening I spent in calling on the members of my class No. 2. My boy drove me down. I thought I would pray in four families before nine o'clock ; I failed in that. As we were driving to reach a certain home a little out of town, and passed the place, I looked back and saw the old watch dog lying in front of the house ; I recognized him, for I was afraid of him the last time I called there. We turned around ; I thanked Charlie for driving me down, and then started to go in. The dog growled as I passed by, as much as to say, "If you call here, you must be civil." I spent a few minutes in conversation with the lady of the house, making enquiry about the family, as some of them are members of my class. Then we went down on our knees in prayer to God for his blessing to rest on that household. I then ran in and called at a home across the way, where the man of the house was converted last winter, also his little girl ; they were much pleased to see me. I talked a while with the

wife and mother about her husband who was absent, and enquired how he was getting along. "O," said she, "my home is happy now ; we take comfort together. How true Jesus is a satisfying portion in every emergency ; his presence makes our paradise." I then offered a prayer to God for grace to be given to that husband and child to keep them, and that the wife may become a Christian. (My prayer was answered ; the wife was converted in a short time afterwards—in God's own good time.) I bade them good night, and walked down street. As I turned the corner and looked in front of me, I saw a house lighted up ; I thought they had company. I did intend to call there, as I had an errand with one of the family ; so I ventured to pull the door bell. The young lady of the home came and kindly invited me to come in. I then asked her the question, "Have you got company ?" "No ; we are waiting and expecting you." I was much humbled as I walked in and took a seat in the parlor. God is so good to me. in answer to prayer and the intercession of God's dear Son, my loving Saviour. I enjoyed myself very much in Christian conversation. In a few minutes a lady and gentleman called to say good-bye to that family, as they intended going on a journey the next day. The gentleman of the house asked them to wait, and turning round, said, "Brother H., will you pray before you go ?" I went down quickly on my knees and opened my mouth in prayer ; the Lord filled it with words. He gave to me as I held communion with the Master of assemblies. As I prayed I called the name of each one, and asked God to

bless them in a special manner for Jesus' sake. The place was solemn on account of His presence felt in that pleasant home. I will remember that occasion with great pleasure, as God revealed himself to us in power. I then clasped the hand of each, and bade them a kind good night. O, the blessed Jesus, I do love him with all my heart! He is in all my thoughts. I do say "Jesus" with heart a thousand times in the course of the day. He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.

Wednesday evening I called at the home of a sick one wasting away with consumption. The husband is not a Christian; the daughter is a member of my class. I asked the question of that sick one, "Are you saved in Christ?" The answer was not definite I think she was a little embarrassed, as the husband was sitting in the adjoining room. I suggested to them that we engage in prayer, as I do not practice staying long in any home. We went on our knees before God and called on his name on behalf of that family, that he would bless each one that make up that family circle. The husband was in the next room, stirring the kettle on the stove, and I on my knees in prayer. I arose and bade them good night, and started for the tent meeting. I listened one hour to a good sermon from the Rev. Mr. Prindle, but too long. When will we study brevity? He seems to enjoy the revival spirit; he has a good voice, easy delivery, and a deal of magnetism. He has the faculty of getting along with the boys, as we sometimes say.

I will give you an incident that occurred with him

in the north of this State. The Conference often sent him to different charges where other ministers failed to manage the boys that are full of mischief. In a certain town where he was sent, the pastor before him was obliged to close a series of meetings on account of some young men that would come to make disturbance, and break up the meeting. Brother Prindle was holding a meeting one evening, and they came as usual. He carried on the meeting, was very kind to them although they disturbed the people. In the course of the evening he invited all to come forward to the mercy-seat that wished to seek the Lord. Several came, and two of the boys that went there to ridicule went forward with the seekers, and knelt down with the rest. The pastor went around to them and prayed by their side. The Lord answered his prayer ; the Spirit came down upon them in power. The two boys fell prostrate on the floor. The others were alarmed, and said to the pastor, "You have killed them." They carried one of them out to a house near by, and came back for the other. The pastor remarked as they were taking the second one away, "Lord, make him heavy for them to carry." He went on with the meeting. They put the young man into a vehicle they brought to take him to his home. When they reached it, as they went to take him into the house, a fear came over them, they dared not touch him. They then called the people of the house to come out, and they were afraid to take him in. They decided to go to the church and ask Mr. Prindle to assist to get him into the house. After they reached the church, they addressed the

pastor thus : " You have killed that young man; you must come and help us carry him in ; we dare not touch him." He kindly consented ; and when they had cared for the young man, with the assistance of the pastor, they accompanied him to a room in the chamber. The young men were together in the room with the sick one (as they supposed he was sick); quite late in the evening the young man opened his eyes, and the first words he uttered were, " Glory, glory be to God." All the people in the house were frightened to hear the young man use such words. Just then they heard beautiful singing ; it seemed to be up stairs. They went quietly up to see if Mr. Prindle was awake. They were very much alarmed, to hear singing at that time of night. Mr. Prindle arose and went down stairs ; he heard the singing very plain ; it seemed to be over the house. He then looked in the face of the young man. He was soundly converted, and happy in the Saviour's love. Mr. Prindle was led by the Spirit to engage in prayer for the conversion of all those young men ; they went down on their knees ; the Lord was present in power ; they were deeply convicted for sin, and before daylight in the morning they were all saved. Some of them are now in the service of the Master as ministers of the gospel. All things are possible with God.

Thursday evening I called and prayed in one home before I reached the prayer meeting ; the good Lord blessed my soul in a special manner. I had much liberty in singing for Jesus. O, the way is so delightful in the service of the Lord. I will love and serve him while I have breath.

Friday evening, a good attendance at the class meeting ; some strange faces were there ; that encouraged the heart of the leader. One member of the class has been away, teaching, all summer ; she was delighted to testify for the Saviour.

Saturday evening I called on one of the members of my class, who has been deprived of the meetings for six weeks. I was grateful to God for sparing the life of that one. After I reached the place I soon engaged in prayer, thanking the Lord for all his tender mercies and blessings to me and my classes. They are new every morning and fresh every evening. I felt his presence and power in reading from the Word. It seemed to me I had a message from above for the few that were at class. Some were moved to tenderness and tears. It is God that is speaking to the people ; he shall have all the glory. As we knelt in prayer for a few minutes before we closed, the Lord revealed himself to us in a special manner ; my own heart was filled to overflowing ; the tears ran down my face. As we arose to sing the doxology some wept that I have never seen affected before. Hallelujah to Jesus ; it belongs to him.

The Sabbath day was a blessing to my soul. After the toils and disappointments of six days we have a day of rest. I am glad of that. I listened to two good sermons from our pastor, Rev. G. M. Mead. I enjoyed teaching in the Sabbath school. I had a little difficulty as I was trying to get something out of the lesson (about Abraham's faith), one of my scholars seemed to be uneasy ; I failed to keep her attention, so I stopped and leaned back in my seat. They

looked with surprise, and wondered why I stopped in the middle of the lesson. Without the attention of my class, or those I am addressing, I cannot help them ; and only then as the Lord uses me for his glory and the good of his people. At six o'clock I walked over to pay a visit to my friend Harvey. I found Jesus was there in that sick room. God touched my heart and made it tender ; the tears started from my eyes as I began to talk with him about his soul. The Lord is so good to me, praise his dear name. As I read from the Word to that sick man, I felt the presence of Jesus in that humble home in power. I then offered prayer, and had liberty ; all in the house were in tears ; God was there in might and power. We are in his hand, to be used for his glory in any way pleasing to him. He is able, and will remove all obstacles from our pathway ; it is the Spirit we receive from heaven. God has all power, in heaven and on earth. We are the creatures of his care, made in his own image, to be happy, and enjoy all he designed us to possess. O, the bliss of knowing Jesus—blessed Jesus. It smooths every step in life's pathway ; it will make the crooked places straight. I bade them good night, and started for another sick room. As I entered that home and pressed the hand of the sick one that I had not seen for several weeks, I enjoyed that call very much, as we talked about the mercies of God—they are innumerable and constant. My own heart was filled with his love. He gave me the spirit of prayer while on my knees in that beautiful home. We held communion with the Master, and felt our prayer would be an-

swered in his own good time. I then made my way to the prayer meeting. I found God was in that place in demonstration and power. I was blessed singing for Jesus.

Monday evening we had a blessed time in the prayer meeting ; I had liberty in reading the precious Word ; the Lord gave me a message to each one present ; we sang, and felt deep down in our hearts. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour ; hear my humble cry. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy path." This week our pastor has held extra meetings. Tuesday night the subject was, "Direct answer to prayer." Every Christian present could answer in the affirmative. Not many present, but the Opera House was filled to attend a political meeting, until after ten o'clock at night. I am so glad that Jesus is first with me ; my business and the world is next. With the help of God I will never compromise with the world and Satan. They may call me a fanatic or anything else they wish. Paul says, "We are fools for Christ's sake." Yes, we can afford to be called by any name ; it does not harm us. It will test our faith, and try us, and send us to our knees in prayer. He that rules the heaven above us, and the earth beneath us, will give grace and glory. "For no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Wednesday was a memorable day in my Christian experience. As I went to my closet in prayer for a man, so wicked and dissipated, that I had prayed for for months, that God would convert his soul and save him from intemperance ; as I called his name to Je-

sus on my knees, and asked the good Lord to save his soul, whatever might happen to his body, God touched my heart in a powerful manner. The answer came immediatuly, "Your prayer is answered; that man will be saved." When, I do not know; in God's own time. He then took the burden away from my heart—that anxiety of mind has been removed. I expect to meet him in the glory land. O, for the faith once delivered to the saints; it is from God; to him be all the praise. In the evening meeting the subject was "Sin and the consequences of it." You will not be obliged to look far to find that. Call at the house of the drunkard, there you will find a wife broken-hearted, all her hope blighted; strong drink has made a demon of one that promised to love and care for her, in sickness and in health. O, that we may be loyal and true to every good work, and fight sin wherever we may meet it. I called at the home of one of the members of my class, and spent a half-hour in song service; we then knelt in prayer to God for his blessing to rest on that household. There was an aged sister present, that God had recently saved, and is on her way rejoicing in a free and full salvation. Blessed Lord, he gathers them in one by one. She said to me, "The Lord does answer prayer; he has taken away from me all care and anxiety about my home. I am resting in the arms of Jesus, blessed Jesus. A good attendance at the meeting. Subject, "The atonement." We were all blessed in hearing the passages of Scripture read by different ones. All our hearts were cheered and comforted by the Word. Friday afternoon, in the ladies' prayer

meeting, the Lord helped us to get nearer to him by faith ; he made all our hearts tender with his love ; that little company were melted to tears. Our united prayers ascended the hill of Zion for God to revive his work in Ilion. We are so cold and formal. May the Lord quicken us by his Holy Spirit to greater diligence in behalf of his cause and the good of souls around us. Perhaps some are longing for a kind friend to speak to them about their soul, and let their heart bend over and touch theirs, and by that kind act lead some one to Christ and heaven. O, for power from the Almighty, who says in his Word, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." God is able to save by many or few.

Saturday evening, a good attendance at the class meeting ; some were present that have been away for many weeks, not on account of choice, but sickness. The Lord is so good. "He giveth his angels charge over thee." He careth for us by day and by night. My heart was encouraged by the presence of the Master, as well as the number of persons present. The young Christians are bringing in their associates. I cannot do that ; their parents cannot do it. They have an influence with each other. May the Master give us the working spirit, and use us to gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord. O, for a present, active, living faith that cries, It must be done; that will laugh at impossibilities, and will go forward and battle for the Lord, and hold up the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel. The enemy of all souls is busy leading the weak ones astray into the forbidden paths. "Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

The Sabbath was a day of rest to body and soul. In the morning I drove down and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. W. Dempster Chase, pastor, Herkimer, N. Y. You can find the text in James v. 19, 20: "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." He preached Christ to the people, and seemed to be so absorbed in the theme that he forgot himself, and made an impression on the hearts of his hearers; many were moved to tears. My own heart was made tender, while the tears were running down my face. I praised God for giving us such men to speak to us from the fulness of the heart. He is original, has a good delivery and his gestures are easy and free; his voice is a little sharp, but so much of Christ is in it that it impresses you. He can hold his congregation fast in his hand while he tells them of Jesus and his love, as he moves about on the platform, he has the strictest attention from the people. May God give us more of the same spirit, who are devoted to his cause and kingdom.

At six o'clock I went out to make a call on one of the members of my class that was going away. We spent a few minutes in song service, then went to prayer before God for his blessing to come down on the dear ones that make up that home, and especially on that young lady while absent from that dear mother, who has watched over and loved her as only a mother can; that the Lord would comfort the heart of that mother in her lonely hours at home. The

good Lord touched my heart with the finger of his love in a special manner ; the tears started down my face, and such liberty in prayer ! I was blessed while pleading with Jesus to fill our hearts with his presence and send a baptism of fire. Praise God for the spirit of prayer and the faith he gives us ; to his dear, precious name be all the glory. I bade them good night, and made my way to the basement of our church for prayer meeting ; they were on their knees. Brother Tufts was praying from his heart with great faith ; brethren B. and E. followed. We then took our seats. I felt the presence of the Master ; my heart was so filled with the love and power of Christ that I commenced to sing that beautiful hymn,

It is good to be here, &c.

I felt in my soul that I was keeping one of the commandments ; I could sing with grace in my heart through the help of Jesus. I open my mouth, He fills it with praise. While singing I looked up at the desk, and recognized a strange face ; I noticed he was looking at me, and I would say from the expression on his face he was anxious to know who that little brother was that sang so loud. I soon found out who the stranger was—Rev. D. W. Thurston, evangelist, from Syracuse, N. Y. ; a man well known about here and in the whole conference ; one of deep piety, and enjoyed the blessing of sanctification to help him in all he had to do for God and the good of his cause ; a man of great faith, and filled with the Holy Ghost. As brother Mead introduced him to his congregation he said, “ Brother Thurston talks religion, and lives it every day.” In the even-

ing I heard him preach from that beautiful text, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper ; but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." What a searching sermon he gave us ! It seemed to be especially for me. God was in all that he said ; the Lord spake to the people through that man. He is fine looking, well built, weighs two hundred pounds, age 60 ; his locks are white with the toil of many years ; his voice is clear, and has a ring in it. God uses him to reach hearts ; his face is covered with smiles, while his heart is full of the love of Jesus. You are impressed, as he is talking quite dignified—as a minister of the gospel ; he has a good pair of lungs, and uses them for the glory of God ; he can and does say "Hallelujah!" and no one takes exception to it. There is a Christ in all his words and actions, which will count for the Master. To put it in a few words : he is a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. More about him some other time. He is conducting a series of meetings in our church. May God bless his labors in Ilion for the dear Saviour's sake.

Monday evening I had liberty in the prayer meeting, in the song service and in reading his Word. I felt an unusual amount of his presence while commenting upon his teaching in the Bible. I trust, by God's help, that the seed sown down there in weakness may be raised in power ; and many dear, loved ones, who are out of Christ, may be gathered for the Lord. He is able ; the work is his ; the glory and praise shall be given to him. O, for an entire consecration to God and his cause ! We are nothing

but dust. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Humility, humility! we need more of it. I want more of it in my own heart. I am obliged to say often, "Every moment, Lord, I want to feel the merit of thy death." When my spirit is broken, and I am wholly given up to God's spirit for his guidance, I do feel he is working through me to help the people, and do honor to his dear, precious name. That sainted man, Fletcher, who is now in heaven, was very humble in all his life. It is said the wall in his closet was stained by his breath in prayer. It is knee work that pleases God, and gives us power to work in his vineyard with success. I expect, as I have read the memoir of that devoted man, to be a better Christian. I do not aspire to be great; I want to be good, and by the help of Jesus I expect to be. Blessed Jesus! He is worthy of all praise and adoration. Saints and angels in heaven laud and magnify his holy name; men on earth bow to him.

Tuesday evening I spent in calling on the members of my class; we occupied a short time in song service, and then spent a season in prayer to God. He was pleased, and accepted that little service in that home; He came down in power to all our hearts; we were refreshed by his gracious presence, and were led to rejoice in his love and the power of redeeming grace. One of the members of my class is a teacher in the Sabbath school, and has given me the following questions to answer. The first one is this: If one does not feel like praying at any time, ought they to pray just at that time? I will try, by God's help, to answer these questions. To the first I answer

in the affirmative and say yes, by all means. The good Book says, "Pray without ceasing." Jesus says "Take up your cross daily and follow me, for I am meek and lowly; and ye shall find rest for your souls." Pray if you are obliged to use the publican's prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" The second question is this: Can timidity in praying be overcome to the extent that one will be able to express themselves with freedom? You will please pardon me, if I refer to my own experience to answer this question. The Holy Ghost has taken away all timidity from my heart. Praise God for that. I read in his precious Word, "Take no thought what ye shall say; for in that hour the Holy Spirit shall teach you what to say." Reader and teacher, get the Holy Ghost; it is for you by faith on the Son of God. I find that promise is true: "The heavens and the earth shall pass away; but my word shall not fail." "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Glory be to his dear name! The third question: How would you talk to a skeptical scholar? As I have never passed through such an experience, I would advise you to take it to the Lord in prayer; He alone can direct you the best. I would quote the Bible to them. Do not spend any time in argument with them. If they are reasonable and will talk with you for information, you can explain to them as you believe; and tell them you are saved through faith on the Son of God. They will find out that it is true. God bless and keep teacher and scholar.

Thursday night I called and prayed with the sick

before I went to the meeting. Friday evening I was invited to take supper with brother Mead and brother Thurston, at the house of "Happy John," as we call him (John Gridley). I enjoyed it very much. After tea I called at the home of one of the members of my class. We went into the parlor ; the young lady of the house played on the organ, and we sang a few pieces from Chaplin McCabe's book, "Joy to the World." We then bowed in prayer ; God gave me such liberty of words and faith in his dear Son, Jesus Christ, that our hearts were made tender by his love ; the tears came freely while we waited at the feet of Jesus. I then went into the meeting ; I could sing with my heart, "My Saviour comes and walks with me !" Praise God for the working spirit.

Saturday evening I prayed by the sick bed of one near the spirit land, and then bowed in prayer in two homes before I reached the class room. The joy of the Lord is our strength. I found comfort to my soul as I read from the sacred Word. The Lord helped me to lead that meeting ; He was in every song, and in each testimony in power. Brother Lewis was so happy ; he gave us two testimonies before the meeting was closed. May the good Lord keep that aged man faithful unto death.

Sunday was a blessed day to my soul ; I could sing in my heart, "I have pitched my moving tent one day's march nearer home," blessed power. I listened to an excellent sermon from brother Thurston. His heart was filled with the Holy Ghost ; that gave him power with the people. He talked to us for 58 minutes. I was blessed in the Sabbath school. We had a lesson on

temperance. Our superintendent gave a short speech; he referred to drinking cider. He said that was where a great many people made a mistake—it is the first glass that does harm ; “The little ‘foxes spoiled the vines.” O, how true! Brother Thurston was then called out to address the school. He commenced in a familiar and pleasant way to talk to the children ; his heart was full of the love of Jesus. He was brief and simple in his remarks ; he will always be welcome in Ilion. He gave us a temperance pledge ; it is in poetry ; it pleased the children as he had them repeat it over after him.

We think we never will drink
Whiskey or gin, brandy or rum,
Or anything that will make drink come.

Dear reader, may you and I take that pledge and keep it. At six o'clock I called on my friend Harvey ; I found him weaker ; death will soon enter that home. As he was confined to the bed I was obliged to speak in a low tone of voice ; that is quite a cross for me. As my Maker has given me a good pair of lungs, I like to use them for his glory and the good of his people.

Monday evening I had liberty in the prayer meeting, and felt quite an inspiration as I read from his Word. Bunyan says (God's Word has two edges), “It can cut with a back stroke, and a fore stroke. If it will do thee no good, it will do thee no hurt ; but it is a savor of life unto life to all of those that receive it, and a savor of death unto death to all of them that reject it.”

Tuesday evening I made one call, and prayed in

that home ; I felt the presence of the Master as I went down on my knees. I then found my way to the church, and listened to brother Thurston ; we were much instructed and helped on in the narrow way. May the good Lord give us all the power to win souls for Christ's sake. Wednesday evening my wife and I were invited out to take tea with brothers Mead and Thurston, Mrs. Mead and a few more of the members of our church at the home of brother B. We enjoyed it very much ; I found brother Thurston very social, free and easy ; he can entertain a company very happily in a conversational way. Thursday evening I spent a half hour in song service ; I then prayed with the family, bade them a kind good night, and made my way to the church. Jesus was there in power before we reached the place ; we caught the inspiration as we went inside of the basement. One dear young man was led by God's free Spirit to the anxious seat, and to Jesus. Praise his dear, precious name. The church was quickened ; we could sing deep down in our hearts, "Nearer, my God, to thee!" Blessed Lord, he is so good to me ! Friday evening we had a quiet, still meeting ; there was a good spirit, sweet and peaceful ; each one seemed to wait for the other—no emotion. I did not have liberty in song ; I kept my seat during the evening. Saturday evening I called on the sick ; that one is near the glory world, a great sufferer, and not a murmur from her lips. Her husband came home intoxicated a few moments before I reached that sick room. I was thankful to God that he put it in my heart to call and pray with that afflicted one on that

occasion. She told me, with the tears running down her face, how her companion came home under the influence of liquor. I sympathized with her, but did not know what advice to give. I said to her I would go on my knees in prayer, and ask God to give me a word to utter in her presence, to cheer her heart in that trial. I then quoted one of the promises that kept me in the greatest trial of my life. O, the bliss of knowing Jesus, blessed Jesus! Without the consolation of his grace, and the comforting influence of his love, we would be miserable and wretched. I read in his Word, "In this world ye shall have tribulation ; but in me ye shall have peace." My peace flows like a river, simply because I trust. Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all! We had an excellent class meeting ; the Lord led the meeting ; our hearts were encouraged. Some have returned from their vacation to remain for the winter ; now for work to bring in some wandering one into the fold, to God and heaven. O, for the power that comes from Him alone! We will wait for the endowment of power, expecting the anointing from on high. May he send us a double portion of his spirit that he gave to the old prophet Elisha. We are to ask in faith, not wavering or doubting ; his Word is true. O, for more faith in his Son, our Saviour.

Sunday was a blessed day to my soul, not on account of anything that I did, no ; it was the presence and nearness of Jesus that filled my heart to overflowing with his love—love to Christ and everybody around me, and especially to them that are of the household of faith. It is God in us, by the gift of

the Holy Ghost. "Ye are the temple of the living God." He in us, and we in him. Brother Thurston preached an excellent sermon from that beautiful text found in St. John 7: 17. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The discourse was made a blessing to all our hearts ; God was in it. That devout man is filled with the fulness that all of the ministers need to-day ; he has a burden of soul for the unsaved ; God does honor him in granting the desires of his heart. He speaks from the heart ; his arguments convince the most skeptical. He remarked that if men would be honest with themselves, and live up to the light they had given them through the revelation of his Word, that there would be more people religious than we now have. He told the story of a skeptic in a certain town that attended the meetings with his wife. She was convicted by the Spirit of God, felt she was a sinner and must be saved or lost to all eternity. She had the courage to go to the anxious seat, and there plead for mercy and ask the prayers of God's people. After the meeting was over the husband said to the pastor, "You had better pray my wife through ; you may come to our house and stay all night!" He did, and after breakfast he went out to the barn to get his horse ; the farmer asked him where he was going? The answer was, "Home!" He said to the pastor, "You Methodists have got my wife under conviction ; you had better invite some of the members of the church to come here and pray for her salvation. Do not leave her in the state she is in." The pastor did as the husband suggested. Of course the wife was

saved, and made to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, and was made to go free in the Saviour's love. Now the best part of the story is to come. The husband was under conviction himself; but, as a great many people are now-a-days, they won't acknowlege it, but fight away the Spirit of God, and say, "Go thy way for this time; in a more convenient season I will call for thee." That man went forward for prayer; the members gathered about him, and offered to pray and help him to find the Saviour. He said to them, "Keep away, and let me alone; I have made up my mind to act up to the light given to me." He did, and at the close of the meeting the pastor called on him to speak. He said in a few words, "I will be true to my convictions, and will go according to the light given to me." He did, and God saved his soul; he became a new man in Christ Jesus. Blessed Lord, he will save all that will come unto him by faith, in the atonement of his dear Son.

I enjoyed teaching in the Sabbath school; I had liberty in prayer as I went to call and pray with Harvey. I think, from all appearances, I will not pray with him but a few times; he is so weak and feeble, that he is liable to pass away at any time; still, so patient, not a word of complaint or murmur in all his suffering. I have learned a lesson from that afflicted one. Thank the good Lord, Harvey is saved through faith in the Son. Monday evening I had much liberty in the prayer meeting. The pastor came in—that encouraged my heart, and especially the hearts of the members. The Lord is so good to me. I have a pastor in Ilion, and one in Mohawk. I ought to be

a better Christian than I am ; I have so many privileges, and so many to help me in the narrow way. I am so weak and feeble of myself ; I would often get discouraged ; but I read in the Word, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ; but to them that endure to the end shall be saved."

Tuesday evening I attended a sociable ; had a pleasant time. I think we ought to keep up with the times, and meet each other as a society and church, and keep up the acquaintance ; in that way we may become more interested in each other's welfare, temporarily and spiritually. The rest of the week was spent in the meetings held by brother Thurston—that faithful, zealous and devoted evangelist. Saturday evening I made a call on the sick, before I went into the class room. I read from St. John 14, and then went down on my knees in prayer to God. I felt much of his presence in that sick room ; I found Jesus was there before I had reached the place. As that devoted one looked up into my face and said, "I expected you would call this evening and pray with me," O, I thanked God with all my heart for the privilege of visiting the sick room, and say a word of cheer to the suffering one. As the evening shades are gathering about that one, she can and does look up to Him, and feel that promise is true where he says in his Word, "I go to prepare a place for you ; and I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also." Blessed promise! that hope buoys us up amid the darkest hours in all our pathway ; it will keep us when we are about to say farewell to loved ones on earth, and pass away to

the spirit world beyond. It is then we may give our last word of advice to a wayward boy, or an unsaved companion. God will answer prayer ; although we may be buried away out of sight, our influence will live on and on through the present age. O, to be faithful and work for the Master ! We had an excellent class meeting. As Mr. Wesley said in his dying hour, the best of all, " Brethren, God is with us." The good Lord led the meeting ; we felt much of his power. Praise his name for salvation.

Monday evening I had liberty in the prayer meeting ; the Lord blessed us in the song service. I think we do not appreciate and pray enough for that part of God's worship. There are some that will come to hear singing that will not attend a prayer meeting or preaching service for fear of committing themselves ; you may reach them in song. God bless each one that has received that gift for his dear Son's sake. Tuesday evening I made a call and prayed in one home. I had a profitable conversation with the lady of the house ; her son is a member of my class. O, how delighted she was as she told me he had marked in his Bible, " I found the light to my soul on the 22nd April, 1880," the time of the session of Conference in Ilion. How much I have prayed for that dear young man, that he might grow up to be a worker for the Master ! God does answer prayer. Mothers, pray on as long as God gives you breath ! I then made my way to the church ; we had a meeting in the basement ; the Holy Spirit was there to help our infirmities. " Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Wednesday evening we spent in

singing from that excellent book, "Joy to the World." I thank the Lord for giving us such men that are able to set music, and place the words to it that are appropriate to sing in our meetings. We therif went down on our knees before God, to ask him for his dear Son's sake, to send his richest blessing on the inmates of that home. Thursday evening only a few at the prayer meeting. In Herkimer, three miles from here, thirteen hundred people were in the procession that night. Politics are the excitement of the day. God is so forbearing with us ; he is a God of love. I am so much afraid I will grow cold again in the service of the Master ; but a few years ago that was my experience. I pray each day for Jesus to keep me and give me something to do for him. I am not allowed to judge Christians, neither do I wish to ; I fear there are some that are cold and backslidden, that do not realize their conditon. If you would say to them that they were in danger of loosing their soul unless they repented, they would be offended, and no doubt would say you must have charity. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." Plain words must be said by some who have the courage to dare to do it. We are to confess our faults one to the other, and pray for one another. We are not always ready to do that, and will not acknowledge we are wrong ; Jesus must help us to do that by the prompting of his Holy Spirit. An honest confession is good for the soul—it humbles us ; that is what we daily need. God says in his Word, " If any man will deny himself, let him take up his cross daily, and follow me." Blessed Lord ! I will do that with the help of his dear Son. Reader, have you

tried that? If not, do it at once; your peace will flow like a river, and you will have a rich, deep experience. There are heights and depths you have not yet attained; go on in the narrow way. May the God of peace go with you and make your life a success, that you may receive a crown of life in the sweet by-and-by. on the evergreen shore.

Friday afternoon I attended the ladies' prayer meeting. The leader, sister Douglas, was filled with the Holy Ghost; she had power with God. She is obliged to come several miles to be present. The Lord says in his Word, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." God will use the faithful in doing good and helping on his cause. These meetings are full of the Spirit; they are attended by the devout and faithful of our church among the sisters. The mothers that gather there have loved ones unsaved; they know how to ask in faith; God will answer in his own good time. He knows what is for our good; we can leave all with him. The Lord is pleased with the sacrifice each one is obliged to make to come. They are often melted to tenderness and tears; they are green spots along the way from earth to heaven. They read a portion of the Word in each meeting, followed by prayer and song for one hour. I have had liberty in the meetings that I do not elsewhere; I cannot tell why—God knows; I expect to know at the judgment; my record is in heaven. I hope there may be such a meeting organized in every church all over this land. We do not pray enough.

In the evening we had a general class meeting in the basement of our church. That is very well to

keep up the acquaintance, and bring the members together. I think the pastors can help the leaders very much ; as they are calling on the members they can make enquiry from each one if they have been to their class meeting this week, "I hope you did." That will help the leader materially, and encourage the members to attend next week. May I make an appeal to all the ministers of the gospel to bear this in mind, and urge the members to be present at a class. They will bear plain talk from their pastor, and Jesus will impress on their hearts that it is right to acknowledge him before the people. Some may say for an excuse, "We have such a poor leader; our meetings are dull and not interesting!" We will admit all that; go and help to make them better by your presence; pray for your leader,—ask God to give him power with the class and bless his labors among them. I have thought that a great many leaders are appointed, and not called. You may ask, What do you mean by that? They are chosen by the pastor to take charge of the class, without any preparation or love for the work. The leader may keep the class together, and in doing that he may think he is filling his mission. I fear some may be disappointed at the bar of God. Brother class leader! you and I are responsible to God for the growth of our class in spiritual things; did you ever think of that? May Jesus help you to set a good example to your class. It is a noble calling, to work in the vineyard of the Lord. When the Lord calls a man to go to work, he will fit him to do that kind of work. We can leave the results to God; he alone will bless the means.

made use of for his own glory and the salvation of the world. "Watch, and fight, and pray; the battle ne'er give o'er."

If you have received the gift of the Holy Ghost, you will agree with what I have said about the preparation for the work; if you have not experienced that endowment from on high, it is for you; it is by faith on the Son of God. Pray for it; look up and expect it,—God will send it on you. "According to your faith be it unto you."

Saturday evening I called at the home of a sick one who is very near the grave. I felt the presence of Christ as I engaged in prayer that grace may be given to that one that is suffering intensely, and yet so patient. I hope she may feel each day the sweet-ness of the words of the poet:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

I then hastened to the class room and commenced our song service. God gave us grace to sing with our hearts for about twenty minutes; we then bowed in prayer, while brother Charles Butler led us; he prayed from his heart. God touched our hearts and filled each one with his love. We arose and sang that good old song, "Jesus, lover of my soul." I thought if I could hear that familiar hymn sung at my bedside as I was about to pass out into the spirit world, I would praise my Jesus through all eternity. We had an excellent meeting. The Lord was present in power and Spirit; glory be to Jesus. He is

"chiefest among ten thousand." "His name shall be called Wonderful."

Sunday was a blessed day to my soul. Brother Thurston preached a good sermon from that text: "My presence shall go with thee there, and I will give thee rest." Those words were spoken by our Lord to Moses. The discourse came from the heart; it found its way to our hearts. Those burning words were spoken in power. I expect much good will come from them. That was his last sermon in Ilion. At the close of the meeting quite a number were seen to weep; he made me shed tears, and I could not help it. God spoke through that man. O, for more of such men, who are consecrated to God and his cause, to go around this world and exhort men to seek the Lord. Brother Mead, our pastor, arose and said, "Brother Thurston is going home to-morrow; he has worked faithfully and well for three weeks in this church. The collectors will now pass the plates for your contributions, be as liberal as you can, he is in need of money for himself and the support of his family." Brother Mead merely introduced the subject; God spoke to the hearts of the people, and they responded nobly. Ilion forever. As the writer has the honor of passing one of the plates down the centre aisle of that beautiful church, I noticed the people were all ready to give quite liberally. God was in the giving, and that will make it easy. When we counted what was on the plates and compared the figures, to our surprise we had \$117.47. If you could have looked in the face of that man when I announced to him the amount, you would never forget that beau-

tiful expression. He was delighted ; it was more than he expected ; he was pleased. The people felt glad in their hearts ; the name of the Master was honored. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty." Blessed Lord, I don't want to be poor ; I want to help others, and to do a little for God's cause. We are stewards ; what we may have belongs to God. Only five converts while the meetings have been continued ; the church has been quickened and revived. "Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God giveth the increase." He shall have all the glory. I am thankful in my heart that I have heard from that devoted man (brother Thurston) ; I do expect to do more for the Lord in the years to come, and profit from the good advice and his earnest words of exhortation and good example he showed to us while remaining here. Sunday was the best Sabbath of my life, not for any thing that I did ; no, it was the presence of Jesus. He makes our paradise ; without him we are unhappy and miserable ; there is an aching void in our hearts the world cannot fill. Nothing but the Holy Ghost can satisfy the human mind. God made man in his own image, and created him to be happy and enjoy the most beautiful spot on earth—the garden of Eden—and then gave him a help meet, to add more to his comfort. "God is love." I know ; I feel. Jesus weeps ; he weeps, and loves me still ; praise his dear name. I enjoyed the sermon very much. I was blessed in teaching in the Sabbath school. In the afternoon I wrote ten pages in my journal. At six

o'clock I called on the sick, read a portion of God's Word to them and went down on my knees in prayer in behalf of that man who is so near the spirit land. The good Lord made my heart tender with his love, the tears ran down my face; glory be to Jesus, for his mercy and love; he does answer prayer. "Before they call will I answer, and while they are yet speaking will I hear."

Monday evening I called at the home of an aged couple—old veterans in the army of the Lord. The lady was quite feeble; she was delighted to see me, and was very communicative—(brother and sister Green, of Mohawk; they have since passed to their heavenly home, to meet their reward and receive a starry crown awaiting them from the blessed Jesus. May their loved ones so live as to meet them in heaven). We spent a half-hour in Christian conversation, and then bowed on our knees in prayer, pleading with God for his dear Son's sake to give grace to the aged ones, as they were walking in the afternoon of life. The Lord was pleased with that supplication, and came down in that home to cheer the hearts of each one, and especially the aged. My own heart was made to rejoice in a risen Saviour; tears of joy ran down my face while we waited at the feet of Jesus. I pressed the hand of each and bade them a kind good night, and made my way to the prayer meeting. I found the people waiting for me. The dear Saviour blessed us in the song service, and in reading a portion of his Word. We had liberty in prayer, and all received comfort from on high. The joy of the Lord is your strength; glory to his name.

Tuesday evening I walked one and a half miles, made two calls, and prayed in one home.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 20, was the most memorable occasion of all my life. My classes made me a surprise at my home. They were so quiet about it I did not know of it until eight o'clock in the evening. After tea I had an errand down street ; I then made a call on a member of my class in Ilion. I had much liberty in prayer ; my heart was made tender with the love of Jesus ; I wept like a child. I reached my home, and as I opened the hall door I saw the house was filled with young people—parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. Brother Mead and wife were there to make glad our hearts and cheer the young folks by their presence and kind words. I commenced hand-shaking, and called the name of each one. In doing that it saved me from breaking down in my feelings. My heart was touched by that kind act. I was delighted to look into their happy and pleasant faces. I said to them, "You are welcome ; I am glad to see you." In a few minutes I was called into the sitting-room ; there was one of the young ladies waiting to present me with a beautiful folding-chair, and then made the presentation speech in a very creditable manner to herself and the classes. I thanked them kindly for their valued gift, and the spirit manifested by all present. I felt a good deal in my heart, but words to express myself were not available. I said to them, "You may look for something in our village paper in regard to this gathering." It was quite unexpected to me, as I feel unworthy of any favor. I have failed so often in do-

ing what I would like to do for my classes, and still they seem to bear with me and overlook my many faults. I wonder at it, and attribute it to the goodness of God ; I do praise him. He is dealing with me in mercy and love. I am thankful that he gave me grace to keep me in that hour, and not feel flattered. I give Jesus the glory for putting that spirit into their hearts, to remember their leader. I was humbled, and felt under renewed obligations to God, and a stronger attachment to my classes. I can now understand why I was tried and tempted so much. On Saturday evening I heard the clock in the Armory strike two in the morning before I could sleep. Jesus kept me by his grace ; praise his name. I never passed through such severe trials. I never had such victories. O, to get the victory over self, the flesh and Satan. It is blessed to feel our feet on the "Rock of Ages." The memory of that occasion I will remember with much pleasure all through my life. I regretted very much that the friends from Mohawk were obliged to leave so early in the evening. May the blessed Master unite our hearts together with a three-fold cord of love which never can be broken, and each one enjoy peace and much happiness in this life, and an abundant entrance into the glory world my prayer will ever be. I give the contents of a note I received from one of the members of my class that could not be present :

"BROTHER HUTCHINS—I regret very much that I cannot be one of the number that meet at your house this evening ; but my best wishes are yours. May

God bless this occasion, and make it one of great pleasure to you and yours. Your sister in Christ,
M. S."

Many thanks to those that worked so hard to make that gathering a success. May God bless and keep you sweetly until your work is done in this life, and then take you to himself, for his dear Son's sake. At eleven o'clock in the evening, after the kind friends left, the house was quiet. I went up to my room, and on my knees I called on God to let his divine blessing rest upon my classes as never before. O, what a baptism of love came to my heart to overflowing.

Thursday evening my better half sent me with a cake over across the way to a home of a sick neighbor dying with a cancer in the stomach. After I had done the errand for my wife, they invited me to pray with that sick one. I went on my knees in prayer to God to give grace to that feeble one suffering intensely. I had liberty as I prayed for that dear family, that they may be saved and won for the Saviour. The Lord is so good to me. I then made my way to the prayer meeting, as the opportunity was afforded. I engaged in prayer; what liberty I did have; it seemed to me that I was nearer to heaven (by faith in God's dear Son) than ever before in my life. In the Word I read, "Be ye filled with the Holy Ghost." I felt his power and gracious presence in my soul, such as I cannot fully explain. It was God speaking through me to his people. My voice trembled as I uttered words in prayer; my heart and my flesh were crying out for the living God—such a hungering and

thirsting after the Holy Spirit. That place was solemn on account of the presence of the Most High God. I could say with his servant Jacob, "God is here in power." As brother Mead changed the order of the meeting to speaking, I had two testimonies to give, one for myself and one for sister Fitch, who cannot attend the meetings to witness for Christ, but is reconciled to his will, to do or to suffer, and is ready to go when the messenger comes, at morning, noon or night. Blessed Lord, he can save to the uttermost all that will believe on his Son Jesus Christ. He gave me liberty in singing in the meeting. I open my mouth in song; he fills it in praises to Jesus. I will never forget that meeting. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Glory be to Jesus.

Friday afternoon I did not attend the ladies' prayer meeting. I went to Mohawk to attend the funeral of Mrs. Dodge; which was held in the Baptist church. I walked from the house with the procession. As we entered the vestibule, I noticed every thing looked new and clean. They have painted the building outside and inside; the place is very inviting in appearance. The pastor, Rev. M. W. Haynes, is quite young-looking, only 24 years of age, tall, very modest in appearance, unassuming in his manner, an easy speaker, has a good delivery, a clear voice, and impresses you with his sayings. The text and the hymns were selected by the deceased. The text was found in the Psalms: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." He preached to us for twenty-three minutes—quite long enough for such an occasion. He said, "I shall be satisfied, for I shall be

freed from sin and temptation, and be forever with the Lord and the company of the blood-bought." He spoke in a very tender manner of the departed one, and remarked that she was the oldest member in that church—was faithful and true to God and the church of her choice. Her blessing she gave to the dear family before she breathed her last, was very impressive, and no doubt will bring them to the dear Jesus for pardon and acceptance through his all-atoning blood. May each one meet that devoted mother in heaven, where they may join in the song of the redeemed in glory. Friday evening we organized our class meeting in Ilion, after an absence of a few weeks on account of the revival service by the evangelist, brother Thurston. The Lord blessed us in a wonderful manner—leader and members were hungry to tell the old story of Jesus and his love.

Saturday evening I made a call at the home of that afflicted family where they are sad and lonely, for the Spirit prompted me the previous evening to call there and pray with them. As I entered that home I recognized but two faces; the rest were strange. I gave them my name, and said, "I have called to sympathize with you in your sorrow and bereavement." The husband was delighted to see me; his heart is almost crushed. I tried to point him to the dear Jesus; for he says in his Word, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I spent half an hour in Christian conversation, and then went on my knees in prayer to ask God to bless the afflicted ones. As I prayed they wept. I called the name of each one to the Master;

as I mentioned the name of "Hattie," the good Lord filled my heart to overflowing with his divine love and power. The Holy Spirit helped me to pray. What a revelation I had from the throne ; it seemed to me that angels were in that room to cheer the hearts that were bleeding from the wound death had made. I thanked God with all my heart that I was permitted to call at that lonely home and to say a kind word to cheer those that mourn the loss of a devoted Christian mother. A faithful mother's prayers is the best legacy that can be left to the children. I would rather my boys would go out single-handed in the world and have the prayers of a Christian mother than to have money and be established in business. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich."

Sunday was a blessed day to my soul. My heart was filled with the love of Jesus. The sermon was made a blessing to me. I enjoyed my work in the Sabbath school. Searching the Scriptures is a great comfort to my heart. In the absence of our Superintendent, who was in New York, I was called upon to make the opening prayer. God blessed me in doing that ; he gave me the spirit of prayer. I felt his presence and power. In the afternoon I went with brother Clark to his Sabbath school, one and a half miles in the country. I was called to lead in prayer, then taught the Bible class, and occupied fifteen minutes talking to the children. On my return home I spent the remaining part of the day writing in my journal. Attended the preaching service in the evening. At ten o'clock I went up to my room ; my family had retired for the night. I felt such a conso-

lation and joy in my heart, that if that was my last Sabbath on earth, I had tried to do a little for the Master and his cause. "The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land."

Monday evening we had a blessed time in the prayer meeting, an increase in attendance that encouraged my heart and honored the dear Saviour. We had much liberty in song, which lasted a half-hour. I think we do not sing enough and make melody in our hearts unto the Lord. We get inspired from above as we use our voices for the Lord. The Holy Spirit helped us while we were on our knees. The prayers were brief and simple; we went out from that place with a better Christian experience.

Tuesday morning I called at a humble home to do my last work, and offer my final prayer in that family. Harvey Brown breathed his last on Monday evening; his spirit passed up to God who gave it. One less for me to pray for. When I think of the many calls I have made upon that poor man, so little known in our community, with few acquaintances, I thank the Lord for the many blessed revelations of his goodness to me, as I have tried by his grace in my heart to win that man to Christ. The memories are precious, and will be helpful while I journey in the narrow way. Only a few months ago I saw that man for the first time; as I entered that home I had an errand to do for my wife. I found I had one to do for the Lord. The first question I asked him about his soul, he would not answer me. Through the love of Jesus I won that man to the Saviour; glory be to Jesus for salvation that saves to the utter-

most. There are seven persons now in heaven that I have called upon and prayed with that have died during the present summer. I am never satisfied with anything that I do of myself, I am so weak and sinful. If I ever accomplish any good, it will be through Christ which strengtheneth me. Where I shall call next to visit and pray with the sick, God only knows; I am in his hands to work for his glory. In the evening I made two calls, sang and prayed in two homes; God blessed me in doing that.

Wednesday evening I called on one of the members of my class, spent one hour in Christian conversation and hand-shaking where the pastor and congregation had gathered to hold a church sociable. At nine o'clock I left for my home with my heart cheered and comforted from looking into so many cheerful and happy faces. "A merry heart maketh a glad countenance." Jesus is my joy and song all the day long.

Thursday evening I called at the home of one suffering intensely from cancer in the stomach. I found the children had come from the West, to be present and receive a dying mother's message before she is called to meet a loved daughter in the spirit world, that was buried from that home only a few months ago, and is now singing with angels in glory. I had liberty in prayer, and felt the presence of Jesus, and his power to keep in sickness and in health, prosperity and adversity. I then went to the prayer meeting, and felt that sweet spirit of Christ as soon as I entered the basement; the good Lord led us, as brother B. led the meeting in the absence of our

much-esteemed pastor Mead. We sang with grace in our hearts ; the prayers were offered in faith ; the testimonies were good ; each one was quickened in the divine life. How true, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ;" glory be to his name forever. I will give the reader the benefit of a letter I received this week from my old friend and former pastor, Rev. M. S. Hard :

"DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS—Many thanks for the kindness you did us in sending your photograph. I will return one with the request that in place of it you send us one of sister H. We shall not move until after election. I am very glad to hear you say that you intend to visit us in Elmira. We have a grand society there, a church without debt, about 450 members, a good church edifice, a large Sunday school, having in it a piano and organ. Indeed, I know of no better church in Central New York Conference. We have been five years in Ithaca, and were invited officially to both of the churches here. It seems like going from home to leave here. But we have had a good time wherever we have gone; the people have been kind to us, and so we will not fear as to the future. We met brother J. A. Johnson in town a few days since. He spoke cheerfully of Ilion. Please remember us to any who may ask for us. The same.
M. S. HARD."

This letter is characteristic of the man himself—short, but good. O, that the Lord would raise up more men like brother Hard.

Friday evening we did not hold our usual class meeting. The leader was the only person present. The citizens of Ilion illuminated their dwellings on that evening. (All Republicans did as a general thing.)

They held a political meeting in the Opera House, had speakers from abroad to address the people. They formed a line, had a grand procession, each one in uniform, and carried a torch. The Continentals came down from Utica and joined us in the march ; they were much admired by all who had the pleasure of looking at them passing ; they did credit to themselves. Utica may feel proud of such a company of fine-looking young men. They had a lunch given to them in the Club Room by the committee. They sang several patriotic songs during the evening. They march well, and sing good ; we hope they will come again ; they will be welcome. Our neighbors from adjoining towns and villages graced our streets by their presence ; from the smile on their faces, we would say they were happy, and enjoyed themselves very much on that occasion. As they marched by our door, on their way to the Hall, the clock in the Armory struck ten. Our citizens did nobly in preparing to receive the strangers that came into town to attend the demonstration. Each one seemed to out-do the other in the way of fire-works, &c. May the men do as well next Tuesday in voting, and we may be sure of success.

“ DEAR BROTHER—My heart is so full of the glory of God. When I think of the prayer that you offered, the tears come (and I cannot see these lines, still I must write) ; surely I feel this morning that there are among us those that the prince of this world cometh and findeth nothing in them. Glory be to Jesus, it was so wonderfully revealed to me this morning ! O, glory, it is indeed our privilege to enter into the Holy of Holies, and there commune with our Saviour,

and get so gloriously strengthened with power in the inner man that we gladly become nothing, if need be, that Christ might be glorified and his kingdom built up. It seems our paths diverge, but O, this experience which came to me this morning, how I love it ; the prince of this world cometh, and findeth nothing in me ; purified by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. My experience this morning is, to do or not to do ; to have or not to have ; I leave to Thee, to be or not to be ; I leave thy only will be done in me. All my requests are lost in one Father—thy only will be done. My brother, God is indeed fitting you up for a grander and nobler work. O, how tribulation has been working for you patience ; patience, experience ; experience, hope ; hope, which is one of the Spirit's precious graces, enters into that within the vail, and you look not through a glass darkly, but go from glory to glory. But how true, " We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God ;" and then this glorious experience comes. We may be " troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are perplexed, but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but not destroyed." " Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Glory be to his precious name. May God bless you and lead you on into deeper and still more precious experiences ; and as the moulding process goes on, may the glorious image be stamped more perfectly until you awake up in the perfect likeness of our Jesus. From one that can learn so much of my brother in Christ, Your sister in our faith,

F."

I give the answer to the above. I pray God to touch hearts with the burning words in the letter above, that I have given a copy of the same.

“DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST—Your most excellent letter came to hand in due time. Thank you kindly. As I read it God touched my heart ; the tears started down my face ; glory be to Jesus for what he is doing to unworthy me. I count myself one of the weakest of his followers. I am so glad I am counted in the ‘Whosoever.’ Praise his dear name. He saves and keeps me day by day from straying away from the fold. ‘If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous. I am in his hands, to be used for his glory. O, to be nothing, nothing ; only to lie at his feet, a broken and emptied vessel for the Master’s use made meet. Where he leads, I will follow. ‘We are fools for Christ’s sake.’ The Lord is doing more for me than I am able to tell. He sent his dear Son all the way from heaven to earth to save me. Now he is giving me so many dear Christian friends to pray for me and encourage me in the narrow way. O, how I do love it ; it is the safe way ; it is the way of the cross. ‘No cross, no crown.’

‘Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there’s a cross for every one,
There is a cross for me.’

Yes, and I will take it up for the dear Saviour’s sake. The prayer you have referred to in your letter I never can forget, neither can I find words to explain to you the holy rapture in my soul, and the fulness of joy that came to my heart ; it seemed to take possession of my soul and entire being. It is impossible for me to tell what I felt. It was the Lord speaking through me to the people. It seemed as though I had hold of the strong arm that moved the world. O, such a mighty faith that came down from heaven ! my mind went out for brother Mead. I could carry him and all the members of our church on my heart to the throne of grace, and there plead with God to

baptize us as a church and equip us to work as never before. O, for the anointing of the Holy Ghost to work in his vineyard with success. My experience is different from others ; some say, ' You go to extremes in your Christian work.' I feel great responsibility of souls that are left in my care, as their leader ; I must give an account at the bar of God for my example of living before them ; it is a solemn thing to think of. The Word says, ' The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' I want to be good. The best of all, God blesses me as I try to work for his glory. I will ask you to continue to pray for your weak brother. I have trials, often and severe. I have victories through our Lord Jesus Christ ; glory be to Jesus. If I have helped you in any way, it is the Lord working through me. ' According to the power that worketh in us.' I must close, and not weary you. Pray much and often for me."

Saturday evening we had a small attendance at the class meeting ; the night was stormy and kept a good many at home. Jesus was there to make glad our hearts as we witnessed for him. The words of the poet express a great deal :

" And if our fellowship here below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet ?"

Blessed Lord, glorious meeting ; parents and children there will meet, meet to part no more, on Canaan's happy shore, the blessed Jesus to adore.

Dr. Bennett, from Syracuse, occupied our pulpit in the morning ; he gave us an excellent sermon in behalf of the university. At the close, brother Mead

called for a collection ; the collectors passed the plates and took \$242 in currency and pledges ; the professor was happy. In the evening he referred to the large amount the Messrs. Remington had already given to the university, and thanked them for their generosity, and asked God's blessing to rest upon them in the future as in the past. He remarked that all through the struggle they have just passed in the late financial crisis (the Remingtons), his faith was so strong in God ; he felt in his heart that they would succeed and continue their business and be a blessing to the community, and give employment to those that were depending on what they could earn to support themselves and their little ones. Dr. Bennett will be welcome to come again. God bless him in all his walk of life, and especially as he goes before his pupils in the school.

In the evening I made two calls. In the home of one that I called on we spent a short time in singing from that good book, "Joy to the World ;" the music is difficult and hard to learn ; there are some beautiful pieces; the words are excellent. I hope our young folks will become familiar with them. As I called at one home where two of the family are away—one in business in the West, the other has gone East to attend school,—I enjoyed that call very much, as the mother read to me a letter from each one of them. The Lord made my heart tender as I went upon my knees to ask God's blessing on that family and the dear loved ones who are absent ; the tears started down my face. O, how God blessed my soul ! That occasion will be remembered in years to come.

Some one has said, "The more we scatter, the more we have." I do praise Jesus for the privilege of doing the little things for him. Praise his dear name! That sainted woman, Mrs. Fletcher, once said, "An idle Christian is the devil's cushion." With the help of Jesus, I will never let Satan sit on me. Then I clasped the hand of each, and bade them a kind good night.

Friday evening a good attendance at class meeting; some were there for the first time,—may they come again. We were simple in our testimonies, and felt at home; we had a profitable meeting. It is true, it is the old story of the cross—it will never grow stale. It is through the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony that we shall overcome him; we must fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life. My heart is encouraged; I can see with the eye of faith that the good Lord is coming to Ilion in great power; may the tidal wave of salvation come this way and go down through all this valley, and gather in the wandering ones into the fold of Christ, and many added to the church daily, such as shall be saved. God grant it for the dear Redeemer's sake. The bell in the public school sends out its merry peal calling the children together. The names registered in the building amount to one thousand, with a corps of fourteen teachers, with that very popular man, Prof. Poland, at the head of that institution; he is a great favorite with the teachers and children; he has had charge of the school for a number of years; he is much thought of and greatly respected by all our citizens.

Saturday evening the weather is unfavorable ; still they come out to class. God will reward them for their good attendance at the means of grace. I can see the work is deepening in the church down there. We had liberty in singing for about twenty minutes ; God blessed the reading of his Word. I intend to read a portion of the Scriptures in every meeting I have charge of. We were brief and simple in testifying for the Master ; some were affected to tears ; each one went away profited and strong in their faith. The Lord shall have all the glory.

Sunday was a profitable day unto me ; I enjoyed our Sabbath school lesson about Joseph in the prison. Brother Mead preached an excellent sermon ; he had a large and attentive audience to talk to. God is giving me a relish for the study of his Word. I do hunger and thirst, and crave after righteousness. His presence disperses all my gloom, drives out all the buyers and sellers in my heart, and removes all selfishness, gives me the spirit to esteem others better than myself, and gives me charity that hopeth all things, that believeth all things, that endureth all things ; helps me to be a good citizen, a better husband and father. Indeed, all I am, I owe to God ; for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. At five o'clock I called at the home of a sick one who is wasting away with that fatal disease, consumption. We spent a short time in Christian conversation ; I sang two verses of that beautiful hymn, "All tears," &c. We then went down on our knees in prayer to God to give grace to that sick mother, and help her to say, "Thy will, O God,

be done!" The Lord blessed us as we prayed in that family; that simple act was noticed by the recording angel in heaven. I then called at a home where I am always welcome, and enjoy the society of that aged couple more than I can tell. The gentleman of the house is so kind to me, and has invited me again and again to accompany him out to a mission Sabbath school, where he is their superintendent. I expect, by the grace of God helping me so to live, that we shall walk together by-and-by in that beautiful city where the streets are paved with gold. Blessed Lord, the way is so delightful! I love the narrow way. That house is consecrated to God; I have enjoyed a number of prayer meetings there with them; we exchanged a few words about Jesus and his cause in Ilion, and were agreed in expecting a revival in the church here. May God give us faith that will hold on to the strong arm and take no denial, but cry out in agony of soul on our knees; it must be done. As I pressed the hand of each and said good night, I soon reached the basement of our church, to attend the prayer meeting. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Blessed Lord, we will witness for him. There was one thing in that meeting I have not seen in a long time,—every person in the house, man, woman and child, witnessed for Jesus! A beautiful sight; quite a number were moved to tears. It is God that fills our hearts with the Saviour's love. I do expect the Lord will save souls for whom Christ died. I am thankful I can work a little for the Master; it will keep our souls

warmed by his love, quickens our faith, confirms our hope and guides our thoughts heavenward ; we have new desires given to us to be more like our loving Saviour ; kept low at his feet where he can see us. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." As I reached my own home you may think I was weary ; no, no, not a bit of it. "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." I am resting in the promises all the time, kept by the power of God ; Jesus saves me now —glorious hope ; I would not exchange with the richest man I ever saw. Blessed Jesus, I do love him with all my heart. Reader, are you working for the Master ? You will say there is nothing to do. You may not be called to preach the gospel ; go out and visit the sick—speak a word of cheer to the suffering and poor ; you can distribute tracts among them who seldom or never go to church. Take a class in the Sabbath school—find a class of boys on the street, bring them in where you can instruct them from the Word of God. You may say you are not competent to do these things ; Jesus will fit you for it. Paul says we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. We will work till Jesus comes, and not do as the foolish virgins did that we read about. May our motto be, "Upward and onward." What we find to do, do it with our might ; for "the night cometh when no man can work."

Thursday evening I called at the home of a sick one, offered prayer to God for grace to be given now while that sister is in such severe pain of body, that her soul may triumph in Jesus her Saviour. I said good night, and soon reached the prayer meeting.

There was a heavenly spirit in the room as I entered, they were on their knees ; I bowed my knees in prayer and heart also ; we sang with grace in our hearts, "heartily unto the Lord." Praise his dear name for salvation ! The heart of our pastor was encouraged ; I can see the work of the Lord increasing in the church ; the classes are better attended ; it is not all in preaching the gospel that will save souls—it is living close to Jesus in the church, at home and on the street. "The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." May God come in the power of his might and save souls in Ilion ! I do hope and pray that not one person in this place will have it to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved."

Friday evening, weather stormy ; I made one call on the sick, and prayed with them. Jesus was there, the patient ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, or stay a little longer with the family (husband, son and daughter). The daughter is a Christian, and faithful unto God ; the husband is under deep conviction ; the last time I prayed in that home he remained in the kitchen, stirring the kettle as it was on the stove ; while I prayed in the adjoining room, I could hear him out there as he was engaged in that room ; he could hear me in prayer asking God to give grace to keep his companion as she suffered so intensely, dying with consumption. I can leave him in the hands of his Maker ; God is too wise to err, too merciful to be unkind ; He doeth all things well, praise his name. Very few out to class ; the Lord blessed us reading his Word ; the testimonies

were good, some of them given in weakness I trust answers of peace will come down on each one. May this week be the best in all their life on account of the presence of the dear Saviour.

Saturday evening we enjoyed the meeting very much ; some came as visitors,—come again, you will be welcome! The interest in the class is increasing ; I hope the revival spirit may spread all through the church down there. Paul may plant, Apollos may water, God giveth the increase. Jesus says in the Word, "No man cometh unto me except the Father draw him." God can, and does work ; none can hinder. Sunday was a good day for Zion in Ilion ; the audience large. I notice an increase in the attendance on public worship ; the good spirit is deepening and widening all through the church. The Sabbath school is growing in numbers, I was obliged to give up my seat and take a chair to make room for them that came in to take part in the lesson about Joseph. The story of that man is interesting and very profitable. May the entire church study the Word more and more.

Thursday I was obliged to pray much for patience. I find that little trials come along where I do not expect them ; I take them to the Lord in prayer. His way is the best way. The pruning knife must be used if we bear fruit for the Master. Trials are blessings in disguise ; let them come, only let me have grace in advance. In the evening I made two calls ; I had an errand to do in one home for myself, and I found out afterwards I had one to do for the Lord. The man of the house and three sons are not Christ-

ians, the wife and mother is a very devoted follower of Christ. I have heard her say she had faith to believe they would all be saved, although it might be after she was buried away out of sight in the narrow house appointed for all living. As I entered the hall door, the man I have referred to came in at the side door. After I had taken him by the hand and passed the compliments of the evening, I sat down, and began to talk to the little boy, about eleven years of age, telling him stories. He listened with intense interest that pleased me very much. As I was about to leave we went down on our knees; I had great liberty in prayer. I do think I had a message from heaven to that man. When I prayed for those boys (the eldest in particular) I had such a revelation from God! It was wonderful; the longer I prayed, the more love and presence of Christ I felt in my soul. I realized then what I had read in Carvosso's book, referring to the goodness of God and how often he had made it manifest unto him, and especially on his knees, that he was obliged to cry out, "Father, stay thy hand; it is more than thy servant can endure!" O, when the heart is wholly filled with the Holy Ghost, we are then in a condition to help our fellow creatures. Blessed Lord! He is doing wonderful things for me. I love him more than all else beside. I had faith given to me from God that the whole of that family would be saved and meet in heaven—when, I cannot say; God's own good time; he knows best; I can leave them in his hands. It seemed to the wife and mother that I have mentioned, she had faith to believe that each of her dear,

loved ones would be saved, and her prayers answered; but she could not tell which one would be saved first. As she talked to a neighbor about that occasion afterwards, she said she could see them in her vision around the throne in the glory land, all safely in heaven together. She was not spared long to that dear family; a few months, and she was called to her reward in the sweet by-and-by. It is plain to me now; death was between her and the conversion of her family. Faith in God will accomplish wonderful things for his children. At the funeral of that one hearts were touched, no doubt, and impressions made that will be lasting. Which one of us will be called next, God only knows; I want to be ready and set my house in order. I am so glad I am saved, I am ready and willing to help others into the kingdom. Through Christ I expect to gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord. Now is the seed time; the reaping time will come, depend upon it. Anything or anywhere for Jesus! It is blessed to be in the service; it is the most honorable thing we can do—to work for souls, and do errands for Jesus. Praise his name, our reward is waiting us in the beautiful home over there. O how it cheers our heart to work and wait.

Friday evening a good attendance at class. Some came that have not been in a long time,—that rejoiced my heart; I gave Jesus all the glory, it belongs to him. The testimonies were brief and simple, and came from the heart, which is pleasing to our Maker. O, for more of that home feeling in all our meetings! The more of Christ's love we enjoy in our souls, the

more simple and childlike we will be to get down at his feet, where I belong ; may he give me that feeling constantly in my heart. I heard a man say in the meeting that every shore line was cut, and that he was out in the ocean of God's love, sailing for the harbor on that happy shore. What a glorious meeting that will be—meet to part no more ; no sorrow, no sighing ; God will wipe away all tears from off our eyes. It pays well to be true to Christ. He says in his Word, " If ye love me, keep my commandments." Praise his dear name.

DEAR R.—I want to see you so much more than I can tell. After the meeting last night your old friend, R. F., gave me your address. I promised him I would write to you, God helping me, trusting Jesus will give me something to say to encourage you on in the narrow way, and do honor to his name. I do hope and pray that you will continue faithful to your dear, loving Saviour. He came down from heaven to earth to save you and me, took our load of guilt and sin upon himself, suffered and died on the cross, that through his stripes we are healed, made heirs of God and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ. I am amazed when I think of the love of God in giving his only begotten Son to die for our sins, and through his atonement we are made free, our pardon purchased by the blood of the Lamb. O, it washes white as snow, gives us joy in the Holy Ghost. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I suppose you are happy and enjoy your new situation ; it is exciting, no doubt, passing through the country, and having a strange audience every evening to listen to you. It is a good school, you may learn a great deal about human nature ; so many kinds of people you will meet in your travels. Be true to Jesus ; if you are,

you will be happy and content, although away from home and that loved one you prize and call "Mother!" "In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths." God bless and keep you, my prayer will ever be. Read the Word; go to your closet often in prayer; practice writing to your Christian friends, give them passages from the Bible; God will bless your own soul as you do that, and their hearts will be strengthened more than you can conceive. I do enjoy receiving letters from my Christian friends, and especially as they quote from the precious Word of God. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The meetings are well attended; the Spirit of the Master is with us, leading us onward and upward. The members of the class miss you, and pray God to keep you while you are deprived of the influence of the means of grace that they are favored with, and the help of those that started in the Christian way when you did. The Lord is good to me, I cannot thank him enough for giving me a little work to do for his cause in Mohawk; weak and feeble as I am, he does accept the service of his humble and unworthy servant; while I am trying to help the class he blesses my own heart in a wonderful manner. May I ask your prayers for the dear class, and your weak and erring class leader. Farewell. Yours in Christ.

"DEAR BROTHER H.—I was much pleased to receive a letter from you at N.; but in response I can write but a few lines, as there are so many friends that I must write to. The advice and Scriptural passages your letter contained, encouraged me more than I can tell. I meet with a great many temptations and trials, but with God's help, I mean to bear the trials and withstand the temptations. Jesus blesses me more than I deserve by far. Even while I write this, my heart is full of God's love, and I weep

when I think how the blessed Saviour gave his own life that we might be saved. I like my work very much. Of course it has its disagreeable parts, but no business is without them. I want to thank you for the interest you have taken in my spiritual welfare. God bless and help you, that you may lead many a poor heart out into the light and happiness of Jesus' love. And while I am praying for my dear class leader, I want to ask his prayers, that I may be kept from all sin and unholiness. I will receive with pleasure a letter from you at any time. Your young friend,

R."

DEAR O.—After the meeting closed on Saturday evening last, you requested me to write you this week; my answer was, I would if the Lord would give me something to say that would encourage your heart, and help to smooth down some of the rough places in the pathway of life. I do not know what to write that would interest you the most; I am so busy I can not give you the news about town, or the gossip of the neighborhood. Brother Mead preached a good sermon on Sunday evening, on gossiping or talking about our neighbors. I suppose we wont hear any more stories; enough of this. We had an excellent meeting on Monday evening; we missed you more than I can say, but hope you will soon get well and be able to take up your regular work in the cause of the blessed Master. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren." There is something for each one of us to do; are we doing that? I ask myself the same question. We are so modest and willing to leave the work for our neighbors to do; we suffer so much on account of shrinking from duty. "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered himself." He that winneth souls is wise. Blessed Lord, I am saved now; I am a sinner saved by grace. It is nothing I can do of my own strength; I

am weak and feeble. God is able and mighty to save. "Ask, and receive ; seek, and find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Blessed Christ, he is leading me in a way I know not ; it is a glorious way, it is the way of the cross ; no cross, no crown. I have read in the Word of God, "Take up your cross daily, and follow me ; for I am meek and lowly of heart ; and ye shall find rest to your souls." The rest of faith is free to all,—without money and without price. How often we say to each other, "My leanness," when there are such heights and depths we have not yet attained. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for them that love him." Precious promises ! I am resting in the promises. "He that abideth in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of his wings." I am afraid I may stray away from his bleeding side, where flows the blood and bought our guilty souls for God. You are in all my prayers,—that God will bless you, soul and body. He is the Great Physician ! I trust through grace given you from your loving Saviour, that you can do and say from your heart, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." Pray for me, your class leader.

I am so glad that occasionally I can honor the Master by writing to his children ; whatever good may be accomplished, it must come from God. I trust him to bring forth fruit to his own glory. The joy of the Lord is your strength ; it is Jesus in the heart. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature ; old things have passed away, and all things are become new. Paul says in the Word : "As ye have found Christ, so walk ye in him." Are we doing that ? Reader, if you are, you will be happy ; and, the best of all, you will help

others who are on the way. There are so many that need a kind word to encourage the heart, as they are journeying in the pilgrim way. Sympathy is what we need to-day ; the children need it ; we all need it, and look for it, and are sadly disappointed if we do not get it. "Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." Yes ; God is the same. "As a father pitie-
th his children, so the Lord pitie-
th them that fear him." "Obedience is better than sacrifice." The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land. We all like good things. "For no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Blessed Jesus, we will crown him lord of all. "He that giveth a cup of cold water in my name, shall receive his reward." The more we scatter, the more we have. As we are engaged in helping others, God will help us in doing that. As the day is past, and we lay our weary bodies away to rest, if we have done a little for Jesus, we are happy.

I thank God for putting it in the hearts of his children to write me so many good letters ; they encourage my heart wonderfully.

I do fresh courage take,
And press with vigor on,
The heavenly kingdom I shall reach,
And there with Christ sit down.

O, the hope I have of eternal life—how it buoys me up amid the trials of this life. Without trials we would not grow and thrive. "Tribulation worketh patience ; patience, experience ; experience, hope ; hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost,

which is given unto us." Blessed Redeemer! Some are called to suffer; in doing that it brings out graces, rich and precious; and sometimes revivals are traced in the neighborhood to one of the suffering ones, who has been pleading with God that precious souls may be saved, for whom Christ has died. The love of Christ constraineth me. Paul says, "We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." O, for power from God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!" "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." May our lives be hid with Christ in God. Glory be to his name.

"DEAR F.—Your beautiful and welcome letter came to hand in due time. I read it over and over again. The Lord is kind, giving me so many friends. I feel very much indebted to you for your words of cheer, and your faithful prayers to God in my behalf; and especially when I have been burdened with trials and cares on every hand. "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." I will pray God to reward you himself for your sympathy and counsel in all my conflicts. I am so thankful to the dear Jesus that I can pray for you. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Blessed Lord, I do love him. It is my meat and drink each day of my life to honor my Saviour. He says in his Word, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me." O, the precious Word of God! The promises are yea and amen to all that believe. "Help thou mine unbelief." The Spirit answers to the blood, and tells us we are born of God. I feel so unworthy, I want to hide away out of sight, as I think of that old song,

Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe, &c.

Every moment, Lord, I want to feel the merit of thy death. We are only stewards here in this life ; what little we have here belongs to him. He says in the Word, "All the silver and gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are mine." "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Yours in Christ."

Saturday evening, large attendance at the class meeting ; the good Lord blessed us in a powerful manner. I called on an aged brother to testify for the Saviour ; his heart was made tender with the love of Jesus ; God blessed him ; the tears ran down his face as he turned around and addressed the class. The dear Jesus touched their hearts with his love ; quite a number shed tears ; glory be to Jesus. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Without him we cannot do anything. "For it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

The Sabbath was a blessed day to my soul. I enjoyed the sermon ; my heart was made tender with the love of Jesus ; praise his dear name forever. He has kept me to-day sweetly by the power of his grace and the gift of his love. I love the Word, it is my strength and guide, and my chart through life. It is a lamp to my path and a guide to my feet, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. There is power in the Word. I made a call at five o'clock at the home of a sick one. When I reached there I found two sick in the same house. The mother came to visit the daughter, who is not expected to live. I quoted several passages of Scripture, and then went upon my knees. God gave me liberty in prayer for

the inmates of that home, that they may all be re-united in the glory land. As I was about to leave, that sick one asked me to come again. I answered in the affirmative, "When 'Father' sends me, as I cannot help you of myself; I am utterly helpless without Jesus." I called at another home on my way to the prayer meeting. I spent a few minutes in Christian conversation; I prayed with them before I left.

"The Lord came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Praise his name; he gave me a weeping blessing in that home. God is so good to me; he blesses me on my knees wonderfully. In the evening Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, Philadelphia, addressed a union temperance meeting in the M. E. church; she occupied one hour and ten minutes. She had a good subject to speak about (temperance). She is unassuming and modest, easy in gesture, at home on the platform, voice a little weak, speaks her words very distinct, is intensely in earnest to do good. She has faith in God, and is trusting wholly in him to bring about the temperance reform of this nation. God and one soul are a majority. She referred to the triumph of the people in Kansas. The outlook is more hopeful, and the day is not far distant when it will be considered a crime to manufacture or sell alcoholic liquor in this country. She gave us the figures, what it cost a year for drink; it is an enormous sum, scarcely credible. She made a comparison of the cost of paying the expenses of keeping the jail in a certain county where they had granted license to

the saloons to sell liquor, and then the reverse in the same place, when the Court was in session when there was no license. The District Attorney told the Judge he did not have any indictments ; the Sheriff said he did not have any prisoners—so much saved through temperance. She remarked what would become of the lawyers if every town would not grant license. “Why,” said she, “we will send them where the Lord sent Moses, herding the flocks.” She said, not long since she was addressing an audience, and after she had made that remark, a lawyer in the congregation arose and said, he thought the poor sheep would be in great danger, as the lawyers would shear them so close. The people laughed all over the house. I noticed in a few minutes they were in tears. She referred to the value of the boys ; she said she could not estimate the worth of her own dear son ; and yet thousands of our boys fall every year victims to king Alcohol, and fill a drunkard’s grave. She then referred to the precious Word, where it says no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. She has a happy way of expressing herself—the sum and substance is, she trusts in God ; her heart is in the work. She is sure of success ; the right will win. The liquor party will go down because the Lord is not on their side. He says in the Word, “Woe unto him that putteth the cup to his neighbor’s lips.” God have mercy on that man that deals out that cursed thing. O, the misery and desolation it brings to so many homes, is beyond description ; the hearts that are crushed and bleeding by it, we cannot comprehend. We may know of a few in the circle of our

acquaintance who are suffering from the effects of it in their dear loved ones. You can trace it every where ; it leaves its stain and blights and blasts every one who tampers with it. O, for sympathy for those unfortunate ones who have the appetite for strong drink ; may the Lord help us to take off our kid gloves, and reach out a friendly hand and gather them from the gutter ; it will bring more comfort and real consolation to our hearts than I (in my weakness) can explain. God pity the poor inebriate ! my heart goes out to him. I know some that have suffered so much on account of drink. Blessed Lord, I am thankful I am not a drunkard. I have many faults, and fail so often ; I make good resolutions, and break them. I hope to be a better man ; may the dear Jesus lend me his friendly aid, and put his fashioning hand upon me, and make me wholly his own.

Monday evening, street-car late--ten minutes lost. Miss Helen Potter gave Select Readings in Maben's Opera House. On account of that, but few at the prayer meeting. Jesus was there ; he made our hearts tender with his love, and gave us the Spirit and liberty in prayer ; my own heart was touched ; Christ gave me a weeping blessing ; others caught it ; I cannot tell how it is, nevertheless it is true. The stream will not rise above the fountain head. We need better leaders in the Christian work. Mr. Wesley has said in his Journal, "It is only the Son of the living God that can move upon the hearts of the people." Glory be to Jesus, and praise for ever-more.

Wednesday was a good day to me ; my Saviour came and walked with me ; he helped me to do my work—gave me patience, endurance, and the hope I have one day to sit down in the kingdom ; it lifts me above all the fleeting things of this life. Dr. Adam Clarke says, “A great many men fail for want of faith, patience and perseverance ; this life is a training-school to prepare ourselves to enjoy the life that is to come ; may each one be very studious to improve the golden moments as they fly ; life will be short at the longest ; it is made up of little things.” God help us to help each other.

In the evening I was invited to a certain home where a few had gathered ; one of the number was one of God’s faithful ones (poor in this world’s goods, but rich in faith, an heir of heaven through the death of our Lord Jesus Christ). The son of that aged one, whom she expected to take care of her now, has left her to the cold world, and gone to the West. He will not prosper in doing that. A very devoted and faithful Christian solicited funds and purchased a double shawl to give to the old lady. I had the pleasure of saying a few words to cheer her heart, (as she is now going the down hill of life ; her mission is nearly over—may these, her last days, be the very best on account of the presence of Jesus). I then handed her a package, which was a surprise ; she did know about it, and was delighted. She told us she had been praying to God to give her clothes so she could attend church. He does answer prayer. As we went on our knees God gave me a weeping blessing: O, how he filled my heart with the love of

his Son ! That occasion will be remembered with pleasure as long as I live. I clasped the hand of each and said, Good night. In a few minutes I was walking by the side of my wife, going up John street to spend the evening at the home of a friend. There we met Elder Shepherd, among the rest. We were glad to hear his pleasant voice once more. He was very communicative, and entertained us in his happy, easy and pleasant way, and then made a good prayer for each one present. We returned to our home to do better work for the Master. I think those little gatherings are very beneficial to us and the members ; I hope we may have more of them.

Thursday, Nov. 25—a day set apart by the Chief Magistrate for thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for his many mercies and blessings to us as a nation. I was so busy in the office all day I could not attend the union meeting in the M. E. church, but Jesus blessed me while at work. He filled my heart so full of his love and power that the tears ran down my face at the desk. Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all. In the evening I called at the house of a sick one, who was suffering beyond description. As I began to pray to God to give her grace to sustain and comfort her heart, there was a loved one present that is backslidden and cold ; she refused to kneel during prayer. The Holy Spirit was working upon her heart last night ; as I was praying she was making a noise with a piece of paper at the table. I could feel that God was convicting her in a powerful manner. May he answer prayer, and save that one before that dying mother pass-

es away to the spirit world. I then started for Armory Hill to call at a home there. We spent a short time in Christian conversation. I invited a young lady, a stranger (in Ilion) who will be an inmate of that home for some time to come, to the class meeting and Sabbath school. May God bless her while she worships with us.

“DEAR FRIEND—I called last evening at a certain house (on John street). I found the gentleman and the lady of the house conversing together. F. was sitting at the table writing a letter; G. was much interested in reading a book. G. and L. were studying their lessons in the dining-room. As I took each one of them by the hand and passed the compliments of the evening, they gave me a hearty welcome, and kindly invited me to take the arm chair. As I looked into their pleasant and happy faces that make up that family circle, there were two cheerful faces (I have been accustomed to see them) missing. One of them has gone to the West, and commenced business for himself. May the blessing of God rest upon him. “The blessing of the Lord maketh rich.” The other has gone East, and is now pursuing a course of studies for their accomplishment. May God bless you in your understanding. I hope and pray you will succeed, and graduate from that institution with high honors to yourself, and great credit to your dear parents; that you may go out and be a blessing to the world, and a faithful, devoted Christian all through life. I was thankful to hear from you, and that you are getting along so well, and enjoy the meetings there so much. ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ Please go often to your closet for prayer, and hold communion with your blessed, loving Saviour, who suffered and died on the cross for you.

Read the Word much, make it the man of your counsel. We miss you from the class. God bless and reward you for coming so faithful to class meeting. You have helped me and the class. I trust we have your earnest prayers for the class, and especially for the leader. The class is well attended ; the last meeting was the best we have had in a long time ; we went on our way rejoicing in the Lord. The joy of the Lord is our strength. O, for more of his love in our hearts. I will not attempt to give you the news of the day, as I suppose the dear ones at home keep you well posted. The campaign is over ; Garfield is elected. From your class leader."

As I called upon the sick, one of God's faithful ones was there. It rejoiced my heart to meet her ; she was a strict attendant at the class for several months, until she changed her home and moved out of town. We talked about the Christian way for a little while. She made this remark, "What a wonderful Saviour we have." "Yes," I said, "that is true ; praise his excellent name." We then bowed in prayer ; I asked God to bless the stranger, and then prayed for that family, and if it was the will of our God, to heal the sick one and restore to health. There is so much to do at this time. I bade each one good night and started for the church. I reached there in time to tell them I loved Jesus, and he loved me. I sang one verse of that song, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Friday evening I made one call on my way to the class meeting ; the Lord blessed us as we went on our knees. We do not pray enough ; it is knee-work that pleases our Lord. In doing that we are keeping one of the commandments. He says in his Word,

"Every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue confess to God." "My heart and my flesh cryeth out for the living God" There is nothing in this life that will satisfy a human being but Jesus' love in the soul. We had a good attendance, that encouraged my heart wonderfully. Jesus was present, and led us by his tender, loving, gentle Spirit; without him in all our meetings we shall fail. There was a solemnity in the room; it seemed as though each one was breathless; the atmosphere was heavenly and Christ like. One came to class for the first time. I had faith to believe they will come again. God bless and keep the young Christians; may he give them the working spirit. Saturday. The week has gone quickly; we are passing away to the great judgment day. O, to be ready. I have failed this week of what I had anticipated. I make good resolutions, but fail to put them in practice. If I ever get to heaven, it will be through the merit of the crucified One. Jesus is interceding for you and me. We had a good meeting in the evening; some were moved to tears. God is revealing himself to the people.

Sunday was a profitable day to my soul; brother Mead preached an excellent sermon. I enjoyed the Sabbath school. Our school is growing, I am glad there is power in the Word. We do not study the Bible enough. Dr. Adam Clarke used to read it on his knees. You and I may not be blessed with such an intellect as he had; but we can be obedient children of the Most High. "Obedience is better than sacrifice." I made one call in the evening. The dear Jesus blessed my heart, and filled it to overflowing

with divine love. I had such a burden for a certain one who has become backslidden. The mother can not live but a few weeks at most; I hope the Lord will answer the prayer of that sick one and save her child. I made my way to the prayer meeting; the Lord gave me much liberty in prayer, I praise his name for it. Our pastor, brother Mead, preached a sermon on amusements—card playing, dancing and theatre going. The house was filled. I trust impressions were made upon the hearts of some that will be lasting all through life. “In the morning sow thy seed; in the evening withhold not thine hand.”

Monday evening we had a good meeting; several strangers were present. I hope some of them were impressed with the need of religion, to the honor of the Master. The Lord blessed the reading of his Word; we sang with grace in our hearts; we had liberty in prayer. It is the spirit of prayer that God gives to us. I remarked to them, we do not pray enough. “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.” Tuesday evening I made two calls, prayed in two homes. We spent about twenty minutes in song service; God helped us to sing in the spirit. To him alone be all the glory; without his presence we cannot succeed in anything. “Thou God seest me.” We may deceive our best friend, but we cannot deceive God. His eye is everywhere, beholding the evil and the good. May his Spirit guide us aright in all our pathway from earth to heaven.

Wednesday evening, I called at a certain home where God has blessed me so many times, as we would go on our knees and ask God’s blessing on the in-

mates of that home. We were enjoying a pleasant conversation in regard to good books I had taken with me from my library for that family to read, as my books are free, and for the good of the members of my classes to read in their own homes. I make it my business to remind them to study the Bible, and read good books for their benefit. I have found that a good thing for the leader, and it will be advisable for the classes. As I handed them out,—“Life of Dr. Adam Clarke,” for the gentleman of the house to read, “The Life of Carvosso,” for the lady, “Life of Dr. Eddy,” for the daughter,—all at once the door-bell rang, when one of my brother class leaders came in and took a seat by my side. I was glad to meet him and the family were delighted to see him. He claimed the lady of the house as a member of his class, and came there to cheer her heart by his words of counsel, and pray before he said good night, as it was his custom to do always with the members of his class. That man is gifted in prayer, and holds communion with God on his knees; the Lord uses him to reach hearts, and cheer his members in the class-room and in their own homes. I say, God bless the faithful class-leader! The gentleman of that house and the daughter are members of my class. As I had reached there a little in advance of him, I felt I had the floor to myself. I thought of the story I have heard my pastor tell, where three ministers met together in prayer meeting; he said before they separated they killed the meeting. I did not know what might take place before we said good night. We were there to help that family to get nearer to God;

in doing that, the Lord would help us by his grace. I said to the gentleman of the house, "If you will allow me to go on my knees, I will pray with you and then go ; and when my dear brother wishes to go, he will pray for you." We bowed in prayer ; God did come down our souls to greet. He gave me the spirit of supplication ; my faith took hold of the promises, I claimed them through the death and atoning blood of the Son. I called the name of each one of that family to God on my knees. The place was solemn on account of the presence of the Master ; we were moved to tears. As I prayed for my brother and called his name for the Saviour to fill his heart with his love, and give him power with God and use him to help his class, I had liberty with Jesus ; the more I prayed, the stronger my faith. What a baptism we received together around that family altar ! There came to my mind such a view of the past, where we have bowed together and prayed to God to pour out his Spirit on the people, and revive his work in the hearts of the members of our church and elsewhere. I had such a revelation of things in the few minutes we were on our knees my heart leaped within me for joy, and the remembrance of the Saturday night prayer meeting for the benefit of his own class, where we have been blessed so many times together. I did thank God for the help and good example I have received from that brother. God bless and keep him, and use him for his own glory. The man of the house was blessed in a powerful manner ; when we arose from our knees he was obliged to go into the next room to wipe the falling tears from off his face. God

says in his Word, "Them that honor me, I will honor." I bade each one good night, and then called and prayed in two homes, and reached the parsonage at nine o'clock to accompany my wife to her home. I do thank the Lord for the working spirit. "As you sow, so will you reap :" that is true. The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land. Thursday evening I called on the sick and prayed in two homes, and then reached the prayer meeting in time to receive my penny. The Lord knew why I was late to the meeting; my pastor did not know. My record is in heaven. Friday evening we had an excellent meeting. The testimony of each one came from the heart; some were moved to tears. We had some strangers present; may they come again.

Saturday was a busy day for me,—I may say all the week—I was obliged to write an essay to read at the Convention in Utica next Monday. Satan did try so hard to turn my feet out of the path that Christ has made by his death and resurrection for me to walk in, and in doing that reach the glory land, and there sit down with the blood washed and redeemed, and be for ever with the Lord. Jesus sustained me through his blood. I gained the victory, blessed Lord. We had a good meeting in the evening, the Lord was with us in power. I made one call, and prayed in a home by the side of an aged couple, that will soon be called to their reward in heaven. O, how the dear Jesus blessed my heart while on my knees in prayer; how I long for the communion of God's faithful ones! They help me to be a better Christian and get nearer to the bleeding side of our loving Saviour.

Sunday was a day of rest for this body which will soon moulder in the dust. My soul did rest by faith in the dear Redeemer, my heart was made tender with the Saviour's love. The sermon was excellent; the text was, "Do good to all men." At five o'clock I called and prayed with the sick,—one near the grave, whither we all are going. "After death, the judgment." I ask myself the question, Am I ready? "All my hope and all my plea, Jesus died for me." I am clinging to him by faith; through his merit and death I hope to gain an entrance into the sweet by-and-by. Blessed Lord, he is my hiding place, my shield and strength; on him alone my hope depends. On my way down to the church I called at the home of one of the Pilgrim Fathers, a place where I delight to spend a few minutes in Christian conversation,—they always have a word to cheer my heart in my work for the Lord. They tell me it is better further on. As we went on our knees in prayer to him who says in his precious Word, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession." My heart was filled to overflowing with the love of the blessed Jesus, praise his dear name. We had a good spirit in the prayer meeting. The sermon was short and good. It was a blessed day to Zion in Ilion.

Monday we held a class leaders' convention in Utica. The Lord was there to help us. In the evening I was present at our prayer meeting; as usual, the dear Saviour gave us the spirit of prayer, and blessed each one. So we went on our way rejoicing in his love.

Tuesday I returned to the convention in Utica. We had a powerful meeting in the morning session; God filled our hearts with his divine love and power. The meeting was a success: the brethren are more spiritual than one year ago. Thanks be to God for that. The dear people were so kind and attentive; they invited us to come again. God bless them abundantly. In the evening I made two calls: the dear Saviour was present, and blessed us while we were on our knees. It is knee-work that is pleasing to Jesus and profitable to us: we get strength from the throne. O for the spirit of prayer! It is the Holy Spirit that maketh intercession for us with God.

Wednesday evening was a busy night for me. After supper I called to pray for the last time in a home where the mother had passed away about one o'clock A. M. She was a great sufferer; she died of cancer in the stomach. The friends were pleased to have me call: very few of the neighbors came in during the sickness in that home. As we bowed in prayer a young lady, a stranger to me, who knelt by my side, was blessed in a powerful manner. As I prayed for little Charlie (for his best friend on earth had been taken away), I had such liberty in prayer as I talked to the Lord about the motherless boy. I then bade each one good night, and walked to another home where the crape hung upon the door, telling the passer-by that death had called and taken a loved one away. As I reached the sitting room and looked into the face of the mother, I saw by the expression that her heart was sad, and needed sympathy. Blessed Lord, my heart was tender as I en-

tered that family circle. I met several of the neighbors there,—in doing that they did help to bear the burdens of that family. As we engaged in prayer I pleaded with the Great Physician of soul and body to heal the heart of that mother, who seemed to feel the loss of that dear one, and that the father might be brought to seek an interest in the Saviour, and be prepared to meet little Cora in the sweet by-and-by. As I offered a petition for each one of the family, I prayed for my neighbor, the undertaker (he and his companion were present to assist and prepare for the funeral). The Lord filled my heart to overflowing with the love of his dear Son. God bless that faithful man for his sympathy and words of cheer to many hearts in their trouble. It may not be long before he may be called to my home; I hope to be ready. The Lord is so kind and merciful to give us warning that we must die. I left and called at the home of a sick one. We spent a short time in Christian conversation, and then went down on our knees in prayer for the recovery of that one, if it is the will of our Lord and Master. I said good night, and made my way to meet an engagement to sing at eight o'clock. The Lord blessed us in that service. In that family I met one of God's children that has not a home of her own. The Lord will provide, and supply all our need.

The Sabbath day I enjoyed very much,—rest to body and peace in my soul. Jesus filled my heart with his love. Brother Mead preached an excellent sermon, and took up a collection, amounting to one hundred dollars, for church extension,—a very worthy

cause. God bless and keep sweetly that sainted man, Chaplain McCabe; may his life be spared long to bless and cheer the hearts of the American people. He can say with Mr. Wesley, "The world is my parish." The amount of good that man is doing will never be known until the day of judgment, when the books will be opened, singing his way, making glad hearts each day. If you ask me why his songs draw so many people to him and listen so attentively, I cannot explain it satisfactorily,—God has given him that talent. I am glad in my very soul he is using it for the glory of God. Bishop Haven once referred to him in my presence. "I think he did well," said he, "God has touched his lips." Yes; that is the secret of his success. "Ye are laborers together with God." We cannot accomplish anything without his aid. I am a dull scholar in the school of Christ, but I have learned one thing which is important to me: if I have ever done any good, or helped any one, it is through Christ which strengtheneth me. The joy of the Lord is your strength; he shall have all the glory. I called and prayed in two homes before the prayer meeting at six o'clock. God blessed my heart in a wonderful manner; he gave me great liberty in prayer; we sang with grace in our hearts. I felt so much of the presence of the Master, the place was solemn. There was a halo of glory in the room as we spent a few minutes in song service. We had the spirit of prayer in the basement of the church; a good feeling prevailed, a tender, melting spirit was manifest during the hour of prayer. The sermon was good in the evening. And last, but not least, the

dear Jesus gave us the Spirit around the family altar as we knelt to commend ourselves to God and the word of his grace. It was a day of feasting to my soul. Glory be to God in the highest.

Monday evening I prayed in one home before our meeting in the church; the Lord accepted that service, and in return filled each one of our hearts with his presence. Tears of joy ran down our face. Praise his dear name, it was a blessed time, one to be remembered by all present on account of the Master of Assemblies being there to cheer our hearts on in the narrow way. Very few at the meeting; our rival was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Hall. The young people could not resist the temptation, and off they went. We spent half an hour in singing for Jesus—the remainder of the hour in prayer. For the glory of God and the benefit of the reader I will give a copy of a letter from one of the members of my class who is away from home attending school.

"MR. HUTCHINS—I was very thankful and happy to receive your kind and thoughtful letter. It was very pleasant to receive such a happy description of my home, and the pleasant call you made. Father wrote me about it also. I trust the class has increased in attendance since the political excitement has died away, and the scholars are fairly settled for the winter. I am sure they have a faithful leader, who deserves a ready response to his labors. We have a very healthful religious influence here. I feel I have received great benefit. The preaching service on Sunday is always of great value, and every day we have chapel twice, and Bible study twice, and "silent time" twenty minutes for private devotions twice. Besides that, we have Sunday and Thursday

evening prayer meetings, and Sunday evening section prayer meeting beside. So you see much attention is given to the Bible and religious acquirements. Thursday we were invited to take a drive to the Farningham Female Prison. We found 450 inmates, chiefly for drunkenness. I think it is hardly possible to imagine that in Eastern Massachusetts there can be that number of women in prison for intemperance. I had a very interesting visit with the lady in charge, and was very much astonished at some of the things she told me. One girl, eighteen years of age, could not read or write her own name. In one case they have three generations—mother, daughter and grand-daughter—all in prison the same time, for the same cause. After giving a concert for the benefit of the inmates, we distributed bouquets tied with ribbon to which were fastened verses from the Bible, to each woman. I was one of the ten chosen to do it. I felt very grateful for the opportunity of doing so pleasant a duty. It made me feel strange to see those poor girls, no older than myself, look up into my face with eyes filled with tears, sobbing, yet smiling in return for the "widow's mite." I went home with a deeper sense of my own mercies, and with a more sincere thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father than ever before. I went to Boston this week, and saw what I have read—half-clad women with hungry little ones clinging to them, trying to sell candy or pop-corn; little news-boys, boot-blacks, cross-sweepers, who looked as if the sheds were their only shelter. I went home with a most sincere desire to help humanity in some way, if it can be but very small. I have very much I should like to tell you about, but do not feel to take the time just now. Remember me very kindly to Mrs. H. and my class friends. I should be pleased to receive other kind epistles from you; it makes me feel nearer home to hear often. Very kindly yours,

M."

Tuesday evening I made two calls, and prayed in two homes. I met an aged lady in one home. After I rang the bell the lady of the house came to answer the call, and kindly invited me into the parlor. I suggested to her to allow me to sit down in the sitting-room. She said in reply, she had company—an agent called to exhibit some samples of goods they had to sell. I asked to be excused and call some other time. She insisted for me to stay. Very soon I was introduced to the stranger. As I clasped her hand and passed the compliments of the evening, I found myself in the easy chair near the register, enjoying that beautiful home. What a pleasant sight; mother, daughter and grandmother, all Christians. We spent a few minutes in Christian conversation; as I looked into their happy faces I received an inspiration that quickened my thoughts; my heart was full of good sayings to each one. The good Lord blessed my soul. I enjoyed that occasion more than I am able to tell. They seemed to feel under obligations to me for the call; the lady of the house said she hoped I would come again, for I always cheered their hearts and encouraged them on in the narrow way. My answer was, it was Jesus in my heart, as I could not do anything of myself, only as he would use me, could I help others. I thanked her for allowing me to come in and enjoy their beautiful home for a few minutes. We then went on our knees in prayer and asked God's blessing on that family circle, and especially that aged "pilgrim." Praise Jesus, he filled our hearts with his love; the tears ran down our faces as we waited around that family altar.

That occasion will be remembered with great pleasure to each one present, and at the judgment, when the books are opened, the record of that evening will be made known. I bade each a kind good night, and made my way to another home, where I offered prayer to God in behalf of that dear family, that his blessing may rest upon them all through life, and that they may be reunited as a family in heaven, for the Saviour's sake.

Thursday evening I visited the sick ; met a stranger in that home ; I was glad to make her acquaintance. After we spent a half-hour in Christian conversation, we bowed in prayer to ask God to heal that sick one, and give her health again, so she might go out and do mission work for the Saviour. There are so many sad hearts in the community ; sin is so common in this world that many are hurt by it, and need the sympathy of warm Christian hearts. O, for volunteers to go out and speak a kind word for Christ, or do a kind act for the suffering and broken-hearted among us. They are not all in the poor homes ; no, in some of these palaces there are hearts bleeding that have been wounded with trouble. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Precious Saviour. We had a good prayer meeting ; the Master was present, and gave us his spirit. To him be glory.

Friday evening, class met at the usual hour ; we sang several pieces at the opening. After prayer from two of the members we arose from our knees ; the Lord blessed us in a powerful manner. I had

much liberty in reading and commenting upon the Word. The close attention paid by all present was evidence to me that they enjoyed the Scripture lesson very much. There is power in the Word. God will draw the people to himself in his own way. There was a stranger present, for which I thanked God for sending that one into the meeting ; may they come again. My heart was made tender by the Spirit of Christ ; my voice trembled as I replied to the members as I gave testimony for Jesus. O, that the Lord would send a tidal wave to Ilion, and move the feelings of each one in the church. It is the Spirit of God that quickens us in the narrow way. O, for power with God, then we could influence men to seek Christ.

Saturday evening, very few at the meeting ; the people are busy preparing for the holidays. The dear Saviour was present and led me as I led the class. Blessed Lord, I will be true to Jesus, let others do as they may.

Sunday was a blessed day to my soul. I took my friend, brother Turner, and drove up to Frankfort. We heard an excellent sermon from brother Lamb, (who exchanged pulpits with brother Brown). His text was, "An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." He gave us a good discourse, and made many applications as he went along. He was simple in manner, easy in gesture, commanding in his voice, earnest in what he had to say. He referred to Jacob wrestling all night with the angel ; he said (and how true) that we lacked faith and power with God. He remarked that we had an influence on sinners if we

lived near to God in our every day life. He told the story of the Christian man and the infidel traveling in the West. They had a large amount of money with them ; they agreed to take their turn and sit up at night to watch over it. They were delayed on the way, and failed to reach their destination where they expected to remain over night, and in the evening called at the house of a man in the country and asked for lodgings. The man said he would keep them over night if they could put up with his accommodation. After supper he got down the family Bible, read a chapter, then went on his knees in prayer to God, thanking him for the mercies of the day, and asked the Lord to bless the two strangers that were present, and watch over them through the night. He showed them to their room for the night. The infidel began to prepare to retire ; it was his turn to watch until midnight, and care for the money. The Christian said to him, " It is your turn to sit up to-night." His reply was, " A man that can pray like that man won't steal ; I am not afraid to trust him with my money." After the sermon we went into the class room. The leader, brother Getman, kindly invited me to lead the meeting. I did the best I could, but I felt they were in the advance in the divine life. I availed myself of the opportunity of learning what I could from them. The testimonies were good, and full of faith. Several present have experienced the blessing of sanctification, and are walking in the higher life. The leader remarked at the close, " They call this the camp-meeting class." I was very much impressed with the experience of a

brother in that class, that is blind, and still he seemed to be the most happy of any one in the room. I think his words would convince any skeptic there is power in the religion of Christ. He gave us a good illustration; I brought it home with me. He said, "If a man was down in the cellar and was calling for help to get out, you would not go down in the dark; no, you would take a light with you." "Now," said he, "if you want to help a man out of the darkness of sin, you must have your own heart filled with the love of Jesus, then you can help him out of his difficulty, and bring him to Christ and heaven. Reader, may you and I try it. God helping me, I will. At two and a half p. m. I was in my own home writing in my journal. At six o'clock I was on my way to visit the sick. As I entered the home I found my work was done there; the patient was weak and confined to her room, so feeble her limbs were much swollen. As I clasped her hand, it seemed to me that she was nearing the spirit world. After a few minutes' Christian conversation I knelt by her bedside and offered a prayer to God to give her grace to sustain her in that trying hour; the place was solemn on account of the presence of the Master. I had liberty as I pleaded with my Jesus to save the companion of the sick one. It may be that God is sparing the wife to be the means of the conversion of her husband. I think the tears I shed on my knees as I prayed in that home, were for some unsaved one. God grant that family may all be reunited in the glory land. I bade each a kind good night, and started for the church. I called at the house of a brother on my

way, where I delight to meet and hold communion with them. I found the man was not able to go to meeting ; I was glad I could spend a few minutes with the dear family on my knees in prayer to Jesus for them in the decline of life, and a loved son, Charlie, who is unsaved, that he may be gathered for the Lord. My heart was tender with the love of Christ ; the tears started again ; the Lord is so good to his feeble servant. I do not know why he does so much for me. I have decided that Jesus is interceding for me with the Father, and my friends are praying for me constantly.. Blessed Jesus, he is mine and I am his, now, henceforth and forever. We had a good sermon ; on my way home I was meditating on the goodness of God and the many mercies I was made the happy recipient of ; my soul was drinking of his blessed, tender, gentle, loving spirit. I felt deep down in my heart ; I could say, I have pitched my moving tent one day's march nearer home ; blessed home, home of the pure and free, away from all sorrow and sin, eternally with God shut in. I find I have written several pages—my experience for the day—one of the best Sabbaths of my life, not for anything I have done ; no, what God has done for me. I must stop writing, and read a portion of the Word and pray in my own home, as I see the hands on the clock are nearing the figure ten. There will be no clocks in heaven ; no haste, no waste, all calm, peaceful and happy in the Christian's home in glory.

Monday evening we had an excellent prayer meeting, good attendance, two strangers present ; we had liberty in prayer ; the singing was spirited and pro-

fitable. The good Lord blessed my heart reading and commenting on the Word. The hour passed away quickly, the communion of saints is delightful. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Blessed Jesus. I made one call before the meeting; the Master was near each one as we went on our knees in prayer, and filled our hearts with his blessed presence and love; to him we ascribe ceaseless praise.

Wednesday evening I called at one home, spent a half-hour in song service, and then we engaged in prayer. The Lord blessed us as we bowed in prayer around the family altar; we felt as we often sing, "It is good to be here." I bade them good night, and started for my home. At nine and a half o'clock I was sitting under the gas light reading that good book, "Saints' Rest," by Rev. R. Baxter. Just then my wife came in (her face covered with smiles) from the concert in Maben's Opera House.

Thursday evening I spent one hour in the office posting books. I then made one call and prayed by the side of an invalid who cannot get out to the meetings. I have learned a lesson from that suffering one—not a word of murmur or complaint, so patient. God seems to fit us to do his will, some to work, and others to suffer—all for his glory.

Friday evening, no class meeting. They held our annual gathering (Christmas tree) in the Opera House. All the young people went there of course. I made two calls, and visited the sick. I enjoyed praying in the homes of those sick ones more than I

can tell. At nine and a half o'clock I was seated in the Hall looking at the children of our Sabbath school receiving their presents, and, quite unexpected to me, my name was called, and a number of nice presents were handed to me from my class. May the Lord give them his Spirit and the love of his dear Son in return for their kindness to me.

Saturday (Christmas day) I worked the most of the day in the office ; as my work was a little back I tried to make time. My friends from Rome came down and cheered our home by their presence. We enjoyed a visit with them very much. At four o'clock they returned. I had two hours time I spent at the desk. I am so glad to have employment ; I am thankful to God I like to toil. I can post books and say Jesus I am happy doing that. In the evening I took a seat in the street car to go down to my class meeting ; my heart was pained as I saw a young man come in and sit down, who was intoxicated ; very soon he was asleep. I offered a prayer to God (with my heart) to have mercy on that young man ; and then I thought of his mother that would be crushed as she looked into the face of her dear boy in that condition, or a fond sister who loved him as a sister can ; or an aged father who was looking to that son to be his counsel and support in the evening of life. Just then I thought of the many homes where they were waiting for loved ones to come in. As I left the car, and passed a saloon, I saw a little boy waiting in front of the door so patiently and with intense interest. Just then a man passing addressed him thus : "Who are you waiting for, my little boy?"

“For my father,” was his reply. My heart sent up a silent prayer for that little one who was called so young to feel the pangs of king Alcohol. As I am led to write a little on the temperance question, I will refer to one case more. On my way home, as I sat down in the car, a man that I recognized came in under the influence of liquor, sat down and soon fell asleep—he was drunk. O, the sight was sickening. I thought of his wife and little one at home waiting his return. I have referred to three cases that came under my own observation—enough to stir a whole community. The good Book tells us, “Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.” How true. In another place I read in the Word, “In the world ye shall have tribulation,” “but in me ye shall have peace.” My peace flows like a river. “Why?” some one may ask. Because I am obedient; I want to overcome; I expect to, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus my Lord. We had an excellent class meeting; I was hungry, and could scarcely wait until eight o’clock; but few present. We spent a half-hour very profitably in singing. Glory be to God for a voice to sing his praise, and a heart to love Jesus. I had liberty while on my knees. It is so befitting for us to go down in the dust and wait at the feet of our Master, and ask him to put his hand upon us, and make us his own. The Lord led me as I led the meeting; praise the name of Jesus. I think it was the best Christmas of all my life, on account of the presence of my loving Saviour. As I was leaving the office at six o’clock I had the occasion to pass through the room of our much-

esteemed treasurer, Mr. E. Remington, who sat at his desk arranging the business for the firm (E. Remington & Sons), as he has the charge of the clerks in the office (while Mr. P. Remington is busy looking after the men in the Armory). He put down his pen, laid aside his dignity of office, and condescended to converse with one of the weak and most humble of his employes about the cause of Christ. He inquired very tenderly about some of the members of our church who are confined at home on account of sickness. He gave me directions about the distribution of papers and books to the young converts in our church, and to some who are skeptical in regard to the Bible. I thanked God from the depth of my soul for giving us such men, and that I was so fortunate as to be in their employ—men who fear God and work righteousness, and are giving of their means to help the cause of religion and temperance in this community and the adjoining towns. They have contributed to a great extent to the Syracuse University. Thousands of dollars have they invested in that institution. God will reward them for giving their means to the many benevolent sources which I cannot take the time to enumerate. A record has been made in heaven. When the books are opened, all will be revealed. Then it will be glorious to know that they have treasure up there also. The name of "Remington" is a household word all over this continent, Canada and Europe. All of the goods that they manufacture, that has their name upon them, will meet with a ready sale—arms, sewing machines, type writers, agricultural implements and the Remington Fire



ELIPHALET REMINGTON.

Engine. Their goods are sold and used all over the world. For uprightness in business, and their kindness to the men in their employ they cannot be excelled in this country. They have made a large amount of money in their business ; they have not been selfish in hoarding that up for themselves. They have sub-let the work to the jobbers (in the armory), and allowed them a large margin. Several have become rich during the years that have passed. One of the contractors in the establishment (I could give the name) is quoted to be worth two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000). I mention this to show how liberal these men (Remingtons) have been with their help. Their name and influence will live on, and on, while the world stands ; the amount of good they have done will never be known until the judgment. With all their business cares, they take time to attend the social meetings in the church, and are humble, devoted Christian men. They will speak with a poor man, and show him attention, and listen to the request of the most humble one in their employ. Mr. Philo Remington has charge of, and remains the most of the time in the Armory. He is a skillful mechanic ; he is familiar with, and understands the most minute and all parts of their celebrated fire-arms and all goods made by them in the works. His judgment is consulted by the superintendent and foremen that have charge of the men in the various departments. He has an excellent farm, one mile and a half from Frankfort, with all the conveniences, silo, &c. The farm is now used for dairy purposes, and is well stocked with cattle. He is an extensive owner of real

estate in different localities. He remains a short time at the Thousand Islands in the summer season ; he has a comfortable place there known as the Remington Cottage. He has held the office of President of the Village for several terms ; he is a large stockholder and an officer in the bank here. He is a man of great responsibility and care, as a business man, still he will give attention and assistance to the most humble man in the town, in the way of advice, and use of his means to help, if need be. He has helped many a poor man out of financial difficulty. I know that by experience ; he has helped me ; probably he will not remember it. There are so many who ask him to plan, and tell them how to manage their affairs. He is a man of wonderful endurance. I have been in the employ of the Company the past twelve years, and I have never seen him excited or irritable, nor utter a word in haste, or manifest an unpleasant spirit during that time. I remember well when a part of the works were on fire—the cabinet shop burned—he attended to his regular business calm and deliberate as though nothing unusual had happened. He is a member of the official board of the M. E. church ; his say among them is the end of the law with that honorable body. He is one of the estimating committee to name the salary of the pastor each year. He is liberal in doing that ; he pays largely to support the gospel. He is modest and unassuming ; he occupies an obscure seat (seats free in our church) in the house ; you will find him seated in the second pew from the vestibule every Sabbath when in town. If you are present at the communion service, at the



PHILO REMINGTON.



SAMUEL REMINGTON.

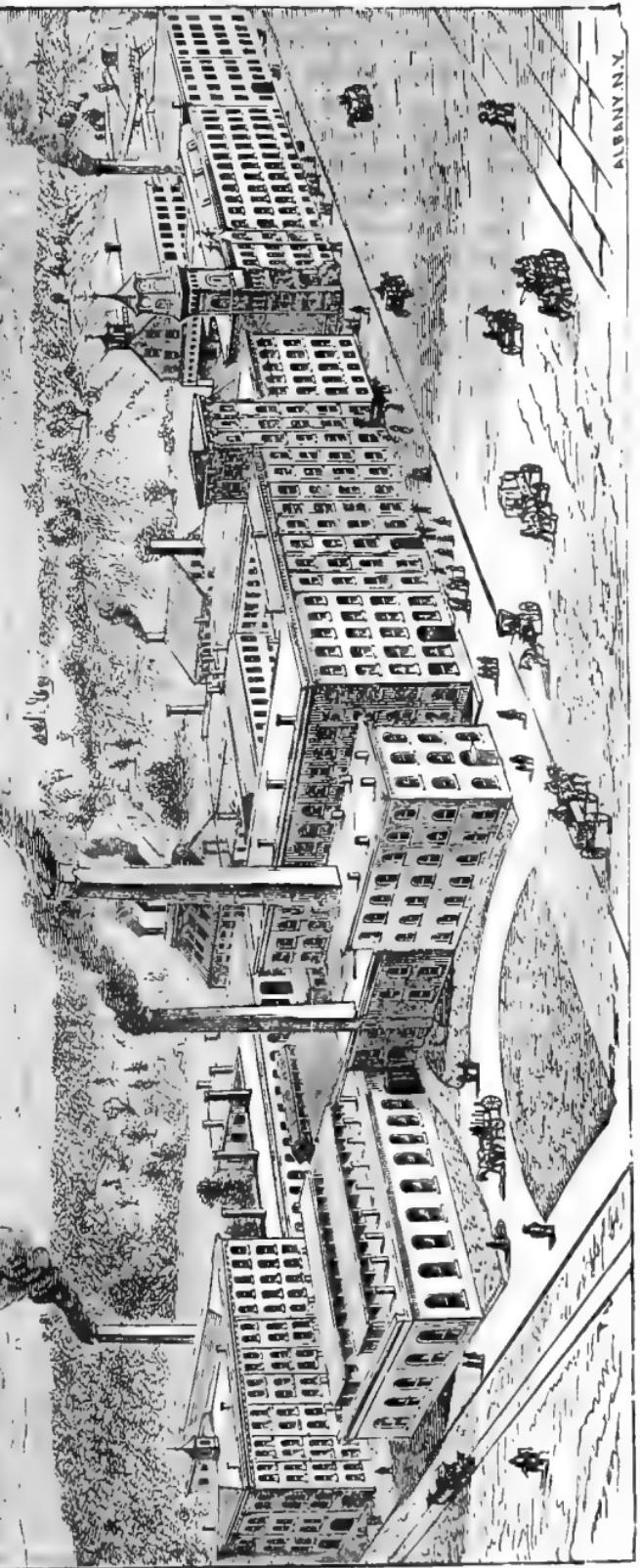
last table you will see a large, well-built man that will turn the scales at two hundred and forty (240) pounds 'avoirdupois, with silvery locks, walking up the aisle to the altar, to partake of the communion, with the meekness of a little child. May his life be spared long to his dear family (wife and two loved daughters, the wife of Gov. W. C. Squire, and Mrs. Furman, New York), his business, the church and community.

Mr. Samuel Remington, President of the corporation, "E. Remington & Sons," died at his residence in New York city, Dec. 1st, 1882. He remained a number of years in Europe. He was familiar with foreign governments, and personally acquainted with a great many of their agents. In that way he has secured many large orders for fire-arms and ammunition, from abroad. The French and Spanish contracts were two of the largest orders they have ever received—a large sum of money in them, as one might say, was received from those governments. He built an excellent house in Cairo, Egypt. He was a thorough business man. The extensive acquaintance he had with foreign powers was of valuable service to the firm. He returned to this country about seven years ago, and made his home in New York. He spent a part of his time at the factory (Ilion), and a portion of it in Cazenovia, where he owned a valuable farm. He had a great liking for good stock, and invested in large sums for the very best of blooded cattle in the market. He was a busy man; you could find him in his office at seven o'clock in the morning, and often I have passed by it at nine o'clock in the

evening, and found him busy at that late hour. He had an ambition to put the best goods in the market that were made any where. The last time he was here (one week before he died), he told the shipping clerk at the Agricultural Works to be particular and examine all the goods he shipped, and see that they were perfect; if not, to send them back and report to the superintendent, no matter what the expense was, they must be made right. His sudden death is a sad affliction to his family who are left to mourn (wife, daughter and three sons)—a great loss to the company—he will be missed by a large circle of friends and the whole community. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church Tuesday, December 5th; sermon by Dr. Dunham. The Remington Rifle Corps attended the funeral in uniform; they also furnished a brass band to lead the procession. (He was an honorary member of the R. R. C.) The employes in the Armory and the citizens joined in the procession at the funeral. Mr. Carver Remington (the eldest son) will take his place with the firm. May he be endowed with the ability and talent for business, and succeed in all that he will engage in, that was characteristic in his dear father. On the opposite page the reader will find a cut of the works. You may never be permitted to pay us a visit in person, but you can have the privilege of a view of the Armory, as the lithographer has taken the impression on paper. Eight hundred men are now employed in the Armory. In 1873, seventeen hundred hands were busy on the Spanish contract; the works were run day and night. Eight hundred

REMINGTON ARMORY, ILION, N. Y.

ALBANY N.Y.



guns per day were made, six days in the week. The good Book teaches us, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." If that is our experience, we will be happy. May each one be intensely in earnest, and strive hard, not only to save a little here, but to lay up treasure in heaven.

Since the above was written, the disappointment not to receive a long anticipated contract from abroad for Lee guns and ammunition, owing to circumstances unavoidable, which may at an unexpected time come to the best of business men, April 24th, 1886, the Messrs. Remington assigned. Through Judge Williams the court appointed Addison Brill and Albert N. Russell, receivers for the Armory, and Chas. Harter, assignee Agl. Works, April 4th, 1889. Mr. Philo Remington died at Silver Springs Park, Florida, of billious fever, in his 73rd year. He was ready for the call of the Master. The sad and unexpected news of his death cast a gloom of sorrow over this entire community. The president of our village called a meeting of the board of trustees and citizens, and passed resolutions in regard to the funeral of the deceased. A large number of people escorted the village board to the depot, to meet the friends with the remains that came on the train 4:08 o'clock P. M. from the East. Funeral at the house Tuesday, 3 o'clock P. M. The Armory, Type Writer Works and Knitting Mill were shut down during the afternoon, the stores and all places of business were closed; the order and quiet on the street would remind you of the Sabbath. The anxious look and solemn expression on the face of each passing by would denote a

dear friend had been taken away. The procession formed on Main street, and marched to the home on Armory Hill, led by the Board of Education and students of the senior department of our village school, then the official board M. E. Church, each one wearing a badge showing the high esteem and tender regard they had for the deceased. The next in line of march was F. C. Cross, manager Remington Arms Co., with Wilfred Hartley, Treas., R. C. Fay Supt., and about one hundred and twenty-five of the employes. Then came Messrs. C. W. Seamans and H. H. Benedict, representing the Remington Standard Type Writer Mfg. Co., with B. B. Vandusen manager, and one hundred and twenty men from the establishment in the line of march when they reached the house. The service was in charge of the Rev. D. F. Pierce, assisted by former pastors Rev. E. Horr D. D., Chelsea, Mass.; Rev. T. B. Shepherd, Oswego N. Y.; Rev. H. W. Bennett, Potsdam, N. Y.; Rev. G. M. Mead, Kirkville, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Watson, P. E. Herkimer District. Each one of these devoted servants of God spoke from a full heart, and paid a high tribute to the life and character of the departed. The audience were moved to tears. The most eloquent speaker of to-day would fail to find words to express all the kind acts and noble deeds of the godly and exemplary Christian man.

The dear family are bereaved; the loss to the church and community is beyond my comprehension. Ilion mourns; all that knew him loved him. The floral offerings were beautiful,—one piece in book shape with this inscription, "Only good night." Another a-

tracted much attention,—a monument of roses, five feet in height and two feet at the base, with these words, "Our friend." At his own request the remains were carried from the house to the cemetery by the workmen in the Armory, and laid away to rest; his spirit has passed to the glory world, to be for ever with the Lord. We tarry a little longer; soon the summons will come. May each one, through faith in God and the atoning blood of Jesus, be in readiness to meet him in the land of rest, and dwell with God above.

Wednesday evening a memorial service was held in the Opera House by the citizens; music and singing was in charge of E. B. Schmidt, Mrs. A. H. Jones and Miss Carrie Richardson. The room was draped in mourning, the flowers used at the funeral were put on the stage in good taste; a portrait of Mr. Remington rested on two guns in a conspicuous place, easy to be seen from the gallery. The committee of arrangement on trimming the hall and preparing the program for the evening, are entitled to much credit. Prayer by Rev. G. M. Mead. Singing by the choir, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping." Reading the Resolutions by the Sec. committee, J. L. McMillan. Solo, "The Pilgrim," Mrs. B. F. Osgood. Thos. Richardson, chairman, in behalf of the family and friends of the deceased, thanked the people for their sympathy and kindness manifested during the burial services, and then introduced to the audience Rev. E. Horr, D. D., Chelsea, Mass., to deliver the commemorative address. Dr. Horr commenced by saying that as he entered his church last Sabbath, a telegram was placed in his hand announcing the

death of his long tried and faithful friend, Philo Remington. The anxiety of a pastor about to go in to the pulpit of a city church and preach the gospel, with the sad news that came to him then were very trying indeed. His time was limited to prepare suitable remarks for such an important occasion. Twenty-five years ago this present month, he was pastor of the man he was called here to speak of to-night. He wished to say words befitting the dead. In preaching to the people, as he would look over the face of the audience and catch the eye of his friend, he would receive inspiration and help from him. God was using him to benefit others ; he was happy while living to do good to those about him. He then referred to the many churches dotted over this land, with their steeples pointing heavenward, that his money had helped to build, where the people now worship God, and souls are saved. He mentioned the schools of learning, where he had invested large sums to benefit our young people, that they may go out and be a blessing to the world. He talked to us for an hour from his heart, and gave a glowing account of the life and kind acts of the man, of precious memory, we had assembled to honor. He said religion was to be lived in a man's life ; evil sayings and severe criticism would not injure character. He spoke of the great responsibility that rested on that man during the late war ; at the close of the same the company had a large amount of stock on hand and guns made, which was a loss and disappointment ; the government was poor, and could not afford to reimburse them for the extra expense and investment.

of means to manufacture, on short notice, a large quantity of arms and ammunition, to help put down the rebellion ; they were obliged to go it alone. The discourse was listened to with marked attention and intense interest by each. On going home one man was heard to say he could have listened two hours longer to such an eloquent and polished speaker. The singing was excellent throughout the evening. The title of the closing piece was, "Rest, spirit rest." Rev. A. B. Sears, pastor Baptist Church, dismissed the audience with the benediction.

Sunday was a day of great trial, from early morn until five o'clock in the evening. Blessed Lord, I got the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, and Satan disappeared and left me. I speak of this to remind the reader that trials are for our good, if we take all to the Lord in prayer. He says in his precious Word that he will not allow us to be tempted more than we are able to bear. I expect to overcome, through the blood of the Lamb and the word of my testimony. All whom God loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one that he receiveth. The Psalmist says, "Purge me with hysop, and I shall be clean ; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." The blood cleanses me.

In the evening I called at the home of a sick one. I met my friend that I have referred to, Auntie Brown ; very soon two ladies came in to see the sick one. I then sang two verses of that beautiful hymn, "Trusting Jesus, that is all!" We then engaged in prayer, and a mighty faith came down from God to my soul ; my entire being was filled with the Holy

Ghost and power from the Most High God. The responses from that sick one told me that the Lord was present to cheer her heart, and make that occasion a profitable time to each one present. The spirit did make intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered. I bade each a kind good night, and started for the home of one very near the grave. As I entered the room, I could tell by the low tone of voice that the patient would soon pass away. As the husband asked her the question, "Do you know Mr. Hutchins?" she inquired if I had come. I clasped her hand, and asked her if she was trusting in Jesus? She tried to tell us she was. I held my ear close to her lips; she said, "I am trying to tell you that I am trusting in my Saviour." O, how that cheered my heart! I then knelt in the adjoining room, and offered a prayer for God to save the husband, and care for the family who would so soon be without a mother. The loss of her I cannot tell,—no one to say a word to cheer the husband as he will come in from his daily toil, crushed with care and disappointment through the day; no one to advise the children, and sympathize with them when they need our love, prayers and counsel. In a few minutes I was in the church, listening to elder Shepherd,—it was our quarterly meeting service. He took for his text, where Jesus washed the disciples' feet, "He took upon himself the place of a servant." O, what an example left for us! What a pattern,—the God Man to wash the feet of one that was so soon to betray him and deliver him to those murderers. Love, wondrous love! The last Sabbath of the year

gone! As I look back, so many blessings and mercies bestowed upon me by my kind, Heavenly Father.

Monday evening I called at the home of one of the members of my class; they gave me a warm greeting, and invited me to take a seat in the parlor. I asked the privilege of sitting down with the family in the room where they were. I received an answer in the negative. (It is an old adage, "When you are in Rome, you must do as the Romans do.") I obeyed the lady of the house, or she would not allow me to come again. I always find it best to please the ladies. They make good friends,—they are kind, true and keep their word. They are more religious, and ready to forgive and overlook a fault than the men are. If we are willing to confess,—that is a hard thing to do; we need much grace to acknowledge our mistakes. Rev. W. H. Reese said in class-room No. 1, while he was leading the young people's class, "Mistakes make the alphabet of success." It is true we may profit from the past, and do better in the future.

Tuesday evening I visited the home of the sick. As I entered the room I saw the face of the patient all aglow with the love of the blessed Jesus. O, what a lesson did I learn there,—so patient, happy and cheerful, yet laid aside from active work and the privilege of the meetings. As I bowed in prayer with that dear family, the Lord did come down our souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat! Blessed Lord, my heart was tender; I received a weeping blessing, as sister Russell used to say. It is God that will put the tears on my face; I can not do

that of myself. Praise his dear name. After a few minutes' walk, I rang the door-bell at another home. As I walked in they told me the lady of the house was unable to sit up, was much worse from over exertion and care of loved ones sick in the home of a friend near by. I did not remain long, only to pray. God was pleased with that humble offering; he gave us the spirit of prayer. A poor widow lady was present, who had a sick child at home. I think my prayer was for her benefit.

THE ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND PRESENT RELATION OF THE CLASS-MEETING IN THE ECONOMY OF METHODISM.

In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to Mr. Wesley, convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption. The next day several more came. They desired that he would spend some time with them in prayer, as they were anxious about their souls. In order to do this, he appointed a day in the week (Thursday) in the evening, that they might come together to receive such advice and instruction as he felt disposed to give them. Their number increased daily. They always concluded their meetings with prayer. This was the rise of the united society, first in Europe, then in America. Such a society is none other than a company of men having the form, and seeking the power, of godliness, to meet together for prayer and exhortation, and watching over each other in love, and work out their own salvation in the fear of the Lord. As they grew in number, they were divided into companies called classes (say twelve persons in a

class), one of them styled the leader, whose duty it was to see each one of the members at least once a week: First, to inquire how their soul prospered; second, to reprove, comfort or exhort, as the case might require; third, to receive what money they could afford to give for the relief of the poor; to meet the ministers and report to them any that are walking disorderly; to pay over all moneys collected, to the stewards. There is but one condition required of them that join; that is a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins; where that is fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruit. They endeavored to watch over each other in love; but they soon found a great inconvenience, as they were scattered over a large section of country; they learned that some were not living in the gospel, (as Mr. Wesley says). While we were thinking of another thing we struck upon a method that we have reason to thank God for ever since. As we were talking about paying the debts and expenses incurred, one of the leaders arose and suggested that each member pay one penny per week until the debt was paid. Another answered and said, "A great many of them are poor, and cannot do it, but," said he, "put eleven of them with me, and if they cannot pay, I will pay for them." It worked well, and in doing that, they found some walking disorderly; they reported them to me. At first the leaders visited each member at their own house, but this was soon found not so expedient. It took up more time than some of them had to spare. Mr. Wesley then decided to have them meet together, face to face. In

doing that, they found it worked admirably. We are commanded to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law. The Word teaches us that we are to confess that "Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Humble confession is good for the soul. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Praise his dear name; I am glad that is true, blessed Lord.

The class-meeting has stood the test for the past century, and has accomplished more good than I am able to tell. You may ask me, Why? My answer is, God is in it, working through the hearts of the people. It is the power of Methodism. While no other church has adopted that means of grace (the class-meeting), I need not tell you they have failed in their mission to a certain extent in holding their converts and aiding them in the Christian life, to reach that higher state of grace, even our sanctification. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth." "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." We are to confess Christ before the world; in doing that simple thing our faith is strengthened; it will honor God. Verdicts in the courts are rendered according to the testimony of the witnesses. What we need the most to-day is Christian witnessing for Jesus, that he hath power to save, and arrest the attention of some where nothing else will impress them. The attendance at the class-meeting was made the

test of membership until the year 1864 ; then it was changed, although it is a question that is often discussed, and especially at the present time, across the water and in Australia. I leave it with you ; I am not competent to decide. I think we had better live up to the rules Mr. Wesley left for us as a church. Those that habitually neglect class-meeting, if you trace it out, you will find, nine times out of ten, they are cold and in a backslidden state. (I know about that ; I have been there myself.) God have mercy on any Christian that is in that condition. Mr. Moody says it is the easiest thing in the world to backslide. I believe it. We are to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling ;" each one must answer to God for himself. In old time the apostles met with one accord in one place, in that upper room ; there they received power, and went out working miracles and doing good. He says in the Word, "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Without this anointing (brother class-leader), you and I will fail. The Holy Ghost is what we need first ; if you have not received it, get it at once ; it is for you, not by works, it is by faith. Make the entire consecration to God ; it will come and permeate your whole being ; then you will feel you have taken another step upward in the Divine life ; you will long to go out and work for the Master, because you will be inspired from above. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong ; yet not I, but Christ that is within me." Rev. Charles C. Keys says, "A leader should be a man of some business talent ; he must

open and close his meetings at the hour appointed, have a system, and carry it out; everything should be done with regularity." Rev. John Miley says, "It is the duty of a leader to inquire into the religious and spiritual state of the members of his class; every leader should feel the importance of that; he should be a devoted, spiritual man himself, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Father Reeves says, "A leader should be the first one in the class-room, and the last one out, at every meeting." He never was late at the means of grace but once; he had called on the sick. He held the office of leader for twenty-seven years; in that time he made nearly thirteen thousand calls on his members. It is work that wins. "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." The Bible was his teacher, prayer his element, duty his delight. The secret of his success was, he was filled with the Spirit of God; he could teach others the way, for he walked in it himself. Jesus says in the Word, "No man cometh unto me except the Father draw him." Blessed Jesus we will crown him Lord of all. I might mention the name of that sainted man, Carvooso, whom God raised up; he was the model leader. The amount of good he accomplished in his day, eternity alone will reveal. His name is a household word. To read his book will create enthusiasm in the heart of every Christian person. I would advise all class-leaders to procure it, and read it again and again. He was very illiterate when he was called to the work, and in marking his class-book of the members present or absent he learned to write.

Through faith in God and a desire to be a worker in his vineyard, he taught himself and rose to great distinction of character, not only as a leader, but a revivalist. He was the feeble instrument in the hand of God in bringing many a soul to Christ and heaven. He allowed his employers to cut down his wages twenty-five cents per day to give him one hour each day to prepare for his work and visit the members of his classes—a great responsibility, but Jesus sustained him, and made him an efficient worker in the cause of Christ. God honored him, making the sacrifice of his time and talent. He says in the Word, “Them that honor me, I will honor.” The more we scatter, the more we have. His heart was filled with the love of Jesus; he was willing to share it with others. “There is that scattereth, yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.” In helping others we gain strength ourselves. Some one may say, “I am not competent to be a leader, I have failed, I will give up my class to another.” Don’t do that, please; try again; take it to the Lord in prayer. “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.” I know a leader that went to the church to meet his class for two weeks in succession, and not a soul came. He did not backslide over that, and go across the way and join the Presbyterian church; no, he tried again. To-day he has charge of two classes. It was the test in that man’s Christian life, no doubt of it. God says in the Word, “He will take a worm and thresh a mountain; one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.” He is abund-

antly able ; he will use the "weak things to confound the mighty, and the foolish things to confound the wise." As that devoted and faithful servant of God, Dr. Nathan Bangs, was waiting in the house of a friend, before going to church to fill an appointment, a man came in and addressed him thus : "Elder, if a person feels it his duty to preach the gospel, and refuses the Holy Spirit, can he ever reach heaven ?" The answer was, "He may, but another will take his crown." How true, "No cross, no crown." My brother, go on in your work ; it is for you to labor, results belong to God. Speak a kind word to the downcast, raise up the fallen, offer a prayer by the side of the sick one, have a smile on your face for the weary, have your own heart filled with the love of Jesus, extend a hearty and warm shake of the hand to those who are burdened with the cares of life. A young lady had a striking dream one night. It seemed to her she was in heaven ; the angel guide was showing her around ; when they came to the crown room she saw there a beautiful crown ; she admired it so much, she asked the guide, "Who is that for ?" The answer was, "It was intended for you, but as you have not labored for it, it will be given to another." Webster says, "Economy is a virtue." As long as we continue the itinerancy, the class-meeting is indispensable ; it is a great help to the pastor coming among us, a stranger ; he can meet his members in the class-room ; there he can hear them talk. After the meeting has closed, he is introduced to each one, and in that way becomes acquainted. His own heart will be made glad in hearing their testimonies for

Jesus. He will know very soon what kind of sermons they will need ; what kind of meat to give them. Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." The class-meeting is a good training-school for the young people of our church. Coming together every week keeps up the acquaintance, renews the friendship and interest in each other. We are commanded to bear each other's burdens. The association of the class-room is pleasant to think of. Although we may be separated from each other during the week, if our thoughts are about God and heaven, we will be happy and content. Now I will prove to you by the Word, that the class-meeting is a means of grace and a duty. Malachi iii. 16, 17 : "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name. And they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Charles Kingsley says, "Continual resignation is the source of continual strength ; he that lives to make others happy, his immortality has already begun." Dr. Lowry once said, "A regenerated man was like a velocipede ; he must keep on going, or he would fall." How true. Christ says in his Word, "Ye are my witnesses." It is most likely we will be tested by the way. "According to your faith be it unto you." It is true, it is the old story of the cross, but it will never grow stale ; the more we tell it, the better we like it. Through the blood of

hrist and the word of our testimony we shall overcome him. Witnessing for Jesus is one of the most powerful agencies we have to convince men there is a reality in the religion of Christ. The simple confession of a heart filled with the love of our Saviour will bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened sinner ; "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

The immortal Whitefield, who is now in heaven, acknowledged the class-meeting to be a necessity. He once said, "Mr. Wesley has put his converts into flasses ; I have not ; mine are broken like a rope of sand." Experience is one of the best teachers; practice makes perfect. I find in the Word, we are to confess our faults one to another, and to pray for one another. In revivals, witnessing for Christ will send conviction to the hearts of the people. We may have crosses by the way. "No cross, no crown."

I have tried, as best I could, to explain the benefit of the class-meeting to our church. I am unable to do justice to the question. Doubtless I have exhausted your patience, but not the subject. I can say for me, that the class-meeting has kept me in the church, and through that agency I am saved to-day; blessed Lord. I did have a faithful class-leader ; he is now in heaven ; I hope to meet him there ; how soon, God knows. When I was cold and indifferent, not satisfied with anything that was spiritual, would find some excuse to absent myself from class, he would come and invite me to go with him. The Lord put it into my heart, for I could not refuse the pleadings of that

devoted man of God. Here I am a sinner saved by grace. I give Jesus all the praise. My brethren, we are here to renew our covenant and vows with each other, and dedicate ourselves to the Lord, and make an entire consecration to God, and surrender all we have for time and eternity to the blessed Master and his service. If you will consent to take that pledge, here and now, you may give the answer with your heart to the Triune God, and receive from him the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and go back to your work with such delight as you have never experienced in the past. It is Christ working through you to help your class. O, my brother class-leader, if I could use the pen of a ready writer, and speak with the tongue of an angel, that I could encourage you on in this noble work for God and never-dying souls. May God speak to your hearts, and make you feel by the Holy Spirit what I want to impress upon your mind from the depth of my soul.

Monday evening we had an excellent prayer meeting. The Lord gave us the spirit of prayer. O, for his Spirit to help us ; we are constantly depending upon our dear Heavenly Father ; he will supply all our need, but not all our wants. We often imagine we want a great many things, that would do us harm. Our Father knows best ; we can leave it all to him. I was much impressed as I read the Scripture lesson, where the Saviour said to them to roll away the stone from off the grave of Lazarus. I said to them who were present, "Jesus will not do for us what we can do ourselves ;" that is true. We had a blessed time,

and closed our meeting by repeating the first Psalm together.

Wednesday morning, while I was taking my breakfast, I heard the door-bell ring ; I went to answer the call ; there was a man who then said my neighbor (sister B.) was dying ; "Will you go up and pray with her?" I could not refuse, for I would rather go on my knees and pray than to sit down and take my dinner. I put on my hat and overcoat, and started for the place. I began to pray with my heart as I walked along. The good Lord answered my prayer and revealed to me by his Holy Spirit that she was saved. My heart rejoiced within me. I said, "Praise the Lord, he does hear and answer prayer, the prayer of faith. As I entered the room the sister was unconscious, and could not tell me the state of her mind. The dear Jesus revealed it all to me by his Spirit. We went on our knees in the sick room. O, what liberty I had in prayer as I commended the dear family to God and the Word of his grace. I hope and pray, at the judgment the whole family may be reunited in heaven. I then clasped the hand of each one, and started for the office. The people looked at me with surprise to be out so early in the morning. I could scarcely realize it myself. My kind, loving Heavenly Father knew where I had been, if the neighbors did not know. I find it pays well to do errands for Jesus. I hope the dear Saviour will put it in the heart of some one to call at my home, and pray and sympathize with mine when I am called away to the spirit world. In the evening I called at a home and sang for a half-hour. We

found it a very profitable time singing the praises of our Lord and Master. We spent a few minutes on our knees in prayer, and trust a little seed was sown. O, that the loving Saviour will cause it to grow, and bring forth a hundred-fold. Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all—working all day for my employers, and in the evening for Jesus.

Thursday evening I was deprived of the prayer meeting. Duty is the way of safety. I was detained in the office until eight o'clock; then I went to the house of mourning, where a mother lay in the coffin. Death comes and takes away our loved ones. How true, we should place our affections on things in heaven, and lay up treasure there, for where our treasures are, our hearts will be there also. As I entered that home, the family were seated near each other with the friends that had come in to sympathize with them. They kindly gave me a seat by their side. My heart was tender with the love of Jesus. I tried to say a word to cheer and comfort them in their sorrow and bereavement. The husband repeated to me the last words of the departed one whose spirit had passed up to the glory land. She seemed to recognize the family, and looked up to each one, and then addressed the husband and said, "I am going home, to be with Jesus." She tried to speak again, but was unable to do so, and fell asleep in Jesus. Those words will never be forgotten. The thought of meeting that one in the sweet "By-and-by" cheers my heart and helps me on in the narrow way.

Friday evening, a good attendance at the class-

meeting. The Lord blessed the reading of his Word to each one of our hearts. Five boys came in and remained through the meeting ; they were quiet, and kept good order. As I opened the meeting with prayer, I asked the Lord to touch their hearts with his tender, gentle, loving spirit. At the close of the meeting I walked over where they were and said to them, " Boys, if you fail to reach heaven, it will be your own fault ; God has made the way so plain that any one may come and partake of the water of life freely. We sang the doxology, and dismissed the meeting. I then made my way to John street, to the home of brother C., where they were holding a watch meeting. They were on their knees asking God's blessing to come on that little company, as that was the farewell meeting for the year. Each one was melted to tenderness and tears. O, how the dear Jesus blessed me with the spirit of song ; my voice seemed to be changed as the power of the Holy Ghost came upon me ; it was a feast to my soul, blessed Lord. I was on duty eighteen hours (the last day of the year). As I went up to my room and laid away this body for rest and sleep, you may think I was weary—not a bit. That beautiful promise in the Word kept me, " As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Blessed Jesus, I want to do a little more for him in the year to come.

After Sabbath school I called at the home of our family physician, who fell in front of our house yesterday and broke his arm on the side-walk, as I was crossing the street to go into the yard. After I rang the door-bell a lady came and said to me, " The doc-

or has forbidden us to allow any one to go in and see the sick one. The patient heard my voice, and sent his wife into the office to invite me into his room. I was delighted to hear her say that. As I entered his room I sat down by his side; my heart went out to him in sympathy and love. I then asked him if I might go on my knees and offer prayer, as I must asten. He answered me in the affirmative. I was so anxious to pour out my soul in supplication to God. The Holy Spirit did make intercession for me with groanings which cannot be uttered. My heart cried out for the living God. I received a weeping blessing while on my knees. As I arose and looked into the face of the sick one, the tears were running down his face; his dear companion handed him a handkerchief to catch the falling tears. I clasped his hand, and said, Good-bye, going out with a precious memory of that little interview; they were green spots to me along the way. Blessed Lord, He is so kind to me. At three o'clock I went to the Club-room to attend the temperance meeting. As I reached the place, I felt a little strange; I sat down in the first chair I could find. One of the choir saw me, and kindly invited me to sit with them. The speeches were brief and good, the singing spirited. I think impressions were made that will be lasting in the years to come. The temperance cause will triumph, for God is in it. In the evening I called at the home of the sick—one of the members of my class—with the measles. I remained long enough to pray, and ask Jesus to heal that one, and give her grace to endure the pain of body she is passing

through. I soon made my way to the basement of our church, in time to take part in the prayer meeting. I used my lungs for the Saviour in song. He gave me the spirit of prayer. I had power with God as I prayed for that family who are to-morrow obliged to bury a mother out of sight. I wept as I prayed. God touched the hearts of all present; the place was solemn on account of the presence of the dear, loving Jesus. I give him all the praise. Glory be to his name forever.

Monday evening I called on one of the members of my class; we spent a while in song service, and then bowed in prayer; the Lord made my heart tender with his love, so much so the tears ran down my face. O, what liberty I had, as I asked God, for his Son's sake, to bless the inmates of that home, and especially the stranger that was present. We may never meet here again, but we shall meet at the judgment. I pray that God will convict that one and make her feel that she is a sinner, and save her by his grace. I am thankful I could have the privilege of inviting her to seek the Saviour. I said, Good night, and soon found myself in the church, as it is the week of prayer. I found the people on their knees as I entered the room, no one ready to offer prayer at that time. That was my chance; I used my lungs for the Master. I had liberty in singing. But few present. I often wonder when I think of the loving forbearance of our blessed Lord, so few that are ready to deny themselves and take up their cross, and be active workers for Jesus. I dare not find fault with any one, for my own life is full of mistakes; I do so little for the Saviour while he is doing so much for me.

Tuesday evening I called at a home on John street. I heard music and singing as I reached the place. I rang the door-bell; they kindly invited me to come in. I asked the question if they had company; they answered in the affirmative, and said, "Brother Mead (pastor) is here, and will pray before he goes to the meeting." I felt pleased with that announcement, and remarked to the one that escorted me into the parlor, "I am just in time; I am a great sinner, and need all your prayers in my behalf." We bowed on our knees in that home; the Lord gave brother Mead a spirit of prayer. He prayed especially for that one who was next day to say "Farewell" to each one, and go back to her school in the East. My heart responded heartily to that beautiful and tender prayer from that gifted man. We then arose from our knees; he then clasped the hand of each one, and said Good-bye to Matie, going then to the church to take charge of the meeting. A few of the friends had assembled there to spend the evening, and visit with that one so soon to return to her studies. We sang that beautiful piece :

"If the way be full of trial,
Weary not."

The friends came into the parlor; we knelt in prayer. I felt that the Lord would give me something to say that would cheer her heart along the way while away from home and loved ones. He did, praise his name; my cup was full and running over. After I commended that one to God and the Word of his grace, and asked his protection during the way back to her class-mates and much-loved teacher,

I then prayed for a loved son of that home who is in the West in the banking business, and asked God to touch his heart with divine love, and bless him according to riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. The Holy Ghost came to my heart in a powerful manner; I had such liberty and faith as I prayed for that family. I called the name of each one to God and held them up in the arms of faith to Jesus. The mother, who knelt by my side during the season of prayer, was grateful that she had led her dear children to Christ early in life. The longer I prayed the more power I seemed to have with our Divine Master. The wife of our esteemed pastor (Bro. Mead) was present; I prayed for her and her loved ones at home, then for her companion, that the Lord would endue him with power from above for his work in Ilion. That occasion will be fresh in my memory for years to come; it was a feast to my soul; we had the best of the wine at the last of the feast; blessed Lord.

We are so dull in the school of Christ, may the Lord have mercy on us and teach us by his Holy Spirit. At eight o'clock reached the church in time to pray and use my voice for Jesus in the song service; a good number present, but formal. I was about to say I thought they had studied etiquette more than they had their Bible. I do not want to scold any one; we must have charity for all Christians, the quiet ones and the noisy kind. Faith, hope and charity; the greatest of these is charity. Yes, charity covereth a multitude of sins. The pastor did plead with the members to be more active in the work, and take up their cross daily and follow Christ.

I think as I have heard those words of advice from him whom I take as my guide in the narrow way, is the reason my thoughts have led me to write on this line. The good Book teaches us to be zealously effected in a good cause. We need more enthusiasm in our Christian work.

Thursday evening I drove down to M., and called at a home where Mrs. G. was laid in her coffin. After I was seated with the friends that came to sympathize with the family, I said to brother G., "You have my sympathy in your affliction." He thanked me kindly, and said, "We need a great deal of sympathy at this time." That home will be lonely and sad, for the departed one will be missed more than I can tell. She was dear to her companion, loved by her children (three, a son and two daughters), much respected and highly esteemed by her neighbors and the whole community, was known and loved by all. The M. E. church will lose one of her faithful members; she was an active worker, and sustained the church of her choice, not only by her faithful prayers and kind words, but with her means. May God bless the dear ones that mourn. I will pray to Jesus that her mantle may fall on one of them that she has left, that they may have grace to take up her work, and go forward for the Master. I will remember with much pleasure the cordial and hearty welcome she has given to me as I have called at her beautiful home during the past year. She was happy in conversation, always cheerful, had great faith in God, was a firm believer in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. Her kind words to me have cheered

my heart and helped me in my work for the Master, in that community. Heaven is more attractive to me to-day than ever ; so many dear friends over there singing the song of the blessed Redeemer in glory. Blessed home ! O, how I long to be there ; the thought of meeting loved ones on the evergreen shore inspires my heart with new zeal and courage. I thank God that I have been so highly honored to call and pray in that home, with Jesus' love in my heart, I have cheered the soul of that suffering one with words given to me by the dear, loving Saviour. It pays well to do the little things for Jesus—a kind word spoken will cheer the heart of those who are burdened with the cares of life. May God give us more of the missionary spirit and love of his dear Son Jesus Christ. Friday afternoon the funeral of the deceased took place at the house at one o'clock. A very tender and affectionate discourse was given by Rev. J. V. Ferguson. Several ministers were present—Rev. T. B. Shepherd, P. E. Herkimer district ; Rev. M. R. Webster, Little Falls ; Rev. W. D. Chase, Herkimer. Each one of these clergymen made brief and appropriate remarks after the sermon. It was evident that the departed one was held in grateful remembrance by all of her acquaintances. The choir sang well. God bless the dear ones who so kindly entertain us by their song, and in that way cheer our hearts as we bury our friends out of sight. It is a great gift from God, a voice to sing ; I think we do not appreciate that service enough. May the Master help us all to sing with grace in our hearts ; then we can honor him and win precious souls to Je-

sus. In the evening I called at the home of the sick. I put an orange in my pocket for the little boy sick with the measles ; I carried a book with me for the lady of the house, and one for the servant girl, and a prayer in my heart for each one of the family. I met several on the way, going to the lecture. After I reached the house I rang the door-bell the second time ; no response. I went to the side-door and rapped. I was invited to come in. I was delighted to look into the faces of that family circle. I enjoyed that interview very much. I took with me a few pages of my journal to read to them ; the tears came to my eyes as I read those simple words. There was a solemnity in the room which was evident to me, that God was in our midst and touching the heart of each one present. A little girl was there to spend the evening while her parents were at the lecture ; she was a little restless, and did not enjoy the reading as much as the rest seemed to. I cannot help those I am addressing unless I have their close attention ; I cannot do any one good only as Jesus will work through me by his Holy Spirit. After I finished reading, I went on my knees in prayer to the Most High God, and asked his blessing on each one present. I had liberty in prayer, my faith took hold of the strong arm, the tears started as we waited together. The Word says, When we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. That promise came true to us on that occasion. I bade each a kind good night and made my way to the prayer meeting. I reached the church in time to shake hands with the people as they passed out on their way home. I soon found

myself seated in my own house, reading. Just then my wife came in from the lecture. Dr. Vincent entertained the audience for one hour and a half; his theme was, "That Boy." He entered into the spirit as he talked on that popular subject. He is known all over this country and in Europe; his name is a household word; he ranks with our best and most able speakers. It is a rare treat to listen to him; he will be welcome to come again. Several said to me, "You ought to be there." I need such advice as he is able to give. He addressed his remarks to fathers, and explained how they should do to bring up their boys. He is not in need of a puff from my weak pen. He will make friends wherever he will go. His name on the program for a Sabbath school gathering will draw the masses to hear him; his earnestness and zeal in the cause of the Master will hold the multitude spell-bound. God speaks through the man to the people, drawing them to himself and heaven.

Saturday evening I felt a little strange not holding our regular class-meeting, being the week of prayer. The year has passed away quickly; I have done so little for Jesus, while he has done so much for me and my classes. I cannot accomplish any good of myself, weak and feeble. In God I trust, and find a refuge in every storm; God knows my failings, but through the death and suffering of his dear Son I hope to gain an entrance into the heavenly kingdom, and be forever with the Lord. As I walked out from my own pleasant home, I heard the church-bell calling the people to the house of God. As I reached the basement of the church I found the people on

their knees in prayer ; I joined them. The Lord blessed me in doing that. As we arose I had a song ready ; we sang in the Spirit, and got happy in the Lord ; praise his name forever.

Sunday, a full congregation at the church ; brother Mead gave us an excellent sermon. At the close he said he had pledged our church for fifty dollars to help the people at St. Johnsville to pay the balance of debt on their church built last summer. He remarked to us, we were accustomed to give and help our neighbors ; we could do so again and not hurt us. The plates were passed through the congregation, and seventy-two dollars (\$72) realized. I am thankful I can call Ilion my home. The people are able, good and kind ; God bless them in the future as he has in the past. I noticed some strange faces in the Sabbath school. I think the study of the Word is so important to each of us, and especially to the children. May the Lord give us a relish to search the Scriptures. At three o'clock I went to the temperance meeting ; a reformed man was made chairman ; he spoke from his heart ; what he said did us good. He said that even Christians, generally speaking, had not patience to bear with those that had fallen and broken their pledge. I think that is true. The singing was good, and conducted by Mr. Weaver, editor of the *Ilion Citizen*, while Miss Flora Buck presided at the piano. The speeches were short and to the purpose. The room was cold ; a motion was made to take up a collection to raise funds and buy a ton of coal. A gentleman who sat next to me said, "This will make four collections for me to-day; Methodists are accustomed to them."

At six o'clock I called at a home to sing. As I entered the house I found they had company, three gentlemen and two ladies. I clasped the hand of each and passed the compliments of the evening. I was delighted as I looked into their happy faces. The lady of the house said to me, "They have come to enjoy a song service." We sang that beautiful piece, "If the way be one of trial, weary not." We spent a half-hour very profitably, making melody in our hearts. I then asked the privilege of bowing in prayer. God touched my heart with his divine love. As I prayed my mind went back to former years, and I thought of one of God's faithful ones who is now in heaven (sister Paddock), the mother of two loved daughters who were present at that neighbor's home. The tears ran down my face as I prayed for them, and called their name to God in prayer. It seemed the spirit of that sainted mother was hovering over us—if God permits such. The place was solemn on account of the presence of Jesus. That occasion will be remembered with gratitude to God for the powerful manner he revealed himself to each one present. The Master was pleased with the offering we made in that home. I bade each a kind good night, and soon found myself in the vestibule of our church, waiting for my companion to come from the prayer meeting in the basement. We took our seat in the church. Brother Mead took his text from Romans x. 11: "For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." He began his discourse by saying, "Every young man and young lady should settle that great question

about the salvation of the soul. Yes, the time is coming when each one of us will need this religion ; on our death bed, if not sooner." He talked to us for thirty minutes ; he received inspiration as he advanced with the subject. In a few months he will give us a farewell sermon. God bless him as he goes to his new field of labor ; may he have many stars in the crown of his rejoicing in the "Sweet By-and-by."

Monday evening I had an invitation to call at a home where the lady of the house has not been out to meeting since last May on account of domestic cares. I rapped at the door ; she came at once and invited me to come in, and introduced me to her husband, who was carrying the baby, a bright little fellow. As I looked at that little one, and thought how much care for that mother, I did not wonder why they have such love for their mother ; how true, the more an article costs us, the more we value it. The husband was very communicative and frank in conversation. A little son of eleven summers was present and listened very attentively. The lady kindly invited me to hold a meeting at her house. I hope to do so if the Master will open the way and put it in the hearts of the people to go. If he does, good will come out of it. "For it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." I found my time was up to be in the meeting. I bowed on my knees in prayer for the dear ones that make up that family, and especially for that mother, for grace to be given to train up her children in the way they should go. I pray that each one may be saved and reunited in heaven. In a few minutes I was in

the church, and commenced the song service. I became very happy as I sung for my Saviour. The Lord gave us the spirit of prayer. We separated and said good night, and trust that hour given for the Lord will help each one of us to be better prepared to go on in the narrow way, and be more like our divine Master.

Tuesday my experience was different—trials often and severe—there seems to be a dark cloud gathered around me ; I have been examining my heart. Jeremiah says the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. There is nothing but the blood of Christ that can make us clean. These trials are for our good. I have prayed much in the days past. It is said the darkest hour is just before the break of day. I am learning to trust Jesus on the mountain top and in the valley. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. We read in the Word, we are to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. It is necessary to use the pruning-knife to bear fruit. We must not be selfish, and want all the joy ourselves ; we are here to help each other. A man once said, “What I have given away, I have saved ; and what I have saved, I have lost.” In doing good to others the Lord blesses us. I called at a house and spent a few minutes in Christian conversation, and then bowed in prayer around the family altar ; the Lord gave us the spirit of prayer. I said good night, and started for my own home, trusting a little seed was sown there.

Wednesday evening I made one call ; we sang for a half-hour, and then bowed in prayer ; my heart was

led out to God, for his Spirit to come on the pastor of a church where they have commenced revival services. I trust souls may be won for Jesus. I bade each one good night, and started for John street, where they were holding our monthly church social. As I entered that home I hung my overcoat and hat upon a spare peg on the hat-rack; as I looked around I saw a very happy company. (It is said the best time to call on a man is just after dinner.) They were seated in groups taking their coffee. I found (as brother Shepherd would say) a good sprinkle of young people. All our hopes are centred in them; they are the pillars in the church. O, that God would prepare each one for the responsibility that will soon rest upon them. The gentleman and lady of the house were very happy, and made it pleasant for each one present. As I spent a few minutes in conversation with the lady of that beautiful home, I did not wonder why everybody, old and young, would turn out at such gatherings at her house. She has a happy, easy way of pleasing the people; I cannot explain it to you to my satisfaction; it seems to be a gift from our dear Heavenly Father. Her own heart is filled with the love of Jesus; her face covered with smiles for every one, while her words are spoken in tenderness and affection, and especially when she addresses the young. May God give us more such noble-hearted Christian women. My pen would write more, but I must stop for fear the reader may think I am trying to flatter the one referred to. The treasurer of the association realized a nice sum, the receipts of the evening. They told me she passed

the plate before and after supper. By the way, I will say the ladies have a happy way of raising money, and making every one feel happy over it. If you have any money to raise for benevolent purposes I would advise you to get the ladies to raise the amount; they will succeed every time. At ten o'clock we said good night. My wife and I walked home by the light of the moon, with happy hearts and pleasant remembrances of the evening. The Lord is so good, giving me so many kind friends; glory be to his name for ever more.

Thursday evening I attended the prayer meeting; I felt the good Spirit as soon as I entered the room. I cannot explain it; the place was solemn on account of the presence of Christ. I enjoyed singing praises to the Saviour. I remarked to the people they might occupy my time in speaking if they would allow me to sing occasionally. I am glad I can use my lungs for Jesus. I felt the truth of the Word, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Glory to his name. As we sang, the spirit of the meeting seemed to revive. Quick singing and short speeches, with the Holy Ghost in our hearts will make a good meeting. There were two persons on their feet at the same time. I think sometimes we pray and talk too long. The more you can get to take part in a meeting, the more will go away and feel the truth of that old song, "It is good to be here." Blessed Lord; I had freedom in that meeting; I could feel in my soul that God was using me to help those that were present to get nearer to his bleeding side, where flows the blood that bought our guilty souls for God.

Friday evening we met in the church ; I had a hungering and thirsting after the class meeting ; the members of the class seemed to feel the same. Some came for the first time ; I hope they will come again. We endeavored to be simple and brief in our testimony ; we occupied a part of the time in singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord. We felt his Spirit resting on us, especially when we were reading and commenting upon his Word, found in St. John, about the young man that was blind from his birth. While those wicked Jews were questioning him about the cure, and the one that performed the miracle, he was not afraid to tell them about it. I was impressed as I read the question he put to them, " Will ye be his disciples ? "

Saturday evening we commenced our class meeting in Mohawk for the year we have entered upon. Through grace given to us from the Lord, I expect to accomplish a little for our dear Saviour. May he fit us for every duty ; we are here to help each other, and carry each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. I prayed to the Master all day to help me in that meeting ; I never felt so weak in all my life. While we were on our knees there was a stillness all over the house, the presence of Jesus was felt by each one. There were two boys present, George and Fred Parker (George sixteen, and Fred eleven years of age). There is something remarkable in that family, five sons, and all converted, and members of the Baptist church, Brooklyn. They are now on the canal boat called the "Golden Gate," tied up for the winter in Mohawk. I was delighted to see them in

the meeting. As I entered the church I was introduced to them; I entertained them as best I could. A man was present who buried his companion last summer; the Lord blessed him as he testified for Jesus. He says in his Word, "Them that honor me, I will honor" Praise his name for salvation. A good attendance of the members; the night was cold; it was a sacrifice to come. "No cross, no crown."

Sunday was a good day to my soul; the sermon was good. The text was 1 Cor. xiii. 9: "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. Now we see through a glass darkly; then, face to face." At two o'clock I walked with brother Clark to his Sabbath school. I enjoyed teaching a class, in the absence of their teacher. One of the girls in the class was present fifty-two Sundays in the past year; she committed to memory in that time, one thousand verses, a record to feel proud of. My brother in the Sabbath school work, take courage and go on; your reward is in heaven; it will be glorious. After the study of the lesson, the superintendent called me out to talk to the school. I related to them a few simple stories; God blessed me in doing that little thing. I will give the reader the benefit of a letter I received during the week from Rev. M. S. Hard, Elmira. I promised myself a visit to that place the 8th inst.; the contents of the letter will explain the reason I did not go.

DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS—Your letter announcing that you would visit us on Saturday, January 8th, came duly to hand. We are always glad to see you but Mrs. H. has been called home by telegram to

take care of her mother, who is very ill. I do not know when she will return, or when I may be called there. I thought it right to let you know this, for when you come, we want all to be home, and do not want you should fail in bringing sister H. We had a grand watch night. One was soundly converted, and another started to seek God, both heads of families. Don't be discouraged, try again, and come and pay us a visit. Yours the same, M. S. H.

The above was good news to me; I mean in regard to that soul that was saved; the bells of heaven rang that night. Glory to God in the highest. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. O, that all our churches in the land could give the same report. Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, must speak to hearts and draw them to Christ and heaven. At six o'clock Bro. A. led the prayer meeting; Jesus led him; good attendance; eight prayers were offered; seven songs for the Saviour and some testimonies were given in that meeting. The time was well improved, and I trust impressions were made for good on the hearts of the unsaved.

The Jubilee Singers (Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.) remained over Sunday in Ilion. They gave a concert on Saturday evening in Maben's Opera House; will give another on Monday evening. They sang in the hall at the temperance meeting (3 o'clock); they seemed to please every one that had the pleasure of hearing them. Two of them made speeches in behalf of the temperance cause. May they come again; they will be welcome; they are known all over the land, and are popular with the masses. Mr. Loudin, the basso singer, is considered the best in this sec-

tion of country. I am told they (the troupe) set apart each day one hour for devotion. They sing in the spirit and with understanding also. God bless them in their mission of love for that institution of learning to help the colored people of the South.

Monday evening we had an excellent prayer meeting; good attendance; the prayers were brief, but in earnest; a good tender spirit prevailed during the hour for worship; the song service did us all good; each one went on their way rejoicing. In the Word I read, "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." As God will help me, I can then aid those around me. Jesus' love in our hearts will accomplish a great deal. It is steady, constant prayer and faith, and doing the will of our Heavenly Father. We must take up our cross daily and follow him. Our crosses may vary; what is a cross to us to-day? to-morrow we may have a different one. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The little foxes spoil the vines.

Tuesday evening I spent a part of the time posting books. I made one call; as I rang the door-bell the gentleman of the house came and invited me in; after I was seated in the arm-chair by the side of the stove, the lady of the house said to me, "I will read to you a letter from my son." (The son is now away from home preparing himself for the ministry.) He wrote on Sunday, and said: "I have traveled eight miles and preached three times, and led two classes to-day." I was thankful to hear such good news from that young man; he was a member of my class when at home. God bless him in his studies. That

mother's heart leaped within her for joy. We spent a short time in Christian conversation and talked about the temperance cause, as that lady has a heart in the temperance work. May the Lord bless her as she goes on her mission work, and visits the home of the suffering and invites them to lead a Christian life and give up drink. He that winneth souls is wise. I asked the privilege of praying before I said good night. It seems to me that the good Lord does give me a word to say when I am on my knees in prayer, that will encourage the hearts of those present. I invariably find that to be true in every case! He gives us the best of the wine at the last of the feast. O, how God did bless my heart as I pleaded with him, for his dear Son Jesus' sake, to fit that young man to be an efficient worker in the vineyard of our Lord and Master. The place was solemn the longer I prayed the more liberty I had in prayer I called the name of each one that make up the family circle, and asked God to bless them according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. I said good night, and soon reached my home. The memories of that occasion will be sacred to me all through life—not for what I did; no, no, what the Lord did for his weak servant.

Wednesday evening I rode one and a half miles on the street car; a boy eleven years of age met me; I went with him to his father's boat, tied up for the winter. I had a desire to see the family together—eight children, seven of them Christians and members of the church! As I entered the cabin of that boat I found them comfortable and happy. As I re-

lated to them some of my stories about Jesus and the children, I saw the tears come to the eyes of little Fred. I remained a half hour with them, and then asked the privilege of praying before I said good night. The captain answered in the affirmative. I found the Lord was present on that canal boat. He gave me the spirit of prayer; praise his dear name. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Our best friend may forsake us in time of trouble. Jesus will be our strength, comfort in sorrow, rest in weariness; our hope when dismayed and cast down; joy and peace as we pass through trials; yes, more than I can define—my pen fails just here. Jesus my hope and all my plea; for me the Saviour died. Glorious hope of immortality; my faith enters into that within the vail. What I am, or ever expect to be, I owe to Christ, my Redeemer. Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all. After I bade each one good night, I called on one of the members of my class; we sang for a little while and then bowed in prayer; there was a blessed, tender spirit in that room. I gave a book to the lady (a young convert) to read; she was converted last winter in the meetings. I expect she will be a devoted Christian all along the pathway of life, and then have an abundant entrance into the “Sweet By-and-by.” It pays well to give our hearts to God early in life. The Word says, “Youth is the time to serve the Lord; the time to insure the great reward.”

Thursday evening I spent one hour in the office. As I reached the basement of our church to attend the prayer meeting, I found the people on their

knees asking God, for his Son's sake, to revive his work in the church. There was a good spirit in the room ; as they arose from their knees I had a song ready ; the Lord helped me to sing in the Spirit ; I had liberty as I spoke a word for the Saviour. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." He gives us the spirit of prayer ; to his dear name be all the praise.

Friday afternoon I attended the prayer meeting held by the ladies at the home of sister T. I need the spiritual help I get there. We do not pray enough ; it is for us to ask ; God will bestow rich gifts ; he is waiting with his hands full of blessings, to give to them that ask in faith, not doubting. May we be inclined to take everything to the Lord in prayer. In the evening but few out to class-meeting ; the night was stormy, which kept some at home ; those that came seemed to enjoy the privilege of testifying for the dear Saviour. I think all present could say deep down in their hearts, "It is good to be here."

Saturday evening (twelve minutes lost) street car late. As I reached the basement of the church I found the members of the class-meeting waiting for me ; I looked in their happy faces (I had not that pleasure before for one week), I said, "How do you do ?" to all, but did not take time to shake hands with each one, as I usually do. They may think I am getting formal ; I won't do so again. There is so much good that will come to our hearts by that simple thing, hand-shaking. It don't cost us a cent, but it is worth more than I can tell. Sometimes I have felt a little downcast, or think my friends had forgot-

ten me. Just then one warm-hearted Christian friend with Jesus' love in his soul comes along and clasps my hand, and looks in my face ; it seems to put new life and vigor into my whole being. It is God himself speaking through them to me. In the Word, I have read, "Ye are laborers together with God." Praise his dear name. O, he helps me in so many ways. I said to the class, "We will sing," and we did sing with the spirit and understanding ; blessed Lord. We sang for twenty minutes, and then went down on our knees to ask God's blessing on our meeting, and especially in the reading of his Word. I had liberty in leading the class. It seemed to me like a little heaven on earth to my soul. At ten o'clock in the evening I bade my family a kind good night, and walked to the depot to take the train due there at 10:35 p. m., for St. Johnsville, to spend the Sabbath with Rev. F. K. Pierce ; he was holding a series of meetings in the church, for the revival of God's work in the hearts of the people. Several of the brethren from Frankfort and Herkimer went down to assist in the work. Brother Ferguson was there from West Frankfort assisting the pastor. On account of the snow-storm the train was late. I had a new experience that evening ; I must say I did not enjoy it very much. I was obliged to wait five hours at the depot before the train came. You may think I was cross and out of humor ; no, I was not. I took it to the Lord in prayer ; he gave grace to keep me. He says in his Word, we must take up our cross daily and follow him. My brother, my sister, if you and I do that, we will be happy. "All things work to-

gether for good to them that love God." Praise his holy name. I am glad in my soul that is true. I spent the time reading in a book I had with me until twelve o'clock. I then prayed and held communion with God. I grew in grace as I prayed to him for patience to wait, and strength to endure. You may suppose I was sleepy and weary; I was not; Jesus, my loving Saviour, was more to me than I could wish or desire during those five hours waiting. As I looked out of the window I saw the train coming. I was busy for a few minutes calling the passengers who were asleep in the station. We got on board of the train, and in a little time we reached St. Johnsville. I then walked to the parsonage. I felt a little embarrassed to call at that hour of the night. I rang the door-bell; very soon brother Pierce came and kindly invited me to come in, and escorted me to my room. I felt at home as soon as I looked in the face of my room-mate, brother C. H. Ferguson. We were to room together during my stay. I had three hours' sleep that night. Got up in the morning, and felt as good as new. As I went down into the dining room to breakfast, I met four young ladies there from Schuyler, and one from Utica, on a visit. I was glad to meet them and give them a friendly shake of the hand. As I looked into their pleasant faces, my mind went back to the revival in their church, when Rev. J. R. Smith, their pastor, was holding revival service there; they were among the converts, and gave their hearts to God. After breakfast we assembled in the sitting-room to read a portion of God's word and then go on our knees to ask his blessing on

the work of the day. As I was reading a part of the 119th Psalm the brethren came in before going to the church, to consult with the pastor in regard to the meetings of the day. We bowed together in prayer; the Lord gave me his Holy Spirit as I asked his blessing on each one and his help during the day. We had a refreshing time together; there is nothing like faith and prayer. We then went into the church and commenced the meeting; the choir sang a beautiful piece for the opening hymn. Each one of the brethren talked for a few minutes; the Holy Ghost accompanied their words; the Lord touched their hearts, and the tears started from their eyes. The congregation listened with much interest; they were moved to tenderness and tears. The good Lord blessed the speaker and the hearer; praise his name. He came into the temple; his gracious presence filled the place. I had great liberty in singing his praises; glory and honor be to the dear, loving, blessed Jesus. After the brethren talked, the members testified for the Saviour. There is nothing that will convince the people of the world there is power in the religion of Christ equal to Christian testimony. The members were ready to speak, and it cheered the heart of their pastor as he listened to them witnessing for Christ. At twelve o'clock the benediction was pronounced. The Sabbath school convened in the audience room; I cannot write about that, as I was not present. The pastor kindly invited me to go with him into the country, where he had an appointment at two o'clock. We rode over the hills four miles. We passed some very fine houses and

good farms ; the land is very productive, I am told. We soon reached the place ; two little churches side by side, one a union church, the other Methodist. The choir opened the meeting ; I gave them a Bible reading of thirty minutes ; my heart was made tender with Jesus' love ; the tears ran down my face as I was pleading on my knees with the Master to help me honor him in that service, praise his name. O, his love, wondrous love, so full and free, it reaches even me. I had liberty in leading the class. There were some young converts present, and quite a number of young people. The presence of God was felt in that place as we testified for his dear Son, our glorious Redeemer and High Priest, who is now making intercession for us with the Father in heaven. The meeting was dismissed, and we soon reached home—just in time to sit down with the family to dinner (five o'clock). The ride, eight miles in the country through the snow-drifts, gave us a good appetite ; we did good service at the dinner-table, whatever failures we made during the day. Our hostess knows how to get up a good dinner ; may the Lord reward her for kindness to his weak and feeble servant. At six and a half o'clock we were in the church for the evening service. The choir entertained us with one of their best pieces at the opening ; the house was filled with people ; a good interest prevailed for two hours. The brethren had liberty and felt at home as they talked. The members were quickened, and some of them were enabled to take a step upward in the divine life. Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all. At nine o'clock the pastor dismissed us ; we

said good night to each one—the best Sabbath of all my life—not for anything that I did ; no, no, what the Lord did for me. I do love him more than all else beside.

“I will fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.”

After meeting we gathered in the parlor at the parsonage, while one of the young ladies from Schuyler that I have referred to presided at the organ, the rest joined us in a song service. We did honor Jesus in singing praises to his dear name ; our faith was strengthened, our hearts made glad, our hope brightened, our love for the Saviour and each other increased, our vows renewed, and each other made strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. At eleven o'clock we bade each one a kind good night and went to our rooms with glad hearts and pleasant recollections of that occasion. We could say from the depth of our souls, We have pitched our moving tent one day's march nearer home—glorious home—forever with the Lord.

Monday morning we got our baggage ready home-ward bound ; the brethren came in, one of them read a portion of Scripture, and then we bowed together in prayer. Brother G. led us ; God led him. The presence of the Master was felt by each one. That was to some of us our farewell meeting ; doubtless we never shall all meet together again here, and look into each other's faces in the flesh, but we will meet at the judgment. May the Most High God give us grace, for his dear Son's sake, to keep us each day

and hour, and bring each one to the glory land in the "Sweet By-and-by." After a few minutes' walk we found ourselves at the depot ; we secured our tickets, the train came along, the conductor called out, "All on board," we responded to the call, and said Good-bye to St. Johnsville. We offered a silent prayer to God to bless the dear people there, and save precious souls for whom Christ died. To him be glory and honor forever and ever.

Monday evening the church was closed on account of the temperance meetings every night in the week. That popular lecturer, P. A. Burdick, will speak each night in Mohawk during the week. God bless him in his mission of labor to save the perishing from drink. I am glad to say he is meeting with good success ; his own heart will be encouraged to see so many come to listen to his words of advice. Religion and temperance go together ; the Good Book teaches us 'that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Tuesday evening the train was on time ; I was on my way to St. Johnsville. At seven o'clock the choir sang the opening piece. Rev. John Minor, Reformed church, gave us an able discourse from that beautiful text, "What must I do to be saved?" Brother Minor is an able man, about six feet in height, with broad shoulders, good lungs, and not afraid to use them for Jesus—voice commanding. I was highly entertained by his remarks ; he explained the gospel so well, and made it very plain, so that a little child could comprehend it. The pastor then gave the invitation for any one that felt the need of the Saviour

to come to the altar. One lady came and sought the Lord ; the brethren came up to the front ; we had a refreshing time as we waited together on our knees supplicating the throne of the heavenly grace. We changed the order of the meeting, and gave testimony for Jesus. I had liberty in singing for my Saviour. I could feel the power of the Holy Ghost speaking through me in song to the people. The pastor pronounced the benediction. We spent a short time in hand-shaking before we said good night.

Wednesday morning we got our tickets and looked into the face of Major Priest ; he was on duty. The care and responsibility of railroad life is wearing upon him ; his locks are whitening ; his step is not so elastic ; we can see he is nearing the other world. Yes, how true, every day we are hastening to the tomb. O, may God prepare each one for that final change, when we must say farewell to kindred dear, and pass out into the unknown. Reader, how is it with you ? "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." "Seek the Lord while he may be found ; call upon him while he is near."

Wednesday evening we returned to the meeting on the six o'clock train. A good brother waited at the depot, and escorted me to his house for tea ; I enjoyed it very much. After we partook of the good things at the table we sang a few pieces and bowed in prayer, and asked God's blessing on each one of the family—father, mother and three daughters, all singers. We then gathered at the church and listened to Rev. Mr. Casler, Starkville. His text was

about the leper Naaman, that washed seven times in the river Jordan. The sermon did us good. The brethren gathered at the altar, where we spent some time in prayer, and then witnessing for Christ. The members were quickened by the Spirit; some were very happy. I trust ere long that God will gather souls down there, for his Son's sake. It is only the Son of the living God that can convict hearts and draw them to Christ. May God hasten the day when they shall cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?"

Thursday evening I made one call at a home where they are mother, daughter and grandmother. I had an errand from a friend in St. Johnsville to that family. They were delighted to hear the good news of the work going on there, and that they were held in grateful remembrance by that absent one. They were happy as they told me of several little things that had taken place and came under their own observation. They made inquiries in regard to the meetings. The pastor at St. Johnsville was an intimate friend of the husband of that aged one. (He was called home to his reward in heaven about two years ago.) As I mentioned the names of the brethren that went down on Saturday to assist in the service, one of them attracted the attention of a Miss of twelve summers; she said to her mother, "You may invite that fat man home with us; we will entertain him." Quite a compliment for brother F., Herkimer. I hope some time to tell him of that little incident; it will cheer his heart to work for Jesus. It pleased the aged one (where I called) when I related that to

her. Said she to me, "I well remember when that man was so wicked he would work on Sunday. My brother took that case to the Lord in prayer. God saved his soul ; now he is a devoted Christian and class-leader. The Lord had a work for him to do ; that man is a pillar in the church ; when he speaks for Jesus he impresses you by his burning words ; he is gifted in prayer, and capable of doing an amount of good in the vineyard of the Master." I then asked the privilege of praying before I said good night. We then bowed together in that home to pray. As I called the name of each, and asked God to bless them according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus our Lord, I had much liberty ; the longer I prayed, the more the Lord blessed and filled every heart to overflowing of his divine love. I then prayed for a loved son of that aged one ; I was wonderfully led out to him as I pleaded with God to fit him to take up the work that his sainted father left when called home to be forever with the Lord. That son is doing honor to the Master and his cause, that many of us cannot do ; he is a man of great wealth, and is able to give in large sums ; he is doing that in a modest way. May God reward him abundantly. God loves a cheerful giver. While on my knees in that quiet, pleasant home, I was led to pray earnestly for the young people in St. Johnsville. The next day I received a postal card from the pastor. Good news ; it was this : Cora R. came out to-night and took a stand for Jesus. What a glorious victory for Christ. Yes, we pray ; he saves ; praise his name forever.

Friday evening we had a good class-meeting ; some of the members took part in the concert in the Opera House, given by Miss Larkes. We expect to have more out next week, the Lord willing ; I will pray Jesus to send them. The care and anxiety of a class-leader is a constant responsibility. I read in the Word, that we are to bear each other's burdens ; as we help others we are keeping the commandments. God will do more for us. "The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land."

Saturday evening we were off for St. Johnsville on the five o'clock train ; we reached there in time for the meeting, seven o'clock. Rev. Mr. Casler preached a short sermon from the text, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved ?" After the sermon the brethren talked for a few minutes, interspersed with quick and short singing. There were a good number present ; the interest manifested was evidence that God's Spirit was working on the hearts of the people. The invitation was given for any one to come to the altar and seek the Lord. No one willing to come. It is so hard for us to break away from our sins ; our associates hold us back ; so many things to keep us away from seeking the Lord. I will pray God to save some on the morrow (Sunday).

Sunday morning, ten o'clock, we assembled in the church for a short prayer meeting. Brother B. led it. Quite a number came, while others were detained at home with domestic cares, especially the ladies. We (men) can go at any time. The Lord was in the temple. At eleven o'clock Rev. Mr. Casler read a portion of Scripture ; the brethren occupied ten minutes

each in talking. Brother B. took charge of the meeting, and invited the members forward to the altar for prayer. The Spirit was deep, and reached the hearts of the people, but no one was willing to seek the Lord. It may be to try our faith ; I am not allowed to judge. I will say this, that in time of revival work we are inclined to depend upon outside help, and not the burden of soul on our own hearts. May God teach us to get down into the dust and cry to Jesus for help. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." I hope and pray that a tidal wave may come soon to St. Johnsville. At twelve o'clock the Sabbath school met in the audience room ; the attendance good. This is the nursery of the church. I hope the young people will commence this week and give their hearts to God. After we studied the lesson for thirty minutes the bell sounded for all to come to order. The superintendent announced that I would address the school. I talked to the children for about fifteen minutes. At six and a half o'clock we commenced our prayer meeting for a half-hour ; the Lord helped the people to pray from their hearts ; glory be to his name, he does answer the prayer of faith. At seven o'clock we commenced the regular services ; the choir sang the opening piece. Brother B. took charge and conducted the service ; the brethren occupied a short time telling their experience. Experience is a good teacher ; sometimes we can reach the ungodly with a simple testimony. My brother urged the members of the church to get nearer to God. I think they need a little advice along that line. We had a full house, and nearly all young people. O, how I

ng to see them come to Jesus ; blessed Jesus. here was a good spirit all through the meeting until nine o'clock ; the Lord is in the work. I have faith to believe that souls will be gathered for Christ and heaven. May God hasten the coming of salvation to St. Johnsville, for his dear Son Jesus sake.

Monday morning we arose at seven o'clock, saluted each other, brothers A. and B., the pastor, his wife and sister, Mary Pierce. We had a pleasant visit until nine o'clock. I read a part of the 40th Psalm, brother B. offered an excellent prayer from his heart, did us good. We then bade good bye to St. Johnsville, and soon reached our home, ready for business. At seven and a half o'clock went down to M. to attend the young people's prayer meeting ; the church was not opened. I turned around and went home. offered a prayer to God to give me grace, as I was disappointed ; the people had gone to Ilion to hear that great orator, Rev. H. W. Beecher, lecture. Subject, "The Reign of the Common People." They will, no doubt, be highly entertained. I heard him several years ago in Brooklyn ; he will hold the masses spell-bound with his eloquence and oratory.

"**BROTHER HUTCHINS**—We are sorry to interrupt our intended visit, but I knew it would be pleasant for you and us for Mrs. Hard to be here. Her brother lived, but was very low for a long time. We're all home now, and will be glad to see you any time. You must be sure and bring sister H. We hope this delay will not break up your coming entirely. Give lots of love to the dear Ilion people. We are having some precious meetings ; some twenty have been seeking the Lord since week of prayer.

Since election I have called upon and prayed with three hundred and thirty-two members of my church, besides over fifty who were not members. I trust it may do some good. As before, M. S. HARD."

How much it encourages my heart to receive such good letters from my dear friends. I will try, with God's help, to do a little more for him in the future than I have in the past. I make good resolutions, and fail to carry them out; poor humanity. O, how weak I am; I cannot accomplish anything of myself, only as grace is given to me from heaven, "For it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Praise his holy name forever.

Tuesday evening I made one call. As I entered that home I found the man of the house studying the Sabbath school lesson; the lady and little boy had retired. We had a good visit with the man, talking about the meetings, and the interest of the Sabbath school in general. One year ago we were engaged in a revival in the church where they worship. It is so pleasant to look back and review the past and the many mercies God has bestowed upon us along the pathway of life. His blessings are new every morning and fresh every evening, praise his excellent name. Before I left that home I offered prayer to God to keep that family in the narrow way. The Lord accepted that offering, and filled our hearts with his divine love. It is work that wins. God is abundantly able to use the weakest of his followers and win souls to Jesus. "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

Wednesday evening I made two calls. As we went

on our knees in one home the Lord filled our hearts to overflowing. I had severe trials during the day; the clouds seemed to disperse, the light came; I simply trusted to that strong arm which is mighty to save and able to deliver. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." I bade each one in that home good night, and soon found myself at another home, where I had purposed to call on one of the members of my class for some time. The family were very communicative; the parents talked, the children listened with eagerness. I found the time was not lost; the dear Jesus will bless the few words spoken in weakness for his own name's sake. A word fitly spoken, how good a thing it is. It is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." I offered prayer for each one that make up that family circle. I said good bye and started for the church sociable. At nine o'clock I reached the place, looked into the many pleasant faces of those that had gathered there to enjoy each other's society and cast in their mite before they separated.

Thursday evening I was busy in the office until eight o'clock; then I went to the prayer meeting in the church. As I reached the basement I was not very much impressed with the appearance of the room. I was obliged to pray immediately for grace at that time. The gas-light was poor on account of the exceedingly cold weather (by the way, we have a Canada winter thus far), steady, cold, freezing weather and good sleighing since November (now February). The mercury stood at twenty-four degrees below zero Tuesday morning. I learned a lesson as I

entered that room to worship ; we meet with disappointment in this life often, but Jesus never disappoints us, praise his dear name. I did not pray with an audible voice ; I sang a few pieces and testified for my Saviour that he has power to save the lost from sin and the darkness of unbelief by his own precious blood, and keep them by his grace, and bring them to the evergreen shore. I am glad in my heart I can sing the praises of my Redeemer, and make melody in my heart unto the Lord. The pastor gave us a good talk from his heart at the close of the meeting. He has been away on a visit among old friends, and had the pleasure of looking into the faces of those whom he has prayed for and preached the gospel to in former years. He remarked he had more faith than when he left to go and visit the dear people on that charge. Doubtless they will be glad to receive another visit when circumstances are favorable for him to go.

Friday afternoon, three o'clock, I spent one hour in the ladies' prayer meeting. The Lord filled the place with his gracious presence. As I entered the room, that little company were on their knees in prayer to God, asking his blessing on all present ; that included me. They were wonderfully led by the Holy Spirit ; they had freedom as they communed with our Heavenly Father. The leader gave us a brief talk from her heart ; it was very refreshing to each one present. At seven and a half o'clock we were in the class-room ; but few present ; I asked the Lord to give me grace for that occasion. Mr. Hagar gave an entertainment in the Opera House ; a large

number of the members of my class were there. We had an excellent meeting; it is the Lord that gives us strength to rejoice in his love and hope in his name. Some came in for the first time; may they come again. They seemed to have a clear and good experience, those that came; I never heard them talk quite so good before; they had faith to venture out on the promises, and trust Jesus for all things in this life and in that which is to come. I am thankful for the interest God has given to me in the young people; I want to help them along in the narrow way to the glory world. I have received great comfort during the week from the words, "We shall reap if we faint not." After I closed the meeting at nine o'clock (I had an extra meeting), I was invited to meet at a certain home where a few of the members of our church gave a surprise to one of the Lord's needy ones. Quite a number of good things were sent in. The Lord will provide for his own. The heart of that aged one was made glad. After a few minutes' Christian conversation I asked the man of the house if I might offer a prayer; he responded in the affirmative. We sang two verses of that beautiful song, "Close to thee," and bowed in prayer, and asked the giver of all good gifts to reward them that contributed for that needy one, who is taking care of two motherless children, and training them for heaven, where they will meet a devoted mother. The Lord filled our hearts full of his love, so that the tears started down our face; glory be to his name forever. I bade each one a kind good night, and soon reached my home. I used a night-key and gained an en-

trance and found the gas burning. I was somewhat disappointed ; my wife was not to be found ; the boys and herself had gone to the entertainment in the Opera House. In a few minutes her graceful presence stood before me, her face covered with smiles. As she looked at me she began to tell me about the tableaux, &c. The gentleman complimented the young ladies of Ilion very much in a few words at the close of the entertainment. That did not displease me ; no ; I think the people here are very nice and good ; I covet them all for Jesus.

Saturday evening my boy drove me down to the class-meeting. I made a call at a house where I used to call and pray with a sick one, who is now in heaven. The husband has led a different life. The Lord has answered the prayers of that sainted one, who is now in glory ; praise his name. He does and will answer the prayer of faith. As I entered that home, (made up of father, two daughters, one son, son-in-law and two grand-children,) one of the daughters was present and made me welcome. I soon felt at home. Two little boys of hers were present. We talked about the meetings. I inquired about her father, who was absent, her husband and each one that made up that family circle. Just then a sister came in from a walk down street. I was delighted to look into her pleasant face once more. The last time I prayed in that home, my prayer seemed to be for her. We conversed freely. She referred to her dear mother, and how tender and good she used to talk to each one. I do admire those that have respect, and speak well of their parents. I can

tell a young person very quick after I hear them speak of father and mother. I found my time was up. I must go to the church. We bowed on our knees in prayer to God ; I did plead with him for his blessing to rest on each one, and that father especially, for he has a terrible appetite to overcome. He can be kept through grace given to him as he journeys along. The Lord did bless us in a powerful manner. The tears came to our eyes as we waited at the feet of the dear Saviour. I said good night and started for the class-meeting, where I found the members of the class waiting for the leader. We were all hungry to testify for Jesus. We felt a hungering and thirsting after God. We had a blessed time together ; the Lord came in power to our assistance. O, the privilege of confessing Christ. Through the blood of Christ and the word of our testimony we will overcome him, blessed Lord. We sang for our closing piece one verse of that old song, "Home of the Soul." We said good night and made our way home. At ten o'clock I left my family and walked to the depot, to take the train for St. Johnsville. The train was one hour and forty-five minutes late. We reached there and walked up to the parsonage at one o'clock in the morning. I rang the door bell ; the lady of the house responded and called out, "Who is there?" I gave my name. She kindly invited me to come in, and sent me away to my room. I found brother Ferguson there. He had retired for the night. I was glad to hear from him. Some had given their hearts to the dear Lord during the week. I am intensely interested in the people of St. Johns-

ville. If you ask why, I will give you the words of the Apostle Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me." Yet it is the love of Jesus. The pastor has been unable to attend to his duties since Wednesday, from illness. The more responsibility for brother Ferguson. He can rest on that beautiful promise found in the precious Word, and go forward. "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." I found sister Mary Pierce indisposed, unable to be in the meeting. May God heal her very soon, so she can do work for the Master. After I read a part 28th Chap. Proverbs, we bowed on our knees. The blessed Jesus gave me the spirit of prayer. It seemed to be for the special benefit of sister Pierce. While her duties are heavy upon her at present, her husband and Mary both ill, my sympathy went to her for God to bless her soul and body, and give her grace at this critical time. The best, of all God is able to smooth all the rough places, and use us for his glory. At ten and a half o'clock we gathered in the church. Brothers A. and F. from Herkimer were present, and brother B. from Ilion. Brother Ferguson took charge of the meeting. The choir sang the opening piece. Prayer was offered. I read a portion of Romans x, and commented upon it as the Holy Spirit led me. The Lord used his word to help the people. Brother B. gave us a few minutes' talk from his heart, which did us all good. We sang one verse of that old hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee." The leader of the meeting was on his feet in a minute and gave us a few words of exhortation. The Holy Spirit led him to say to the members of the congregation, all that are willing to make an entire

consecration to God and feel in their hearts they need more grace to come forward to the altar. We then sang two verses of that hymn,

“Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
O, Lamb of God I come.”

The Lord helped them at that time. Nearly every member of the entire church moved toward the altar, and heaven. One man, a backslider, was so much wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that he came forward at once and gave his heart to the blessed Jesus; glory be to God for salvation. There is power in Jesus' blood to make the foulest clean. Jesus reigns wherever the sun doth his successive journey run. After a few brief and heartfelt prayers, we arose and sat down to listen to the young converts testify for the Saviour. At twelve o'clock the choir sang the doxology, and we were dismissed. The Sabbath school was next in order. The Lord blessed the people so wonderfully that they all remained to study the word. Your humble servant was invited by the Bible class to be their teacher, and confirmed by the superintendent, to teach the class. I was not very well prepared to teach, for I did not have time to study the lesson during the week. I applied to the great Teacher of all hearts. He helped me in that emergency. The class were ready to ask and answer questions. We did enjoy that very much. The bell from the desk of the superintendent sounded; our time was up. The brethren talked to the school for a few minutes. The

choir sang the closing hymn. We separated to go to dinner. At three and a half o'clock we met for general class-meeting. A large number came. Brother B. led the meeting; Jesus led him. The atmosphere of the room seemed like heaven. Some spoke for the first time in class. God did bless his children in a way unknown to us. There were some confessions in that meeting. After we were dismissed one of the brethren accompanied me to some of the homes. We prayed with three families. God blessed us in doing that little thing. We invited some to seek the Saviour. At five o'clock we reached the home of the brother who escorted me where I went to call. We found his family at supper table. I visited with the family while they were partaking of the good things to strengthen the outward man. Seven in that family, five girls and two boys. They will all be Christians when old enough. At six o'clock we were in the prayer meeting, led by brother A. The spirit of the Master was felt in that hour of prayer. I am slow to learn, but one thing I have found out, that we do not pray enough. At seven and a half o'clock the public service commenced; the choir sang the opening hymn, a portion of Scripture was read, the brethren talked with tears in their eyes. The leader of the meeting gave an invitation for any one that was willing to give up the world and leave their sins at the feet of Jesus, to come to the altar. Four young ladies from the Sabbath school came forward and gave their hearts to God. What a beautiful sight to see the youth seeking the Lord. The house was packed full of people. I am young in the revival work, but

I never saw the like—the interest, good attention from the audience surpassed anything I ever witnessed in all my life. God is in the meeting in power and demonstration of the Spirit. The place was made solemn on account of his divine presence. May the work go on, and St. Johnsville feel from centre to circumference that there is a mighty God in heaven. I pray that an army for the Lord may be raised up there that will be true to Jesus, and fight sin and drive the enemy, and force Satan to retire from that place. May they be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well. Glory be to God for a free and full salvation.

Monday morning we met at the parsonage to clasp the hands of brother Pierce and family; he kindly gave us an invitation to come down the next Saturday evening and assist them over the Sabbath. May the good Lord give us the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the baptism of fire on our hearts, so we may, through faith in his name, help others as we receive from him. We said good bye to St. Johnsville, and soon reached our homes, feeling deep down in our hearts that the precious Word is true, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Monday evening, no meeting on account of the official board who had convened in the class-room. We were there at the usual hour. I do not speak of this in a boasting way; O, no; nor for any credit to myself. There is this I want to bring out; not one of the class can have the excuse to keep away from the meetings and say, "Our leader is not as much interested now as at the first, and has neglected to

come ; I will do the same." God helping me, I will be at the post of duty, storm or shine. The way of duty is the way of safety. The Lord will help them that will help themselves ; praise his dear name for the privilege of doing the little things for Jesus. How often we sing, "He leadeth me." Do we follow ?— that is the question. How is it with you, reader ? Please pause a minute and consider this subject ; it is an important one. Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." May God give us the working spirit, for his own name's sake.

Tuesday evening I spent awhile in the office over my books. I made one call at a home where the lady of the house is unable to be in the meetings on account of sickness. A short time after I was seated in the arm-chair, a son and his companion came in as I was reading a few pages in my journal. As they are not Christians, I feared I could not entertain them ; but I had the advantage of them ; I arrived there before them, and had the consent of the mother to read. The good Lord made my own heart tender with his love ; the tears ran down my face ; it may be they were for one of them (the lady that came in then has since passed away to the spirit world). I am glad I could speak a word for the dear Saviour in that home ; I hope God saved that one before she was called to go hence. I leave them with the Lord ; he doeth all things well. I enjoyed that call more than I can tell. We then bowed on our knees in prayer to God to ask the blessing of the Master on each one bowed in that home, and especially on that husband and wife. I expect God will answer that

mother's prayer, and save her boy, for the Saviour's sake, and bring them to the glory land, where they will meet a devoted father singing with the angels in heaven with the blood-washed that are at rest in the "Sweet By-and-by."

We had a good time conversing with them about the meetings and the members of the class. I am glad that we are social beings ; I do prize the communion of saints and the company of God's faithful ones. O, the thought of meeting our friends in the glory world. It seems to fire my heart with new zeal and courage. The man of the house said to me, "I want you to pray before you go." We ceased talking to each other, and bowed in prayer and talked with God. His gracious presence was felt by each one as we bowed around that family altar, father, mother and daughter. The good Lord was pleased with that act of worship, as we asked him, for his dear Son's sake, to give grace to the aged ones as they are walking in the afternoon of life. May Jesus' love dwell richly in their hearts to cheer them along their pathway ; may they catch a glimpse of that beautiful shore with the eye of faith, as their little bark is tossed about on the ocean of life's troubled sea, and feel there is no danger as the waves dash up against them and the storms gather thick and fast. "Father is at the helm ;" by-and-by they will land safely in the harbor, and join that innumerable company that John saw. After we arose from our knees I saw my aged brother dry up the tears that God put upon his face. I said a kind good night to each one, and soon found my way home and

to the church, where they gave our much esteemed pastor, Rev. G. M. Mead, a donation. They presented him with a purse of two hundred and fifty-six dollars (\$256). Well done for Ilion ; it is the banner church in this conference. I sometimes feel religiously proud (as brother Hard used to say) when I think of our church. The room was packed with the members of our congregation and their dear loved ones. The ladies provided the good things to renew the outward man, while the gentlemen came down with the greenbacks. The best of all I noticed was the good spirit which prevailed during the entire evening ; many a heart was made glad, and all went their way rejoicing. May we have more such gatherings. The Lord is so good to us, praise his dear name. At ten o'clock we pressed the hand of our pastor and bade him good night, and had the pleasure of walking home by the side of that little lady we call " wife." We put in a full day ; by the help of our Saviour we tried to keep one of the commandments : " Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all.

Thursday evening we called at the home of the sick ; my heart went out in sympathy to the suffering one. Jesus, my loving Saviour, sympathizes with that one too. Some are called to suffer, others to toil—all for the glory of God. It is so hard for us to learn the lesson of trust. We must endure as good soldiers. Those who endure to the end shall receive a crown of life. These afflictions are for our good in every case. We conversed together for

few minutes and then bowed in prayer for God to give grace to keep through that sickness, heal the disease, and bless soul and body, and help that afflicted one to say, "Father, thy will be done. Glorify thyself through me." May we all learn to trust in the strong arm of one who is mighty to save, and able to keep under all circumstances in life. I said good night, and went to the prayer meeting. I there gave my testimony and song for Jesus; praise his name for the spirit he gives to me. Religion is good; it is an every day reality with me; my life flows on in endless song; I hear the music ringing; I love to catch the far-off sound. How can I keep from singing? Blessed Lord, he saves unworthy me.

Friday afternoon I attended the ladies' prayer meeting for one hour; the leader was led by the Holy Spirit; she could tell us about the narrow way; she is walking in it herself. Our experience is what will help those around us; the good Lord will work through his faithful children, winning souls to himself. The atmosphere in the room was very refreshing to my soul; it seemed to satisfy the longing of my heart. As I offered a little prayer to the Lord, I felt so small and unworthy; I wanted to hide away out of sight. The weeks are passing away, the harvest is ripe, and I have not gathered any sheaves for the Master. He accepted of that humble confession, and through the intercession of his own dear Son, he filled my heart to overflowing of his divine love; the tears dropped freely from my face; glory be to his name forever.

At seven and a half o'clock we met in the class-

room; we sang for thirty minutes; the Lord was pleased as we sang his praises; his Spirit filled each one so we could sing with grace in our hearts. Some came for the first time; we had liberty in telling the old story; the place was solemn on account of the presence of Christ Jesus our Lord. Witnessing for Christ is not only a duty, but we should esteem it a privilege. How many are sickly and delicate to-day (spiritually), feeding on the husks! They can scarcely tell whether they are saved, and fit to stand before the Judge were they called to die to-night. How is it with you, dear reader? We hear of revivals all around us. May the good Lord put a burden of soul on each one, so we may go out, if need be, and gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord.

Saturday evening we had a blessed meeting; the dear Lord is reviving his work in the hearts of the class; there seems to be a hungering after more of God's love. O, that he may come in majesty and power, and reign in righteousness on all the people. When we are willing to make the consecration, he will accept the offering, and bless us according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. Some came that I have not seen present in a long time. God will and does answer the prayer of faith; may he send a baptism of fire on each one. "Nearer, my God, to thee," is appropriate for each one of us to sing. It don't pay to serve the Lord at such a distance; we must keep near to him. At nine o'clock we sang one verse of that old song, "Home of the soul." The meeting was dismissed, and we took the street-car for home. At ten o'clock we walked to the depot to take

the train for St. Johnsville, to remain over Sabbath with brother Pierce. The train was one hour late. After a few minutes' ride we reached the place, and I was on my way to the parsonage. When I came in sight of the house, I was cheered ; the good folks had put a light in the window for me. I offered a silent prayer in my heart, "God bless them for their kindness." I rang the door-bell ; I was admitted and made welcome. I made a few inquiries about the converts, and then went up to my room. One o'clock in the morning I found my old friend and former room-mate, brother Ferguson, enjoying rest ; he had passed out into the land of dreams. I laid myself down for a few hours' sleep. I rested on that promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Blessed Lord. In the morning I arose much refreshed. I could scarcely wait until I reached the church. I wanted to look into the faces of the converts and members of the church, who have treated me with so much kindness. God bless and keep each one, and bring them to the glory land, for his dear Son's sake. At ten and a half o'clock we found ourselves in the church with the brethren. The choir sang for the opening hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." We entered heartily into the spirit as we sang that old song ; there is so much theology in the song service. I had the pleasure of reading for our morning lesson Ephesians ii. I commented upon it as I was led by the Spirit. The brethren talked for a short time with their voice and tears ; our hearts were made tender ; the place was solemn, so much of divine presence in that room. The leader gave the in-

vitation for any one to come forward and seek the Lord. One backslider came to choose the Saviour, and flee from the wrath to come. She was made happy, and rejoiced in the love of Jesus, and went down to her house justified, resolved to live for Christ and heaven. The pastor pronounced the benediction. The Sabbath school convened. I was put in charge of a class of little boys; we went through the lesson, and then they requested me to tell them stories. I did not feel bad over that. I like stories about Jesus and the children; I need sympathy as much as any of the little folks. I sometimes feel I shall always be a child. I hope to be a good one, approved and accepted of him who has said in his Word, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." At three and a half o'clock we assembled for general class-meeting. I was much pleased to see the youth come in; one seat was filled with young Christians. The first song we sang, my heart caught the spirit as I heard their sweet voices sending out the praises of our Saviour and King; to him be glory and honor for the precious means of grace found in the Methodist church, the class-meeting. The Word teaches us we are not to forget the assembling of ourselves together. How true we have a heaven to go to heaven in. I often wonder why I am not a better Christian; I have so much to help me along the way. I fail so many times, and make very little progress. My Teacher is so kind, and forgives me; the still, small voice whispers to me, and says, Try again. I do not want to go back into the

world again ; there are no attractions for me there ; nothing but sin and disappointment. As I look up to my Saviour and out into the future with the eye of faith, I see new beauties, and everything glorious; it draws me nearer to him. I do expect through the riches of grace to overcome at last, and enter into the mansions my Jesus has gone to prepare for his people. At seven o'clock we found ourselves seated in the altar ready to commence the evening service. The house was packed with anxious listeners ; a good spirit prevailed ; the members were quickened, and made some advancement in the divine life. The brethren had liberty as they talked for our blessed Master. The amount of good done I am unable to say ; eternity will only reveal. God must speak to the hearts of the people, and draw them to himself. One beautiful young lady was in the meeting ; I saw her for the first time, and found out they brought her there in a hand-sleigh. That was the first time she came into the church, as it was completed during her sickness. She gave her heart to Jesus, and is happy in the Lord. Another young lady who was sick with fever while the meetings were carried on, came for the first time, went forward to the altar and sought the pardon of her sins. The Lord is at work in the place ; I hope and pray that others may come and join this little band, be true to Christ and his cause, and work in the vineyard of the Master. At 9:15 the doxology was sung with a ring in it, the pastor dismissed us with the benediction, we spent a few minutes in hand-shaking, and bade each one a kind good night and walked over to the parsonage. I will

say a word about the home of the pastor in St. Johnsville. It is the best parsonage in the conference, two stories high, built of brick; there are twenty-one rooms in the building, cupboards, clothes-presses and many conveniences. Brother Pierce can accommodate his friends in a very elaborate way as they call upon him. It stands on the rear of the lot (the church by the side of it and nearer the street). It is an ornament to the village, and a good home for any minister of the gospel. I think they deserve it; they are men of God, who are engaged in the cause of the Master, and working for the good of souls. Let us help them by our prayers, our sympathy, and our purses if need be. We may think they are free from trials because they are good men and faithful to God.

Monday morning the brethren came in before we started for the depot. Brother F. read a portion of Scripture and then offered prayer for God's blessing to rest on pastor and people. We clasped the hand of each, and made our way to the station, got our ticket, and soon reached home. Rev. M. R. Webster got on board the train at Little Falls; Rev. W. D. Chase joined us at Herkimer, on their way to the preachers' meeting at Utica. Our hearts were cheered to look into their happy faces once more. May we all be true to Jesus while we journey along in the pilgrim way, so that we may meet those in the "Sweet By-and-by," for his dear Son's sake.

"BROTHER HUTCHINS—I am informed that Mr. Burdick will remain there all the week, Saturday evening included; we will not have any meeting. I wish

I could tell you how happy in Christ I've been lately. He is so near and so dear. I greatly desire to live a holy life. I believe it possible for every Christian to live so, and yet most of those whom I have met that profess to live such a life, I have found to be more faulty than they ought to be. I wish to live so above the annoyance and trials of this life that I could constantly feel the actual presence of Christ. I wished more older Christians lived thus; then they could help us so much more. I know that I am growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; and as I have taken up some heavy crosses lately, and denied self, I have been so wonderfully blessed. O, my brother, I wish you would pray earnestly for me, that I may live so that Christ can constantly use me to help others. There are so many around us who need help. I hope you enjoyed your work at St. Johnsville, and were benefited thereby. There will in all probability be a young people's prayer meeting next Monday evening. Please read 1 Cor. xii. Any hints or suggestions you may have regarding a full consecration to Christ will be thankfully received by your sincere friend, M."

Monday evening we enjoyed the prayer meeting very much. I was so anxious to meet the young people, and bow on our knees in prayer together, and ask him who has said in his Word, "Before they call will I answer, and while they are yet speaking will I hear." The dear Lord helped us to sing in the Spirit—praise to his Son Jesus Christ—and make melody in our heart unto the Lord. The prayers were brief and childlike. I think we pray too long; I do myself; I feel so needy, I want so much from my kind Heavenly Father, that I keep on asking and pleading with him, for his dear Son's sake, to supply

all our need. I am nothing but a beggar, so I keep on asking. I am encouraged through his precious Word ; there I read, He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. I was invited by one of the members of my class to call and visit a sick one. I will pray to Jesus to give me grace for that occasion. I cannot sympathize with the suffering and say words of comfort, only as God uses me and fills me with his Spirit ; praise his name. I will go where duty calls me. I often feel my own weakness, and how many times I fail in my attempts to work a little in his vineyard. Glory be to his name, he gives me my penny and blesses me so much in doing errands for him. I call out and say, Father, here I am, send me, dear Lord.

Tuesday evening I called at the home of an aged one ; she was brought into the fold at the eleventh hour (sister Nase). I well remember the time and place ; she rose upon her feet and said to the congregation by that act (through the invitation of Rev. H. W. Bennett), I want to be a Christian, and ask you all to pray for me. She has been an invalid most of the time since ; she has passed through trials, sickness and death. She has buried two loved sons ; grace has kept her during her affliction. I often thank God for his mercy to that aged sister ; she was at the class-meeting regularly while her health permitted her to come. God is with her in her home ; I hope and pray she may be comforted by his presence, and when the summons may come, she may be found watching and waiting. I bowed in prayer in

that home, and then bade a kind good night, and walked across the way to call on another family. I prayed in that home, and started for another quite near. We offered a little prayer to God for his grace to be given to the dear ones that make up that family circle, that they may be blessed and kept through every trial, and reach the glory land on the evergreen shore. On my way homeward I called on one of God's faithful ones who is always in the class-room unless something unusual happens. We felt the good Lord was pleased with the little prayer we offered in that home. After a few minutes' walk I found myself seated in another pleasant home where I call occasionally ; two of the dear children belong to my class ; they were absent, attending a Baptist social. Two of the neighbors were present ; we had a good visit there—the last call we made that evening; not the least. The Lord gave us the best of the wine at the last of the feast ; I prayed for and called the name of each one present, and asked God's blessing to rest upon and remain with them. The dear Saviour filled our hearts to overflowing ; the place was solemn on account of his presence ; that occasion will long be remembered ; God touched my heart, the tears started down my face as my mind went out to a sick one where I was to call the next evening. I bade them a kind good night ; they requested me to call again ; I will when the good Lord will open my way. As he leads we will follow. After a few minutes' walk I reached my home ; the door was locked ; I used my night-key and gained an entrance ; the gas was turned down. I soon learned I had full sway

there. I felt about as consequential as Robinson Crusoe did when he said,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

The lady of the house had gone out calling. The boys went down to the Armory at Mohawk to drill with the Remington Rifle Corps, as their company expect to go to Washington, D. C., March 4th, to be present at the inauguration of President Garfield. Very soon the little woman came in with a smiling face; she was happy. I was much pleased to find she had run away for an hour from her domestic cares, and enjoy a little rest. How true, if you wish to be happy, go out and make others happy. These mothers need our sympathy; the care of that willful and wayward boy, so headstrong and stubborn, will have fun and see the elephant. O, it does try the patience of mothers; there is nothing but the grace of God that will sustain them. I know what I am now writing about. Yes, I was even worse than I have mentioned. But Jesus' love broke my stubborn will in answer to a devoted mother's prayer. Blessed Jesus, he saves me now.

The pastor at St. Johnsville requested me to write to the "Oswego Lay Evangelists," and invite them to come and labor with him in the meetings for a few weeks. I did so, and will give the answer, as many in this section are well acquainted with those devoted and faithful men:

"MY DEAR BROTHER—Yours of February 5th was duly received. I was very glad indeed to hear from you again; had thought to write to you to say that

the recollection of our brief association in the Master was fresh and green in my memory. I am, in connection with brothers Wood and Bachellor, still in the warfare, and doing all we can to hurt Satan's kingdom, and rescue souls from his cruel bondage. We are now laboring with brother Beck in the city, and the dear Lord is with us, and precious souls are coming to Christ. However much we would like to respond favorably to brother Pierce's call, I do not know it is possible to do so unless it be late in the spring. We have an engagement in Canada after this, which will require us up to the latter part of March. We have had during the fall and winter, I think, more than twenty calls in excess of which we could fill. Surely the fields are white with the harvest, but the laborers are few. With kindest Christian regards to yourself and family, I remain yours in the fellowship of the gospel,

E. G. NEWMAN,

Cor. Sec. Oswego Lay Evangelists.

Wednesday evening, very stormy ; I made one call ; prayed in one home. The concert in the Opera House seemed to be the attraction ; it don't take much of any effort for the people to get ready and go to the lecture, but a small excuse will prevent them from attending their class-room or the prayer meeting. If you should ask me why it is so, I cannot answer the question ; I will leave it for some wise person to explain. Nearly every one will admit what I have said is true. We are sinful creatures prone to wander, as much so as the sparks are to fly upward. Through the blood of God's dear Son we may be cleansed from all sin. It is Jesus that can change our hearts, when our will is surrendered to his. "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father,

even Jesus Christ the righteous." "Ye are laborers together with God." What an honor conferred upon us. The most noble act of any man's life is to bring a soul to Christ. We must keep very humble, and live at the feet of Jesus, our loving Saviour, to accomplish anything for God and help others in the way. And yet he will use us if we will obey and keep his commandments. The meek and lowly in heart will he guide in judgment. O, for an entire consecration to God, soul and body, for all time to come. Lord, teach us to make up our minds and do that simple thing. Reader, if you will act on the advice of a friend, and one that loves your soul, I will promise that you will never regret taking that step. May God help you to consider now. Eternity awaits you ; death will knock at the door of your heart, and tell you to come ; you cannot turn him away ; no, prepared or not, you must submit, and say Good bye, mother ; farewell, father, and pass out into the spirit world to meet thy Maker. I will pray you to be ready. "In the hour ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Thursday evening I called at the home of one that was converted about one year ago in the Friday afternoon meeting ; an aged sister was there ; we had a good visit together. We spent a half-hour in Christian conversation. I met two beautiful boys in that home. I told them some stories ; I could see at once they were much pleased. When we can entertain the children we help the parents. You befriend my boy, you win my respect at once. The father had gone to the Opera House before I reached there. I

found my time was up ; I must go to the prayer meeting. I asked if I might pray ; we went down on our knees before God ; one of the dear boys knelt with us by the side of his mother. The Lord touched my heart as I pleaded with him to bless that family, and bring each one home at last to heaven, where they will meet a loved one that is now singing in glory. I had liberty as I prayed ; the tears came to my eyes as I called the name of that boy ; the mother's heart rejoiced ; it was a feast to my soul. O, for the spirit of prayer that comes from God. "According to your faith be it unto you. I said good night, and soon reached the prayer room. I found the people on their knees as I went in ; as we arose I had a song ready. I used a few minutes in prayer ; I could feel the power of God on my heart as I called upon his name for a revival of his work in the church. We went to our respective homes much refreshed in the inner man.

Friday evening was stormy, which kept quite a number at home from class. We sang in the Spirit for a half-hour. I had liberty as I read from the fifteenth chapter of St. John. God says in his Word, "They that honor me will I honor." But few present ; Jesus' presence filled the place. As we confess for the Saviour, it strengthens our faith. Dr. Lowry says we need Christian conversation as much for our souls as we need air for our bodies. I had occasion to go to Utica to-day on business. I enjoyed reading "Divine Life," a little monthly paper in pamphlet form, published 805 Broadway, New York. Rev. A. Lowry, D. D., an able writer ; I would say of him

as Bishop Haven said in the pulpit of our church, of Chaplain McCabe, "God has touched his lips." He writes freely, and uses plain terms ; his earnest words have great weight in them ; they impress you ; they will never be forgotten. His definition of holiness, in the February, 1883, number, is the best-written article I have ever seen on that subject. It will pay you to secure a copy and read it for yourself. He makes use of his pen to honor the Master. I am thankful to God for giving us such men as Dr. Lowry at the present time, that are devout and consecrated in their daily living. His life is a living witness for Jesus, that he is able to save, keep, and cleanse from all sin. His blood washes whiter than snow. His sayings have cheered many a heart along the pilgrim way ; he speaks and writes the truth as contained in the gospel, without regard to criticism of any one. P. O. address, 805 Broadway, New York. Rev. Asa Mahan, D. D., LL. D., is associated with Dr. Lowry as editors "Divine Life." The likeness of Dr. Mahan you will find in the January number. God has used that sainted man in the years that are past to write about that higher life hid with Christ in God, and to expound Scripture holiness, his favorite theme. The burning and soul-searching words from his pen have made many rich in faith and spiritual things. He is living on borrowed time ; he has passed fourscore years ; his mind is quick, elastic, clear and active, while his heart is pure, washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." His life is engaged in the service of Christ ; by-and-by he will hear that wel-

come applaud from his Maker, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He will have many stars in his crown awaiting him over there. His home is in London. His influence and faithful sayings, with his godly example, will be doing good after he has been called to his reward. That little paper has a large circulation, it is a welcome visitor to my home. I wish every Christian in the land might read and practice its teaching. I have saved my numbers to have them bound in book-form to read again.

Saturday evening but few out to class-meeting. Our rival on that occasion was an entertainment in the Opera House for the benefit of the Remington Rifle Corps. The Lord blessed us in singing praises for Jesus. We had an inspiration come upon us as we read a portion of the Word. The members had liberty as they testified for the dear Saviour. They talked with their voice and tears. God came into that little meeting, and made our hearts happy in his love. It seemed to me they talked better than ever before; praise God for keeping grace. We closed at nine o'clock by singing two verses of that favorite song, "Home of the soul."

Sunday I spent at home with my family; I have been at St. Johnsville for four Sabbaths in succession. I have enjoyed that work very much; the people are so kind to me, although a stranger. I have learned the names of quite a portion of the members of the church, and made the acquaintance of some (God helping me) I expect by-and-by, when the toil of life is past, to meet them in heaven. One

gentleman and his amiable wife (brother and sister Stone) helped me greatly in the meetings ; they are excellent singers ; they worship with the people of the Reformed church ; they have frequently attended our meetings ; God bless them for the good they have done me. The Lord has endowed them with gifts and talent ; I am glad they are willing to work for him. One morning, in the absence of their pastor, he sent one of his sermons for brother Stone to read to the congregation. He did so with great credit to himself and the edification of the people. I am told the young people that were present were delighted with his prayer ; all felt profited. I well remember the first class-meeting that sister Stone attended ; the good Lord blessed her heart in a wonderful manner. She remarked that it was the first time she ever attended a Methodist class-meeting, but hoped she might enjoy more of them. May God grant it for his name's sake. I am so thankful I have made the acquaintance of that couple, and have been so highly entertained by their testimony for the Saviour. The good people of St. Johnsville will have a warm place in my heart. They have struggled through the tug of war (as we often say), and built a church in connection with their beautiful and commodious parsonage (that I have referred to) ; they are well to do in that respect. I hope now and all along in the future, their chief aim and ambition of life will be to honor God and win precious souls to Christ. Brother Mead took for his text to-day Paul's words, "I am made all things to all men, that by all means I might save some." He preached an excel-

lent sermon; time, fifty minutes. He made some good points; I was benefited by his discourse. He remarked that if our hearts were filled with the love of Christ, we would win some; although it might not be done at once, it would be in time if we hold on to God and his cause. I do expect to hold on and hold out. Men have prejudices to overcome; early training has something to do with their seeking salvation. Jesus says in his Word, "No man cometh unto me except the Father draw him." That is true. At six o'clock I called at the home of the sick one of God's faithful ones. I learned a lesson there—patient, happy and cheerful, trusting in the dear, loving Saviour. "Labor is rest, and pain is sweet, if thou, my God, art here." I met two ladies calling there, one a Christian, the other not. We spent a short time in Christian conversation very profitably together. We sang three verses of that good old song, "Trusting in Jesus, that is all." God made my heart tender as soon as my knees touched the floor; the tears started down my face. What liberty I had in prayer; the longer I prayed, the more power I seemed to have at the throne of the heavenly grace. Hallelujah to Jesus; I will sing my Redeemer and King. The others caught the weeping spirit; glory be to God for the spirit of prayer he gives to his faithful ones. I owe to be in that frame of mind, when our faith reaches to that within the vail, when the Holy Spirit permeates our entire being, nothing but hungering and thirsting after the living God. What revelation of his power to the children of the Heavenly King, our hearts so full of his love and spirit that we for-

get ourselves ; we are lost in wonder, love and praise. O, the way is delightful in his service. We arose from our knees, I wiped away the tears from my face, shook hands with each one, and bade them a kind good night. In a few minutes I reached the church, in time to hear the sermon, which was a good one.

Monday evening we had an excellent prayer meeting, one that will long be remembered by all present ; the Lord sent a good number out to the means of grace. Some Christians get along without it. I do not understand how they can succeed, and grow in grace and in the further knowledge of our Lord without the aid of the prayer meeting. They are a comfort and solace to my soul. I make an effort to attend four every week. We sang for a half-hour with much profit. The young people are greatly benefited from singing those beautiful songs ; there is so much theology in them. The dear Saviour gave me so much liberty in reading and commenting upon his Word. The prayers from each came from the heart, and were full of faith. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Some of the young Christians that have been detained from the meetings for some time are getting cold and indifferent. I could not interest them and hold their attention. It is so easy to become cold and formal. I must pray more for the young people. We spent about seven minutes in quoting passages of Scripture. I think that is the best part of the meeting ; to be able to give one verse, it will add much to our faith ; it is pleasing in the sight of God ; we hope to continue that service every week.

Tuesday evening I drove down to M., and called on the sick one who has been an invalid for years. I rapped on the door, then came the house-keeper and opened it. I inquired for the lady of the house ; she recognized my voice, and bade me come in. I found her quite low spirited. She said to me that the Christian people were so cold, and referred to one who had spent several days in her home and did not speak of Jesus. I know that is true ; I have observed it. I thought of a story about an invalid, a great sufferer for twenty years. I related that to her. God touched her heart, the tears were seen on her face. I then sang three verses of that song, " Trusting Jesus." The Lord blessed me in doing that little thing. We bowed in prayer ; the room was filled with the presence of our Saviour. I had liberty in prayer as I prayed for each one in that family. I said good night, and started for a home where I wished to read a letter I had in my possession from a dear boy away from home. The family were out, calling, as I suppose, as the gas was turned down. I then called on one of the members of my class. As I rapped, the gentleman came and kindly invited me to come in. I clasped the hand of each one of the family, also a neighbor that was present. They introduced me to a daughter-in-law ; as I clasped her hand and said in an off-hand way, " I will call you Ella, if you please (her husband is a member of my class ; I expect she will soon be saved, and her name added to my class book) ; she will remember that call ; so will the writer. The dear Lord put a burden of prayer on my heart for her conversion ; I have

prayed to Jesus to save her and make her happy in his love. While we were holding conversation with the dear ones that make up that family circle, a rap on the door broke in upon us, while I was relating to them a story. I paused for a minute (the caller was seated in the parlor, and Ella excused herself to me, and entertained the stranger). I finished my story, and said to them, "I will pray, if you will allow me the privilege ; they answered in the affirmative. We bowed together in prayer ; the Lord gave me a weeping blessing as I commenced to pray in that beautiful home. I kept my voice down in a low tone for fear of disturbing the caller in the parlor. God touched my heart with the finger of his love ; my voice raised higher ; I heard no more talking in the adjoining room. I had liberty as I prayed and called the name of each one to God. We arose from our knees, I said good night, and walked away, feeling in my heart that the Lord had an errand for me to do in that home. May he save that one I have referred to, for his dear Son's sake. (I am happy to inform you that one was saved the following winter, and made happy in Christ, and, is traveling in the narrow way, with her husband, to the glory land.) After a few minutes' walk I rang the door-bell at another home where I wished to call. They made me welcome as I sat down in the parlor with the young people. The parents had gone out to make calls. Four young ladies make up that family circle ; three of them attend our meetings. I thought of those beautiful words of the apostle Paul, "I am made all things to all men, that I might save some." The

first home I was obliged to adapt myself and sympathize with the sick ; the next place I called I found the aged, middle-aged and the young ; the third place, the young people. I find, with Jesus' love in my heart, I can make my calls agreeable to all classes of people. If any good results from calling at the homes I have mentioned, the Lord must accomplish the work in his own way. I am so weak of myself I cannot do any good only as Jesus blesses my feeble efforts in the conversion of souls. I enjoyed meeting the young people in that home for a few minutes. I met a young lady calling there. I asked the privilege to pray before I said good night. There was a stillness and solemnity in the room as we called on the Most High God for his blessing to rest on that family, that told us that the dear Saviour was pleased with our thank-offering as we waited on our knees in humble prayer. He did bless us according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus our Lord. I said good night, and soon found my way to the street-car, at nine o'clock to leave for Ilion. My own heart was cheered with what the Lord did for me that evening.

Wednesday evening I called a few minutes on one of the members of my class that was sick. I offered a little prayer to the Great Physician to heal body and soul ; I expect he will ; he is abundantly able. Trials and afflictions are for our good. I felt much of the presence of Christ as we bowed in prayer. I said good night, and called at another home. There I had an errand of business ; after I attended to that I prayed to God to give grace to each one present to keep them through the trying scenes of life, and bring

them to the "Sweet By-and-by," for his mercy's sake. I found my time was up ; at eight o'clock I had an engagement ; I was off for John street in a few minutes. I reached the place, rang the door-bell, and was invited to walk in. They were waiting for me to join them and take a walk to a neighbor's house to give them a surprise (some would call it a pound party). We reached the place, walked into the house without ringing the door-bell. I noticed the lady of that home was much surprised as she looked at the things we had taken along—sacks of flour and many other useful things. We took off our overcoats and made ourselves at home ; they invited us into the parlor to be seated. I found an empty chair, and sat down for a few minutes. I then had the pleasure of saying a few words (to the husband and wife of that home) in behalf of those present. I did not attempt to make a speech, but talked in a friendly way, and asked them to accept the things that were sent in, not for their value, but the spirit manifested. (The man of the house was obliged to give up his work on account of sickness.) The good attention given to those simple words spoken in weakness, was evidence to me that the Master, who notices all our acts, was pleased to bestow his blessing on that little company. I tried to point them to Jesus ; and as they showed their heartfelt thanks to the neighbors and friends, I remarked that the great Shepherd of souls had prompted us to gather the things together and present them on that occasion. I was not satisfied with what I said on my feet ; I asked all present to bow on their knees in prayer. I

had faith in God that he would give me a word to touch the heart of that husband and wife ; that it was God's good pleasure to save them and make them happy in his love. After prayer they thanked us kindly for that call, and the good spirit that was manifested. We spent a half-hour in singing. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." We are indebted to the blessed Jesus for our friends ; the more we love him, the more we will have, and the more we will think of and prize them. May we have many such gatherings ; it draws us nearer to God, and binds our love for each other with a three-fold cord, which cannot be broken. I bade each one good night, and soon reached my home. My experience for that evening will help me all through my life ; to Jesus be all the praise.

Thursday evening I was invited out with my wife to take tea at the home of a friend. My pastor and his amiable wife, Rev. W. F. Brown and lady, from Frankfort, Rev. T. B. Shepherd, P. E., and Sister Shepherd, were present. We enjoyed the visit very much. I did not have the privilege to pray with any of the members of my class that evening, which seemed a little strange to me. We spent a short time in singing from "Joy to the World." We then left for home in good season. I cannot tell you about our church prayer meeting that night, for I was not present.

Friday afternoon I met at the ladies' prayer meeting. I was so hungry for soul food, and such a desire in my heart to go on my knees in prayer, I could not wait until the meeting in the evening. As

soon as my knees touched the floor I felt the presence of God and the spirit of prayer and faith. The prayers were offered with an earnestness. As the leader changed the order of the meeting, we then testified for the Saviour. God was in our midst ; we felt his power ; we caught the blessed spirit as we sang ; my soul feasted on God ; the precious Redeemer was precious and near to each one, and especially to the mothers that were present. O the communion of saints, how it inspires my heart. In the evening we had a good time in the class-meeting ; some came that have not been there in a long time ; we sang praises to Jesus for twenty minutes at the opening. After prayer I read from God's Word the parable of the Prodigal ; my own heart was warmed as I read where the Father ran and met him. Reader, how is it with you ? Are you away from your Father's house, and feeding upon the husks, when there is bread enough and to spare ? If so, come back at once ; do not delay, but come away. The testimonies were spiritual and from the heart ; some were present that will go out from among us in a short time ; we must then say farewell to those young people. I must answer to God at the judgment how I have lived before them these years that are passing. I hope and pray that God will keep each one in the narrow way, and bring them home to heaven for his dear Son's sake.

Saturday evening as I reached the class-room I found one of the members present ; that one has not missed a meeting in the past year ; when in town she is always present at the Monday evening meeting, a

record worthy of notice. May her example stimulate each one of us to renewed diligence and faithful effort in the cause of the Master. We had an excellent meeting; one came for the first time. I will pray for God to save that one, and bring her to Christ and heaven. Sunday was a blessed day to my soul. I am growing in grace daily. I wonder if I will be as happy to-morrow as I am to-day? I will if I am obedient and trust. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. The joy of the Lord is your strength. It is God working in me for his glory. O for the spirit of humility to keep at the feet of Jesus. I enjoyed the sermon very much. I cannot tell you the text. I was in the vestibule counting the money we received on the plates. Brother Mead called for thirty dollars from the congregation for the Freedman's Aid Society. He called for the collectors to wait upon the people; they responded heartily and gave more than he asked of them; (Ilion forever.) We are a favored church, strong in numbers, spiritually and temporally. Some of the members of our church are very wealthy; through the blessing of God upon them and their own industry and economy, they have prospered, and become rich. And then those devout and godly men that have given in large sums, their reputation has extended far and wide for the benevolent spirit that the Lord has put within them; the sons of that "good man" that founded Ilion. I need not mention his name, for it is a household word on this continent and across the waters, never to be forgotten. That name upon the goods they manufacture will be a sufficient guarantee to make sale of

them in any market where they may be introduced. Brother Mead seemed to preach better than ever before. I was much impressed and instructed by his well-chosen words. I will venture to repeat the text ; if I am wrong, I will stand corrected : " And we know all things work together for good to them that love God." I am satisfied with my lot ; that is, I will by God's help make all out of life that I can. He gave us a beautiful illustration. He referred to a bird in a cage ; how foolish it would be for it to try and put an end to its existence because it was confined in the cage.

" DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS—I received your kind letter at L. I want to thank you for the truths it contained. Although I am subject to great temptation, and almost entirely cut off from the Christian influences that surrounded me when at home, yet through it all Jesus has been with me ; my heart is full of his love. We are stopping at hotels almost entirely, and drink is constantly pressed upon me ; but so far I have conquered the temptation, and by God's help I mean to be true to him. The same day I received your letter news came of a terrible accident in a coal mine, eight miles from here. We hired a carriage and went over to the scene of the accident. It seems that the lamp in the cap of one of the miners exploded, the gas in the mine bringing the earth and coal rock down on the miners, literally burying them alive. When we arrived the people of the town were trying to extricate them from the debris. As I saw their bleeding and mangled bodies brought out, I thought to myself were these men prepared to die, and where are their souls now ? O, Brother Hutchins, I thank the Lord that I am saved. It was a terrible sight, and one that I will never forget. Nine were killed and a number seriously hurt. I intend to be

home soon on a visit. I have written to my friend to-day. Hoping that the Lord will keep and reward you in your endeavors to save, I remain your friend. Pray much for me. R."

At six o'clock I called at the home of one of the members of my class, an invalid ; one who has not been out to church or prayer meeting for several months. I need not tell she was much pleased to receive a call from her class-leader. We spent a while in Christian conversation and, then bowed on our knees in prayer ; that part I do very much appreciate, more than I can explain. It was pleasing to God for us to wait on him in prayer around that family altar. He says in his Word, "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel." My heart was filled with the love of Jesus ; my eyes were full of tears ; my mouth filled with arguments, blessed Lord. I had liberty in prayer as I did plead with the dear Saviour for grace to keep that family, and especially that sick one. That was my farewell meeting in that home, as they expect to move in a few days. I said good night, and soon made my way to the church. Brother Mead had commenced his sermon. I sat down in a chair near the door. I think this was the text : " Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted," Gal. vi:1. I have failed to keep that commandment ; how is it with you, reader ? May God give us the spirit of charity ; without it we shall fail ; our lives will be fruitless. The sermon was a good one and did us all good. My experience

was at the close of the day one of the best Sabbaths of my life ; not for anything that I had done ; no, what the good Lord did do for me.

Monday evening I was present at the prayer meeting for the young people. We sang praises to Jesus for a half hour. The Lord accepted our song service. I had liberty as I read a portion of Scripture. O, that each one of us may become Bible students, and take the Word as the man of our counsel. It is safe trusting in the promises ; they are food for our never-dying souls. The prayers that were offered came from the heart and were full of faith ; without faith we cannot please God. As we closed the meeting by singing one verse of that old hymn, "Home of the Soul," we said good night and started for home, feeling that service for one hour in the cause of the blessed Master would be noticed in the great day when the books will be opened at the judgment.

Tuesday afternoon, March 1st, 1881, will be a memorable day to one of our number in the office, (E. Remington & Sons). One of our staff of the clerical force bade good-by to single blessedness, and took with him one of the fair young ladies of Ilion, to Hymen's altar, while the pastor, Rev. G. M. Mead, pronounced them husband and wife, to share the enjoyment of the wedded life that await them along the way. May their journey be a pleasant one ; success and good fortune attend them at every turn of life, and the height of their ambition be gained in all their undertaking in this world, and treasure laid up in heaven, where they will receive a crown of life that await the faithful. The clerks in the office presented

the groom with the company's check on the bank for one hundred dollars, (\$100), as a small memento of their respect for him and his amiable wife. They have the best wishes of all the people ; may their enjoyment in this life be all they desire, and in the world to come, life everlasting, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

In the evening I called at the home of one of the members of my class ; that one is absent at present. The parents gave me a hearty welcome ; we spent a short time in Christian conversation, and then bowed around the family altar to ask God to give grace to keep them through every trial. The Lord was present at that time ; the place was solemn on account of the tender melting spirit felt by each one. I said good night and walked across the way to call at the home of a sick one ; they had recovered and gone to the Opera House to hear a lecture from Dr. Fowler ; subject, "Great deeds of great men." I am told by those present it was a great treat to listen to that able man on that popular subject ; may he come again. I then called at a home where the man of the house has been confined home for several weeks ; he was much pleased to see me ; he was suffering for Christian sympathy ; I felt it at once. I cannot help any one only as the dear Saviour will help me. We did enjoy our call there very much ; during our stay the family were very frank in conversation ; the Lord blessed us as we talked about his cause and the interest of the church. The tears came to the eyes of that man as we conversed together. At nine o'clock we bowed in prayer to call on him, who says in his

Word, "Ask of me and I will give you the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession." I bade each one good night and soon reached my home. If any good results will come from making those calls it must come from God.

Wednesday evening I rapped at the door of a home where the family have come to be Ilionites. I met the gentleman in one of our meetings some time ago. The wife of that man is a lady from Clinton. The remembrance of our former acquaintance we look back to with much pleasure. We worshipped in the same church together for nine years. Her husband, a gentleman in every respect, a Baptist, a thorough devoted Christian man; they called him "Deacon T." before he came here. I expect she will attend the Baptist church with him. I hope they will give him office and work in the church at once; a very good way to become acquainted with the church members. We sang two pieces and then bowed on our knees in prayer, for God to bless the strangers so that they may feel at home among us. We arose; I bade them a kind good night, hoping to make a longer call next time. I called for a few minutes in another home; we sang for a short time and knelt in prayer; God filled our hearts with his love. We then made our way to the home of an aged lady, where a few had gathered for prayer and song, to dedicate that home to the Lord, in answer to prayer from one of his saints. As I entered the room a vacant chair stood near the table, where the precious Bible was opened at the thirtieth Psalm for

me to read. I read and made comments upon the word as I was led by the spirit : after a few brief, heartfelt prayers offered to God in behalf of that one who kindly invited us to her home, I then gave charge of the meeting to sister B., while they sang one verse of that good hymn, "Rock of Ages." I left for the home of the sick. After we exchanged a few words about the suffering one, I offered prayer to the Great Physician to heal her body, and bless her soul, and give grace to keep her near the bleeding side, where the stream is ever flowing to cure the diseased ; strengthen the weak ; give sight to the blind, and reclaim the wandering ones and bring them back to the fold and heaven.

Thursday evening I took the cars and went to Utica to hear the lady evangelist, Mrs. Maggie Van Cott. She is holding a series of meetings in the M. E. church, State street. I reached the lecture room a few minutes before the hour of service. I made inquiries from two boys that came into the meeting how they liked the lady preacher. Their answer pleased me very much. One of them remarked, "She is not as high as yourself; quite broad and stout, and good ; they all like her very much." In a few minutes the people came in and began to sing. Just then a lady dressed in deep mourning, with a fur cape over her shoulders, and a train to her dress, which is becoming to her, as she is a large person, walked up the aisle ; weight about two hundred pounds, with brown hair, and a happy, smiling face, full of expression ; a good pair of lungs and not afraid to use them for the Saviour ; very easy in manner

and graceful in appearance. I was impressed as soon as she commenced to talk. She is a woman full of faith and the Holy Ghost. She has power with God; she speaks from a full heart; her words are accompanied by the Holy Spirit. That is the secret of her success: the Lord speaks through her to the people. She took for her text, Proverbs xxx:15. "The way of the transgressor is hard." She spoke for thirty minutes and held the close attention of the entire audience. About eight hundred people listened to her burning words. Her earnestness and zeal in the cause of Christ will gain the sympathy of all her hearers, while God is drawing the people to himself through her. I thought of the words of our Saviour in old time, where he said on a certain occasion, "Woman, great is thy faith." I have endeavored to tell about that devoted Christian woman, who is working for the good of souls. I have failed in the attempt; you must go and hear her yourself. At nine and a half o'clock I left the church and made my way to the depot. I was obliged to wait three hours for the train; God kept me sweetly without a murmur. I was doubly paid for my journey in witnessing the dear young people of Utica going forward to the altar to seek the Lord. Sister Van Cott was not satisfied with the number that came forward at the first invitation and knelt at the altar for prayer, but went down the aisle of the church and stood on the seats in order to catch the eye of some whom the Saviour had touched their hearts by the words from the pulpit, that she might see them, and by an effort through the leading of the blessed Holy Spirit might

persuade them to take a stand for Christ, and be counted on the side of the Lord. A good number had the courage to stand on their feet, and through her kind and loving earnest words and personal effort with each one, they went with her into the Sabbath school room ; and there alone with Jesus, she talked with and prayed earnestly for them, (while the pastor and others were praying and assisting those at the altar to find the pearl of great price, after they were seated ;) then sister Van Cott brought out a dozen more, and they knelt at the altar for prayer. O, what a beautiful sight, precious to our Maker and all in heaven ; the bells of heaven would be rung on that occasion. I say, God bless sister Van Cott, and spare her life long, that she may be successful in carrying on the work for the Master. I hope each one that have given their heart to the Lord may endure to the end. I trust to have the pleasure of hearing her again.

Friday afternoon we had an excellent prayer meeting at the home of sister Tefft. The prayers were full of faith, the testimonies were good, and had tears in them ; our hearts were made tender as we waited on the Lord. Each one felt, and could sing deep down in their heart. It is good to be here. In the evening but few out to class meeting. They held the church social at the same time ; quite a number of my class were there. It is not natural for us to be religious. Jeremiah says in the Word, "The heart of man is deceitful, and desperately wicked." It is the power of God and divine grace that will touch the heart of man and make him submissive to Jesus.

Saturday afternoon I went down to Herkimer ; Brother B. and brother and sister C., from this place, and some of the brethren from Frankfort also went, The meeting was opened at three o'clock by the pastor (that devout man of God, Rev. W. D. Chase) by reading a portion of Scripture. He remarked that we had assembled to consecrate ourselves to God and his work, and do what we could to defeat Satan and his forces. A few brief and spirited prayers were offered for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us ; for without that specific qualification we are utterly helpless. The singing was in the Spirit. We soon felt at home, and became acquainted with the people. We sang that old favorite song, "Praise the Lord for salvation." We were much edified from the remarks of a stranger who was in town on business, and came into the meeting to do a little work for his Heavenly Father. What he said came from his heart, and touched our hearts. His prayer was full of faith. O for more of such men ! what a power for good under God. Try what you will, there is nothing like Christian experience to convince the men of the world there is a reality in religion. The meeting was quick and spiritual ; some of the brethren were led out to pray the second time. In the evening I went up to Mohawk to lead the class-meeting ; but few present ; they had a tea party at the parsonage ; some of the members of my class were there. The good Lord blessed us in the meeting. I am so glad that God is not confined to numbers The twos and the threes have the promise of Jesus in the midst of them to do them good. I felt the influence and pow-

er of the meeting in the afternoon (at Herkimer); it is work that wins; glory be to God for a free and full salvation through the atonement.

Sunday morning I drove down to Herkimer to attend the morning service; at ten o'clock they gathered in the audience room for a consecration meeting. After singing, and a number of short, quick, prayers offered in faith to God, we had a home feeling, although the faces of nearly every one were strange to us. At eleven o'clock brother Chase gave us an excellent sermon. Text: "But know that God hath set apart him that is godly for himself." The sermon was practical and good; the prayers that were offered for the pastor helped him; the best of all, God was present. The tears came to my eyes, while my heart was made tender with the love of Jesus. At the close of the sermon the pastor invited the congregation to come forward to the altar for prayer. Some have not the courage to do that, and ask to be excused. If we belong to God we must take up our cross and follow him. I think some Christians fail at this point. "We shall reap if we faint not." May God give us the faith that we so much need, to help us to bear the cross. At four o'clock we met in the lecture room for general class-meeting. It lasted two hours—one of the best class-meetings of all my life. Brother G., from Frankfort, led part of the class; brother B. and the writer, the balance. The Lord helped me to sing in the spirit and with the understanding. I could feel the power going out to each one in song. "Humble confession is good for the soul." Sister Abbott, from Frankfort,

was present, and gave her experience ; it is wonderful how God reveals himself to her, and the way she is led by the Holy Spirit. She had a direct message from heaven to give the people down there. I was glad to meet her and listen to her testimony ; it is a treat to hear from God's consecrated children that have placed all upon the altar. After the doxology was sung we were dismissed. I walked home with brother A. ; met his family—wife and two beautiful daughters. We sang several pieces ; had a lunch. I saw our time was up ; how quickly it passes away when we are in good company. I asked the privilege of praying before we said good bye to the dear ones that make up that pleasant home. The place was solemn as we bowed in prayer to ask God's blessing on that family circle. A lady friend and a little girl, Susie, were present. I called the name of each one to God and the Word of his grace to keep them in the narrow way. I clasped the hand of each. I trust by the help of Jesus, my loving Saviour, to meet them in heaven. In a few minutes we were in the church. They were singing as we reached there ; we caught the spirit and joined in with them for a few minutes. The pastor addressed the audience, and said we had gathered for an experience meeting. The brethren were ready to tell the story of the cross, and joined heartily in the songs that were offered, as the opportunity afforded. Our faith was made stronger and our hope brightened. At the close of the meeting we were invited to the altar for prayer, before we separated and said good night, perhaps never to meet each other again in the flesh. The good Lord

accepted that offering ; he gave us the best of the wine at the last of the feast. After we arose from our knees, the pastor gave an invitation for any one who desired our prayers, and wished to flee from the wrath to come, to stand upon their feet. A girl of twelve summers had the courage to stand up for Jesus. That delighted my heart. I hope that many others will do likewise. The benediction was pronounced, we bade the friends good night, and started for home, feeling in our hearts it was one of the best Sabbaths of our life. I am thankful to say, for the glory of God, and to the credit of brother Chase, for his untiring effort in the three years of faithful service to the dear people down there, the good Lord has answered their prayers, and a glorious revival has taken place, for which pastor and people may thank God and take courage. At the close of the third year of his ministry about fifty persons found pardon and forgiveness of sin in the Saviour. Some have been saved in middle age of life, and at the head of the family, which is a blessing to any household. H. M. Quackenbush and wife are among the converts. No one can tell the amount of good that man can do for God if he is faithful for Christ. Several of his men in the factory, that are employed and influenced by him, have been converted and saved through the blood of the crucified One. I do rejoice and thank the Lord for his saving power and keeping grace. May a tidal wave of salvation sweep through the Mohawk Valley for the dear Redeemer's sake.

Monday evening but few out to the young people's prayer meeting. Jesus was there in power ; I had

liberty in the song service. Our soprano singer was absent ; the responsibility fell upon me. The dear Saviour helped me to sing. As the boy said about the whistle, "It whistles itself." I open my mouth, the Lord fills it with song. The prayers were good ; they came from the heart. Little Fred, that I have before referred to, was present. What faith he seemed to have as he prayed, "Lord, save every sinner in Mohawk." It was a rebuke to me, coming from a boy eleven years of age. I was ashamed of myself, my faith is so weak. I want to ask God to give me the faith once delivered to the saints. We occupied a part of the time quoting Scripture. Fred was on his feet and gave us that beautiful verse, Romans v. 1, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." To me it was the best meeting we have had for a long time ; not because a large number were present ; no, on account of the presence of Christ. I thought would I have such liberty in the next meeting I would hold there. I pray for faith to come from God. I sometimes wonder why it is God is so good to me. Then I think of his own dear Son who is interceding for me at the throne of grace.

— "My hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died and set me free."

I am washed in the blood of the Lamb ; glory be to God in the highest, the dead is alive, the lost is found. Glorious hope, to be forever with the Lord ; so let it be through all eternity.

Tuesday evening I was walking by the side of my wife ; we were invited out to a tea party, where we

met our much esteemed P. E., Rev. T. B. Shepherd, and wife, our pastor and wife. Several of the brethren and sisters of the church were present. After tea I asked the lady of the house if I might be excused ; I had a call to make. Brother Tufts requested me to take charge of his class. I did so. We opened the meeting by singing, "Rock of Ages." We then had four brief prayers. I read and expounded a portion of Scripture. I thank God for his Word; it is so good for all classes of Christians, old and young. The testimonies were good ; it is a very spiritual class, strong in numbers and experience, rich, deep and thrifty. The leader is a devoted Christian man, and gives his class strong meat ; they grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord daily. It was a treat to me ; any one of them can give me instruction in the pilgrim way. I long to hold communion with God's faithful and tried ones. They tell me it is better further on. That cheers my heart and encourages me to press the battle even to the gate, with the aid of Christ I expect to come off conqueror.

Wednesday evening I called at the home of the sick. The inmates of that family had prayed during the day that I might call and see them. God does and will answer prayer, praise his holy name. We exchanged a few words with each other, and then bowed in prayer to ask God to give grace to that afflicted one to keep her during her sickness, and to reveal to her that she is suffering for the glory of God. I read in the Word, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." I am thankful that is true. I bade them good night,

and after a few minutes' walk I rang the door-bell at another home, where we spent a half-hour in song; the daughter of that family entertained us very well with several solos and beautiful music on the piano. We do not sing enough, nor appreciate the gift of voice from our kind Heavenly Father, to sing praises to Jesus, our king. We are commanded to make melody in our hearts unto the Lord. The passer by has often found help from the song service. I found my time was up to go; we knelt in prayer; the dear Lord helped us to pray in the Spirit; glory be to God. I bade each one a kind good night, and made my way to John street, where a number of the members of our church and friends had gathered at the home of Rev. T. B. Shepherd. That was the farewell gathering at that home, as he expects to be sent out into another field of labor after Conference (April 13th). It did our hearts good to look into so many happy faces. At ten o'clock sister Rulison presided at the piano, while the company joined her and sang three verses of that beautiful song, "Beulah Land." Brother Mead (our pastor) engaged in prayer; some were moved to tears. He prayed from the heart. Soon we must take him and his by the hand and say "Farewell." His heart was tender as he prayed for each family that was represented there. Brother Shepherd then, in his off-hand way, sang one verse while the rest joined him, "Home of the Soul." Brother Mead was seen to go into another room to catch the falling tears. There will be no parting in heaven; no farewell. How I long to be in the company of the redeemed in glory.

Thursday evening I rapped at the door of a home. I found the man of the house busy in the kitchen (with his shirt-sleeves rolled up) attending to the domestic cares. I felt like paying him a compliment; every thing looked so neat and tidy; the china ware was white and beautiful. He kindly invited me into the sick room, where his companion has been suffering for months, and still so patient and happy, simply trusting in Jesus, her loving Saviour. After I clasped her hand and made inquiries about her health, we spent some time talking about the interest of the church (which was dear to her) and the change of pastors which would soon take place—in about four weeks. The pleasant memories of that home and the wonderful manner in which God has in the past revealed himself to me while on my knees in prayer for the salvation of father and three beautiful sons, I enjoyed that call more than I am able to tell. They are bright pictures to look at as I journey along in the narrow way to the glory world. We then bowed in prayer to ask God, for his dear Son's sake, to give grace to that afflicted one while she is deprived of the means of grace that we are favored with. At her request I called upon a strange family (after I left her home), where the wife is wasting away with consumption. I asked Jesus to open the way. He did. As I reached the house and rapped at the door, the sister of the sick one came to answer the call. I made inquiries about the one who was suffering. They invited me to come in. The husband and two beautiful boys were present. I did not stay long, but asked the privilege of bowing in prayer to beseech

the Master to come to that home and save them for whom Christ died. The sister of the sick one bowed with me in prayer, while the rest kept their seats, and, the little boys went on talking to each other while I was on my knees praying. In a littlewhile I had the floor to myself, or in other words, quiet was restored. I had much liberty in prayer as I prayed for the husband. I used plain but strong words, for I felt deeply for the soul of that man. I quoted that precious passage of Scripture where Christ says we must become as little children before we enter the kingdom of heaven. The sick one is quite deaf ; I prayed to God to touch her heart and save her and make her his child. I bade them good night, and was thankful I had the opportunity to pray in that home ; if any good will come from it God must intercede and bring the desired results. Jesus will have all the praise.

After a few minutes' walk I reached the home of another sick one. We exchanged a few words with that invalid. As I looked at my watch I found it was nine o'clock. I then asked if I might go on my knees and pray with them before I said good night. The Lord blessed me again in asking him to give grace to that aged pilgrim. My experience that evening was among the sick and the suffering. I learned to be more patient in all the disappointments and trials of life. I think short calls are better. The leader of Methodism (Mr. Wesley) recommends brief visits. If our own hearts are filled to overflowing with the Saviour's love, we can go on our knees in a minute and pray from a full heart ; in that way the

Lord will work through us to reach the hearts of those around us, and quicken them by his tender, loving, blessed, gentle Spirit. The love of Christ constraineth me ; my Jesus and I ; blessed Lord, he doeth all things well.

Friday afternoon I spent one hour in the ladies' prayer meeting. The atmosphere of the room was blessed to my hungry and craving appetite for God. We must do all our praying here in this life ; very soon our work will be over ; time is flying ; men are dying. Reader, are you ready ? I hope you are. Keep the armor on ; the enemy of souls is lurking about, seeking whom he may devour. The wolf is nigh, to enter the flock and pluck some of the lambs. In the evening I called at a home where the crape was hung upon the door, saying to the one who may be passing, that a child has passed away, and the remains are waiting burial. The man of the house I know very well. As I rapped on the door he came and invited me in, and placed a chair for me to sit down. I joined the circle of neighbors that came in to sympathize with the bereaved parents. My heart was tender ; I did not talk long ; I was anxious for God to speak to their hearts. I then bowed in prayer to ask God to comfort their hearts that mourned for that loved child of four summers, now in heaven. I thought of my own little Fred up there. I am going to see that little one by-and-by. Reader, have you a darling one on the other side waiting your coming ? I beseech of you in the name of the Master, do not fail to reach heaven, with the redeemed and sanctified in glory. As I reached the class-room

but few present; some came as visitors; I hope they will come again; the testimonies were good; the Lord was present in power.

Saturday evening the members were late coming. I felt the inspiration as I read and made comments upon the Word. What a revelation I had from heaven. Some were present that have been away from several meetings. I could see the bad effects it had upon them—they are cold and formal; what they have to say does not help any to get nearer to God. May God revive his work in all our hearts. It is hard work for a leader to keep his class together for twelve months and not have a general revival of religion in the church. I will, with the help of Jesus, keep my own heart warm in the work, and expect him to fill it with his Spirit. As that sainted man (now in heaven), Martin Luther, once said, "Let all have wealth that will; for me it is work." O, for more of the working spirit; it comes from heaven; Jesus shall have all the glory.

Sunday was a day of rest to my body and growth to my soul. Another week has passed away, and so little accomplished for the Saviour. I hope to do something for him; I will if he will permit me to run on errands for the suffering. The sermon was good; text was taken from Matthew, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." This life is a training school to prepare for the life that is to come. The lesson of trust is hard for Christians to learn. We have so much of the spirit of Thomas in us, when we are afflicted we often wonder what we have done that God is displeased with us. The Word says, "Whom

he loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth." Trials are blessings in disguise; I want to emphasize that; I have proven it; I know that by experience. When our pastor was preaching to us he referred to the Christian. I am so glad God is to be my judge. I have seen some Christians whom I thought had done wrong, and felt at the time like condemning them; then I would think of my own life full of mistakes; I dare not censure others until I am better; I leave them with the Lord, and say, God be merciful to me, a sinner. In the afternoon I promised my old friend, brother Clark, who was called away to Springfield, Mass., to the burial of a grandchild, that I would go up to the Sabbath school where he is superintendent, and talk to the children; I committed a number of stories to memory; I find that stories will please and interest the young folks. I am fond of them myself if they have anything in them about Jesus and the children. I drove up at two o'clock on the snow; (a little singular to have sleighing in the Mohawk Valley March 13th.) I saw the assistant superintendent and some of the scholars outside the school-house. He said to me, "Brother H., we are locked out. There will be no school to-day. The trustee of the school-house is a wicked man, and refuses to unlock the door." I will pray for that wicked man. There is a great sin resting at his door, to deprive the little ones from studying the Bible in the Sabbath school. Unless he repents of that act and will ask God to save his soul he will go down to hell, that awful place of torment, prepared for the devil and his angels. I turned about

and came home and spent the afternoon in reading that good book ; title, "Mr. Wesly his Own Historian." What a wonderful man he was. He reminds me of the apostle Paul ; so busy doing something for the Master. At six o'clock I called at the home of the sick, in the last stage of consumption. I was thankful to learn that she is reconciled to the will of God ; she is trusting in the Saviour. Her mind is so weak she is an object of pity. After I knelt by her bed-side and offered prayer to God in her behalf, I clasped her wasted hand and said good night ; what an anxious grasp of the hand she gave me, meaning by that I am glad I have not put off the day of salvation until now. You may not see me again in this life. I hope you will pray earnestly for me to be kept by the power of God while I am prostrated on this bed of sickness and death. In the evening I heard an excellent sermon from Rev. Dwight Williams. Text was taken from the book of Job, "When he hath tried me, I will come forth as gold." Reader, may you and I have that experience when death calls at our door, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

Monday evening the official board met at the church to provide for the debt on the parsonage. We held the young people's prayer meeting at the home of Sister J. The daughter in that beautiful home entertained us with music on the piano. We sang several pieces at the opening of the meeting. The singing of the hymns did our hearts good. I had liberty as I read the Scripture lesson, found in Matthew's gospel, in regard to the virgin's going out

to meet the bride-groom : " Five were wise and five were foolish." May we all learn from those words and profit thereby. The prayers were brief and from the heart ; the passages of Scripture quoted by each one present encouraged our hearts to continue in the narrow way. The hour passed away quickly and will be remembered with much profit. The Lord was pleased with that little offering. It will help us through the week we have entered upon. At nine o'clock I took a seat in the street car for Ilion. I had the pleasure of enjoying a seat by the side of our much esteemed P. E., Rev. H. W. Bennett, on his way home. I am glad for the spirit of work ; Jesus shall have all the glory. Tuesday evening I walked a half mile to call and pray in a certain home. A son and two daughters in that family are members of my class. As I rang the door bell they came to answer the call and kindly invited me to come in, and gave me a hearty welcome. As we engaged in conversation, what do you think it was about ? the building of the proposed railroad up this valley ? no ; the price of hops or the gossip of the neighborhood ? no ; it was about Jesus and the meetings. The meeting we held in Herkimer a few weeks ago was fresh in our memory. Two of the daughters were present and aided much in that meeting by their song and testimony. Very soon the father and two sons came in from the adjoining room. The father is a well-read and very intelligent man. I felt very small to take a seat by his side and endeavor to entertain the company present. My aim was to hold up the cross of my loving Saviour, that they might be attracted by

that and overlook the stranger, his weakness and faults. The Lord was present ; we felt him near ; the hour passed away quickly and I trust profitably. I asked the privilege of praying before I said good night. We bowed on our knees before God ; the place was solemn with the gracious presence of the Master. I had liberty as I prayed for the parents for grace to be given to them, as they are walking in the afternoon of life ; may their last days be the very best. As I prayed for the son my mind went back to the time of his conversion several years ago, but fresh and vivid to my mind. God touched my heart and filled it so full of his love the tears came to my eyes ; what power I seemed to have with the strong arm of Jehovah. O, what faith God gave me for that young man ; I never can forget. I then prayed for the brother of that young man who knelt by my side. I imagined then I could look out into the future with the eye of faith, and see that family all meet together, where parting is never known and the word farewell is not spoken. I called the name of the daughter present and commended her to God and the Word of his grace. The absent one I then thought of, who is away from home teaching. I could see so much for her to do, moulding the lives of the dear children and youth under her charge. If she is faithful to God and her heart filled with the love of the Saviour, the children will want the same religion their teacher has. The experience of that evening surpasses anything I have ever witnessed ; from the time I began to plead with God on my knees for his blessing on that entire household the tears

wed down my face ; my faith took hold of that promise, where he says in his Word, "The promise to you and your children." I claimed that promise for that family. I bade each one a kind good night. a few minutes' walk I called at the home of the sick ; the man of the house indisposed ; I tried to cheer him. After a short conversation I bowed on my knees in prayer to ask God to give me something to say to help him before I left. I did not have the liberty I had in the previous home where I prayed. ; I asked God to bless the companion of that man had great faith given to me from heaven. My visit seemed to be for her benefit. I arose and said good night, and soon found my way home, feeling in my heart I had endeavored to do a little for Christ by telling his followers to look up to him from whence meth all our blessings and mercies. The joy of the Lord is your strength. May he give us more of the working spirit ; without his spirit we shall fail of our mission in life. We will be weak, sickly and envious who are trying to help the unfortunate. How much we need that charity that hideth a multitude of sins.

Wednesday evening there was a maple sugar festival in the basement of our church, to raise funds to replenish the treasury of our Sabbath school. I made one call ; we sang a few pieces ; exchanged words about the meetings, the sick and suffering. This is the most sickly winter in Ilion I have ever known. How often we are reminded that we must ; after death the judgment. Reader, are you prepared. You may answer the question to your Maker.

I called at the home of a sick one, suffering with pneumonia; the sight I never shall forget. As I took him by the hand he looked into my face so wishfully, as much as to say, help me. I said to him, "You have my sympathy and prayers, as you suffer." "Yes," said he, "that is all you can do." I then advised him to look to Jesus by faith, the Great Physician that can heal the body and save the soul. It was painful to me to see him panting to get breath. I offered to pray with him; he consented. I spoke to the family in the next room. We bowed on our knees in prayer to ask God to give grace to that aged man and save his precious soul, for whom Christ died on the cross of calvary. After we arose to our feet I clasped his hand and said to him to trust in Jesus. My prayer seemed to be for a stranger that came in to sympathize with that sick one, and by that, cheer the heart of that wife, in need of sympathy. The Lord is able to touch the heart of that man and save his soul for Jesus' sake. The Lord is so good to give me health, strength and a disposition to call on the sick and say a kind word to the disconsolate and suffering. I will love and obey him with all my heart. Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Thursday, March 17th, St. Patrick's day, the Irish people of this place had a supper, prepared for them by the host of the Osgood House. I suppose they think St. Patrick was the best man that ever lived. I won't quarrel with them about that. In the evening I called on the sick. We spent a half hour in Christian conversation, and then bowed in prayer for God to heal that man and bless in soul and body. I said

good night, and soon made my way to the basement of our church. I did not see the pastor as I went in ; he was called away to pronounce a couple husband and wife. May peace and happiness attend them along the way. Brother Shepherd was leading the meeting, but few were present. He referred to that and said he had often preached (in the past four years) to a congregation of fifty. God is not confined to numbers ; " Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ;" we proved that last evening. I had an excellent meeting ; he says in the Word : " Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls ;" blessed Lord. O, for that spirit that was manifest in Moses. May we be 'kept humble and low at the feet of Jesus, waiting for an opportunity to help some weak one of God's followers ; " Blessed are they that be wise, for they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever."

Friday afternoon I spent one hour at the ladies' prayer meeting. God was present in might and power. My faith seemed to take hold of the promises and cry out to God ; it must be done ; all things are possible with God. That occasion was a feast of fat things to my soul. Some of the old veterans of the cross were detained at home on account of sickness. One of the sisters present prayed to God in behalf of her son, who is passing through deep affliction. He has buried a beautiful child, one that he loved dearly. It will draw him nearer to the loving Saviour. O,

what faith that woman had as she pleaded with the Lord to give grace to her boy at this time. The prayer of faith shall save the sick. They all prayed better than I ever heard them pray before, or God is doing more for his weak servant. I am surprised when I think how good the Lord is to me in these days, giving me strength and a desire to work among the sick and poor. In the evening we had a good class meeting; quite a number came in as visitors; they helped us and cheered the hearts of the class; may they all come again. We closed by singing one verse, "Home of the Soul." As we went our way the testimonies were ringing (as it were) in our ears; the happy expression on the face of each one will long be remembered for years to come.

Saturday evening stormy; as we reached the basement of the church, we found a lady and a little girl waiting. I clasped the hand of each and said a word to encourage and make them feel welcome. As the members came in we commenced the song service, which lasted about thirty minutes. After prayer we read a portion of the Scripture. I had liberty as I commented upon the Word. After each one had testified for Christ, I asked the stranger if she wished to speak for Jesus; as she arose to her feet I was happily disappointed. She gave a good testimony without feeling the embarrassment a stranger would likely feel. She made the remark that a heavy burden was resting upon her heart, and requested our prayers in her behalf. The time was up to close the meeting. I asked each one to bow in prayer to God while I asked him to help the stranger to cast her

burden on the Lord, our great burden-bearer. We closed by singing 'the doxology ; as I clasped the hand of that one I knew God had touched her heart with the finger of his love then and there ; blessed Lord. He does answer prayer.

Sunday was a day of rest and time for meditation ; we enjoyed it much. As we entered the audience room for worship the music seemed to touch our hearts in a tender manner with gladness of soul. Rev. J. Zimmerman and lady, from Rome, were present. Brother Mead invited him to take a seat in the desk. He made the opening prayer. He is a devout man, and filled with the Spirit. He has been successful as a faithful minister of the gospel. He prayed from his heart, and said, "We are thankful, O Lord, for our creation, preservation and redemption, through Jesus Christ, the Son of God." He prayed especially for our President (Garfield) and his Cabinet, and all in authority over us. He remembered our Sabbath school in a tender manner, and then prayed for the pastor. The text was taken from Psalm lxxi.: "Cast me not off in time of old age." The pastor said it was not time that made us grow old ; it was the way we lived, and our surroundings. Our mind has something to do with our lives ; if we are happy in God, and have a hope in Christ, that is big with immortality ; we can rest by faith on the Son of God. I think the wise man has said something about length of days that will be added to the upright man and them that fear God and work righteousness. The sermon lasted thirty minutes. I think we are not brief enough in our prayers and testimonies. It is

so hard for us to study brevity ; we forget when we are talking to an audience or addressing a Sabbath school, that there are others who are waiting to speak. There are a few men that can entertain us for an hour or more, such as Chaplain McCabe. God has touched his lips ; he is an exception, not the rule. At six o'clock I called at the home of the sick. I found the mother and son in bed from prostration of the nerves. We spent a few minutes in Christian conversation about the meetings. I met in that home an intelligent young man, a boarder, who was dissipated, but has now reformed. I was pleased to look into his face. I heard the church-bell calling the people together. I sang three verses of that old hymn, "Trusting in Jesus, that is all." We bowed in prayer to ask God to heal the sick ones in that family. The husband was present ; the Lord gave me liberty as I called on God to save that man. I expect he will be brought into the fold. I called the name of each in prayer, and commended them to the Saviour. I had a burden of prayer there for the ministers in Ilion. The good Lord gave me a weeping blessing while on my knees ; what a flow of words came to my mind ; I had great faith ; it seemed to me all things are possible to him that believeth. The result of that call is known to God alone. The rich blessing I received through his own dear Son interceding with the Father in my behalf, was more than I could expect. I bade each one a kind good night, going out, perhaps, never all to meet again in the flesh. It was a solemn time to me ; I felt the weight and responsibility heavy upon me—three persons

present unsaved—they may have heard my voice in prayer for the last time. O, how I pleaded with God to save each of their precious souls. They are in a few days to move to another locality and make their abode there. May the good Lord save them for his Son's sake ; and when he comes to make up his jewels may they be gathered with the redeemed in glory. I soon found my way to the church, in time to hear the text announced : St. John xxi. 22 : " What is that to thee ? follow thou me." The speaker commenced by saying, " At the request of your pastor I have consented to appear before you this evening ; may I ask your prayers in my behalf ?" He said if all our associates were Christians it would be an easy thing for us to be disciples of Jesus. At the present time we are held responsible to God for ourselves. The question was asked of that great and distinguished man, Daniel Webster, " What is the greatest thought of your life ?" He paused for a minute, and then answered, " My individual responsibility to God." How true. Reader, stop and think for a moment. May Christ help you to act. " Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The sermon was a half-hour long, practical and good. At the close he asked the congregation if they were following Christ in every particular. First, did we sympathize with Jesus for the unsaved ? That came close to me ; I cannot answer that question satisfactory to myself ; I try to do that, but fail. Second, do we endure hardship as his followers ? May God help us to be more active in the cause of the blessed Master, for his Son's sake. The speaker was the gentleman I referred to in the morn-

ing, that made the opening prayer, Rev. J. Zimmerman, who came here to spend the Sabbath with his son, Seward Zimmerman, that popular townsman (cashier in the office of E. Remington & Sons), known and prized by the boys in blue as Captain Zimmerman, who served his country faithfully and well (in the late war), to the honor of his parents and much credit to himself. He never will forget the battles he has taken part in, and the hardships that befall a soldier in the service. He carries in his pocket as a keepsake a Minnie rifle-ball, flattened and out of shape, that was discharged from the gun of one of the rebels, that struck him in the right arm below the shoulder. I have noticed, as he has been telling us in the office about the army life, that old patriotic spirit would be manifested in him. He has some of the father's make-up in him—a very modest man in all his ways, firm and true to himself, his God and his friends. He has held the office of superintendent in our Sabbath school for the past seven years. He is a devoted Christian man, and loves the church of his choice. He is class-leader of class No. 6. I could write more, but he might think I am trying to flatter him; no, I am not. I love him as a kind brother in the church; I respect him as a diligent and faithful employe of the generous and noble-hearted men we are employed by. The last, but not the least, I am anticipating with much pleasure and consolation, that when our toiling in this life is past, and our work is done here, that the blessed Master will say, "It is enough; come up higher." Then as we clasp hands on the evergreen shore, where the word

farewell" is never spoken, and friends part no more, ay this be our happy lot, for the dear Redeemer's sake. The way is so delightful in the service of the Lord—joy, peace and happiness the narrow way affords.

In the evening I enjoyed the prayer meeting; the songs of Zion did us good. I was so much inspired while singing that I forgot I had a bad cold; my throat is diseased, but my heart is washed in the blood of Christ, and made clean in the sight of God; blessed Lord. Some came to the meeting a little weary in body from the cares of the day. In one of the prayers they quoted that beautiful promise, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That promise is true; we're to feed on the promises. At nine o'clock we closed the meeting by singing one verse, "Home of the soul." We bade each one a kind good night, and went our way, feeling deep down in our hearts it was an hour of much profit to our souls, an hour of worship and adoration, of praise to our God.

Tuesday evening Mrs. H. and myself were invited to take tea. On account of a cold she was unable to go. I spent a part of the evening in the office. At eight o'clock I made a call on the sick. The man of the house, who has suffered very much in the past four weeks, is better. That sainted man, Payson, once said, "God has put us on our back to make us look up, and think of him." How true; those he liveth, he chasteneth. As I rang the door-bell, the domestic came and invited me to come in. I inquired for the sick one; he came into the hall at once, and

seemed pleased to see me. I walked into the parlor and sat down in the easy chair in that beautiful home. Husband, wife, daughter and son, make up that family circle. I thanked God for giving them so good a home. The lady of the house was out to tea. The daughter and son had gone to the Presbyterian church to attend a festival. We had a good visit, although I missed the young people. I had anticipated the pleasure of singing with them. The daughter is an excellent musician. I expected to hear her play on the piano. I had a story to relate to the son ; it will keep until we meet some time in the future. I asked the privilege of praying. We bowed together and God gave me the spirit of prayer for each one of the family. As we arose I saw the tears come into the eyes of my friend ; God touched his heart with the finger of his love. I said good night, and went to my home feeling grateful to the Master for his presence with me calling at that home, and all his mercies and blessings to me and mine.

Wednesday evening at five o'clock, I walked to the depot to take the train for St. Johnsville. The parson kindly invited me to go down and enjoy the meeting with the young converts. As I reached the parsonage they gave me a hearty welcome. I inquired about those who had recently given their hearts to the Saviour. Some have been converted, died and gone to heaven since I was there. We are passing away to the great judgment day. May we all be ready, "For in an hour ye think not the Son of man cometh." If our peace is made with God through his dear Son, it will be glorious. That rich provision is

made to every son and daughter of Adam. To convince people of that fact, and arrest their attention to heed it, seems to be the important work of the day. May we, as Christians, live better in the future than we have in the past, and win some souls for the Master. At seven and a half o'clock we went into the church, and found a good number present. We shook hands with them gladly, and commenced the meeting by singing. We then bowed in prayer to ask God for his special blessing on our meeting. We then read a portion of Scripture found in St. John. The converts were ready to witness for the dear Saviour, that God hath power on earth to forgive all sin, and make them happy in Christ, who hath redeemed them with his own precious blood, and make them heirs of God and joint heirs with his Son Jesus Christ. At nine o'clock the members had all testified for Jesus; I then gave the meeting in charge of the pastor. He arose to his feet and made a few tender remarks to the converts and those present. He gave an invitation for any one that wished to seek the Lord to make it manifest by rising to their feet. One lady had the courage to stand up for Christ. The pastor then invited her to come to the altar; she did, and by that simple act said good bye to the world; I am now for God. We all bowed with her in prayer to ask him who says in his Word, "Ask, and ye shall receive." After a season of prayer in her behalf, we arose and sang one verse, "Just as I am, without one plea." She then testified for the Saviour, that she was a child of God. The benediction was pronounced and we were dismissed. We spent a while

in friendly hand-shaking, and bade each other a kind good night, going out, perhaps, never to meet each other in the flesh. That occasion will be precious in my memory for time to come. The narrow way is a blessed way ; may the Master keep our faces Zion-ward, for his dear Son's sake.

Thursday evening I walked one mile and a half, and called at the home of one of the members of my class, a young man of promise, one that will be a credit to his parents, a blessing to the community and an honor to the Master. He has heeded the promise found in the Word, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." They made me welcome as I entered the room. The good Lord has blessed them temporally and spiritually—everything in that home for comfort that could be desired. We exchanged a few words in Christian conversation for about twenty minutes, and then bowed in prayer to ask God to give grace to that young man to keep him in the narrow way. There are so many things to draw his mind away from the Saviour. Our thoughts make up our lives ; going out into gay society sometimes is the first step we may take away from God. May he help us to watch and pray. I had liberty as I prayed in that home ; the place was solemn on account of the presence and nearness of Christ. In a few minutes I called at the home of the sick—the man was so low with pneumonia that I was not allowed to go in and see him. I walked away and offered a silent prayer to God to heal him, soul and body. I soon rang the door-bell of a certain home

where I have purposed to call for some time. I found the man of the house indisposed. I tried to cheer him ; we had a good visit. We then bowed in prayer for a few minutes to ask the blessing of God upon that family, and on the one who was so weak and suffering, for God to spare his life to his family, the church and the Sabbath school. I met one of the members of my class in that home that has been passing through trials recently. She told me about them, and asked my advice. I said to her, "Trials are blessings in disguise ; you and I would not grow and bear fruit without the use of the pruning-knife, to cut off the little twigs." I advised that one to take it to the Lord in prayer ; "I will pray especially for you to be kept by grace divine." I bade them a kind good night and took the street-car for home.

Friday afternoon I spent one hour very profitably in the ladies' prayer meeting. They called on me to lead in prayer ; my heart was made tender with the love of Jesus ; my mouth was filled with argument ; my faith grasped the strong arm that has all power in heaven and on earth. O, what liberty I did have as I prayed for the sick and dying. Some of our sisters will soon pass over to that land of rest, the saints' delight, and be forever with the Lord. All the prayers were from the heart and mixed with tears. I think the Lord will come to this place soon and save precious souls, for whom Christ died. In the evening, a good attendance at the class meeting some came for the first time ; the Lord was present in power ; he made our hearts to rejoice with his love. We all received instruction from the precious

Word. Jesus says : " Now, ye are clean, through the Word which I have spoken unto you." A lad in the meeting of about sixteen summers, gave in his testimony, the key of happiness. Godliness with contentment is great gain. There is nothing but Christ that will satisfy our longing. Money, home and friends are all very well in their place ; but that will not satisfy.

" Christ, my all in thee I find ;
Gives comfort, satisfying my mind.
Nothing else my soul would crave ;
O, the power in Jesus, blood to save."

The testimonies were brief, simple and from the heart ; the aged, middle aged and youth were present. God spoke through each one for our edification ; our hearts were made glad from his presence ; the communion of saints ; how it cheers us on in the narrow way. At nine o'clock we closed the meeting, feeling in our hearts the truth of that song, " It is good to be here."

Saturday evening, the weather unfavorable ; no doubt it kept some at home. We sang for twenty minutes and received inspiration from heaven. We can sing with grace in our hearts, as we receive help from above. The Lord gave us faith as we prayed ; he humbled me ; I wanted to hide away out of sight ; I felt so weak and feeble and great responsibility resting upon me ; so many are dying about us ; I may be the next one to be called, or some one of the class. Quite a number of the members were moved to tears as they testified for Jesus. O, for a broken and contrite spirit ; may he give us the spirit of

meekness ; we need humbling constantly ; then we can see ourselves as we are by nature and feel that our salvation and hope of heaven must come through the dear Saviour. Wilberforce once said : " I have not time to think of self. I want to help others." Sunday, but few out to the morning service ; the text was taken from Matthew vii:6, " Give not that which is holy unto the dogs ; neither cast your pearls before swine." The sermon did us good. In two weeks from to-day Brother Mead will give us his last sermon. A great many in our church are anxious to know who will be our next pastor. I never felt so little concern in my life about it. I am praying to God to send us the right man ; one filled with the spirit and is willing to work for souls, devoted, spiritual and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Three years have passed away quickly. Time and tide wait for no man. We must watch and fight and pray :

"The battle ne'er give o'er ;
But I boldly renew it every day,
And faith divine implore."

The liberal soul shall be made fat. At six o'clock I called at the home of the sick. The man of the house has been confined at home for five weeks ; his voice is very weak. I found two of his neighbors present ; they came in to sympathize with him ; the Lord has done a great deal for that man and his companion. They have a beautiful home, house elegantly furnished, the carpets rich, furniture grand, and no children to leave their property to. They have three loved ones in heaven awaiting their coming. They can feel the true meaning of that sen-

tence : "There is a light in the window for thee." Little Jesse was the last one called from that home. I did not stay long. I said to the gentleman, "I hope you will pardon me for coming in to disturb your visit with these friends. If you will allow me I will offer prayer and say good night." We then bowed on our knees before God in prayer, asking him to give grace for that man suffering, and to bless the means used to restore him to his usual health. The Lord did bless my heart and filled it with divine love, as I asked him to bless the companion of that man, as she is burdened with the cares of life. The tears came to my eyes as we waited in faith at the feet of Jesus. I arose and clasped the hand of each, and said to them farewell. I soon found my way to the church, in time to hear the sermon. The text was chosen from Revelation ii. 10 : "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The pastor said a Christian life would depend on our faithfulness; what we get here will be through toil and continuance. "We shall reap if we faint not." Some start out in the journey, and run well for a season; but through some neglect of duty they grow cold and become indifferent in the cause of the Master. We must strive if we would win. If we should fall out by the way we must commence and do our first work over again. May the experience of the past teach us to look to Jesus, who is the author and finisher of our faith. He alone can keep us in the narrow way, and bring us to the full enjoyment of the saints' rest in the glory land. May that be our final lot, for his own name's sake.

Monday evening our number at the prayer meeting increased, which cheered our hearts ; the Lord is so good to prompt them by his Spirit to come to the house of God. We felt the need of more faith in Jesus. Some came in who are unsaved ; others were present that have been detained from the meetings ; they are getting old. I could not interest them as I could when they lived near to God. The Word says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." We spent a half-hour in the service of song, which was pleasing to our Master. The prayers were brief, and came from the heart. I had liberty as I read and commented on the precious Word. There is power in that ; we, as Methodists, do not apply the Word enough. We spent some time in quoting passages of Scripture. It is the best part of the service to me. A promise, given by one of the weakest of his followers, will do us good. We closed the meeting. As I reached my home I found three ladies there who had attended the prayer meeting in the Club Room. They came in to cheer the heart of my wife, and gladden my home with their presence. It was a happy surprise to me. I sat down and enjoyed the visit very much. We compared notes in regard to the meetings. They said the Lord was with them and caused their hearts to rejoice in his love. I was much pleased to hear good news from a young man that was a member of our class when here, who is now attending school at Cazenovia, preparing himself for the ministry. Instead of coming home for a short vacation and enjoy meeting old friends, and the pleasure of meeting the family circle,

he remained in a little town where he has been preaching the gospel during the winter, and held extra meetings for the salvation of souls and the building up of the Redeemer's kingdom. The dear Jesus came in power to that church for the encouragement of that young student, and gave him thirty-five converts. I hope and pray that will cheer his heart to go forward, and be humble in the sight of God for his blessing to continue with him in the work he has in view, and make that his business for all time to come.

Tuesday evening I walked one mile and a half. In doing that I had a half-hour for meditation. I was thinking of the many mercies and blessings my kind, loving, Heavenly Father is daily bestowing upon me, weak and feeble as I am. Every moment, Lord, I want to feel the merit of thy death. After I rang the door-bell at a certain home, they kindly invited me to come in. One of that family is a strict attendant at our meetings. The lady of the house was very communicative ; we had an excellent visit for a few minutes, then we bowed in prayer and called to him who says in his Word, " Ask, and ye shall receive." I felt my soul going out after God ; there was a solemnity in the room which was evidence to me that the Master was pleased with that act of worship. His sacred nearness was felt by each one present. We arose to our feet and said good bye, and walked to another home where one of the family is a member of my class ; she had a little one in her arms as she came to open the door and invite me to come in. As I walked in and sat down I met a neighbor, a lady,

a little boy and a little girl. I soon felt at home with the children. I told each one a story. I asked the privilege of praying before I said good night to that family. The Lord blessed me as I called the name of each, and commended them to God and the Word of his grace. After a few minutes' walk I reached a home where one of the members of my class resides. They made me welcome. I was then introduced to the strangers who had called to gladden that home by their presence. I did not remain long ; I was led to pray ; I asked that privilege ; the gentleman of the house gave consent. I was soon on my knees supplicating the throne of grace in behalf of that family and each one present. Some of them I never met before, and may never meet them again until we meet at the judgment. I leave the results from that call with my Jesus, expecting good will come to some hearts, as it may be pleasing to God. In a few minutes' walk I made the last call for that evening. After a few words in Christian conversation we bowed in prayer, hoping the dear Saviour would give me a word while on my knees, to cheer hearts in that home. The lady of the house is a member of my class ; she is so much engaged in domestic cares and business she seldom comes to class-meeting. She spoke of it to me as I was about to say good night, and made the remark we so often hear from members who stay away from class ; it is so hard to break off old habits after we neglect the class-meeting and the prayer meeting for a few times. We do not care to go again. How true. After a few minutes' ride by street-car I reached my home, and

thanked the Lord I could do a little for him, although done in weakness.

Wednesday evening I waited in my own home, reading the life of that devoted man, Joseph Benson, until eight o'clock. I expected a friend and his lady to come and cheer our hearts by their presence. The heavy snow-storm prevented them. March 30th, snow fell to the depth of four inches—a remarkable thing for the Mohawk Valley. I put on my hat and overcoat and walked to the house of one of the members of my class—a reformed man, in answer to the prayers of a sainted mother, now in heaven. I found him reading the precious Word as I entered his pleasant home. We had a good and profitable visit. Just then his wife came in from visiting the sick. I was much pleased to see the change in that man. Religion will do more for us than I am able to tell; that is a happy home now—husband, wife and a son of sixteen summers. I have seen that man when his brain was confused by drink, his money gone for naught, his reputation at stake, and last, but not least, his never-dying soul polluted with sin. May God have mercy upon the wives of intemperate husbands. I noticed one thing in particular in that man; he looked to Christian people for sympathy. By the grace of God there is one man in this community that will say kind words to these men who have reformed and are trying to do better. At nine o'clock we bowed in prayer in that home, asking God to give grace to that man that he may be kept by the power of God, and take from him that craving appetite for strong drink. I bade that couple a kind good night,

and walked to my home, feeling in my heart that there is power enough in Jesus' blood to make the foulest clean. Blessed Lord, he saves to the uttermost.

Friday evening we opened our meeting with singing for twenty minutes. Brother L. and sister B. offered prayer to God for his blessing to come upon each one, and make that the best class-meeting we ever enjoyed in Ilion. Their prayers were answered. As I read the Scripture lesson and made comments on the Word, the place was solemn with the presence of Christ; some came in for the first time. I hope and trust impressions were made that will be lasting through life.

Thursday evening I remained at home on the couch; I was a little indisposed from a severe cold. At ten o'clock I retired to my room; I had a burden of soul for a certain one that I met through the day by chance—a Miss of about fourteen summers. The Lord gave me then and there such faith; as I prayed I received the witness of the Spirit that one would be saved for Jesus' sake. On Friday evening she came to the class-meeting with her mother, and gave in her testimony for the Saviour; that rejoiced my heart; I praised God for giving me the spirit of prayer for that soul. I am waiting for him to use me; I cannot do anything without the help of my Saviour. Weak and helpless, my life is full of mistakes; they humble me, I then try to do better. I dare not censure any one until my own example is better.

Saturday evening we reached the class-room be-

fore any one came. Very soon we received the sad news of the death of one of the members of the class. Some of the members, on their way to the meeting, called at the house to inquire after the sick. They were told of the departure of that one. He was a faithful, kind husband, an indulgent father, a devout and exemplary Christian, and an active worker in the Sabbath school. He held the office of Assistant Superintendent at the time of his death. He will be missed by the community at large, as an obliging neighbor. We remember with much pleasure the last visit we had at his home, how happy he seemed to be ; as we conversed about the interest of the church of his choice, the tears came to his eyes. God was blessing his soul in a large measure. He looked for us to call often at his pleasant home, and made us welcome. There was a tender spirit in the meeting ; each one was thinking who will be the next to receive the summons of death. We must be ready at morning, noon or night. At nine o'clock we closed the meeting, and took the street-car for home.

Sunday we enjoyed the study of the precious Word in the Sabbath school.

Monday morning I left the desk and called on that bereaved family where the man of the house was called home on Saturday evening, that I have referred to. As I walked into the sitting-room I found the wife and daughter of the departed one side by side and weeping as though their hearts would break. I tried to cheer them, and asked them to look to the dear Saviour, who can sustain in affliction and sor-

row. The face of the wife seemed to brighten a little. I found my time was up, and I suggested to them we would go on our knees, as I felt the Lord would give me a word to comfort their hearts that were bleeding from that affliction. I asked God to give grace to that widow's heart to keep her under the heavy cross that came to her, and help her to say, "Father, thy will be done." I saw she seemed to cling to that loved daughter as though her hope was in her now. The daughter talked so good about the sickness of her father, and how patient he was during all his suffering. I thanked God for sparing her to cheer the heart of her mother, as she will be lonely and sad in the journey to the glory land. May the Master keep them by his grace to the end.

Monday evening we had a good attendance at the prayer meeting. Fred (the boy Christian) was there, he was the first one to engage in prayer after the meeting was opened. Such faith as God has given to him ; it was a rebuke to us ; I wanted to hide away out of sight. O, for more humility in all our hearts. "The meek will he guide in judgment." The time was partially occupied in quoting Scripture ; there is power in the Word ; all can take part in that exercise ; the more that take part in the meeting the more will feel blessed as they wait upon the Lord.

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

Tuesday evening I called to visit the sick, where the lady of the house has been confined to the home since last fall, not able to attend the means of grace

during that time. Still I can see she is growing in grace ; some are to suffer, others to toil, all for the glory of God. Reader, I hope you have that experience in your heart to-day. May God help you to look up and say, " Anything I can do for Jesus, I will do it gladly." That sister has had time for meditation ; we need time to think of our Maker, and ask him what we are to do for his cause and the advancement of his kingdom. I learnt a lesson from that one suffering, and yet so patient, not a murmur from her lips, not a frown on her face, happy and trusting in Jesus, who is abundantly able to keep, if we will ask him for grace. I met a little boy in that home ; I told him two stories. God made my heart tender in doing that simple thing. I then suggested prayer, to which they consented. O, what liberty I had in prayer ; the flow of words came to my mind, and a baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost came to my heart ; the longer I prayed the more faith I had given to me from the Master. That occasion was a feast to my soul ; praise the Lord for his goodness and tender mercies to me. I bade them a kind good night, and went on my way rejoicing, feeling grateful to God in my heart that I could (with the help of his dear Son) do a little for his followers, by saying a word of cheer while on their way to the " Sweet By-and-by."

Wednesday evening I occupied a part of the time reading the memoir of that sainted man, Rev. Jos. Benson ; God honored that devout man. On one occasion his prayer was answered immediately in behalf of an invalid daughter ; she received strength in her limbs, and got up and walked with her usual

strength. At eight o'clock I answered the call of our door-bell. A gentleman and lady called to grace our home with their presence. It was a treat to me to visit with them ; they were very conversational. The gentleman is a Baptist, the lady a Methodist. God bless them temporally and spiritually, as they make their home in Ilion. At nine and a half o'clock brother Turner made an excellent prayer and bade us good night ; may they come again. I am thankful to God that we are social beings, and enjoy the society of our friends. With Jesus' love in our hearts we can influence the people and help those around us.

Thursday evening I spent a while in a home that is lonely and sad. The man of the house was called to the spirit world, the way we must all go, prepared or not, death won't wait. As I walked into that home I found the companion of the departed one composed and trusting in the Saviour. We cannot realize that he has gone so sudden. The family are thankful to the neighbors and friends for their kindness in their affliction. The choir sang beautifully at the funeral. One piece was a favorite with the deceased :

———“Rest for the weary,
Yes, there is a rest, just beyond the tide,
A rest for all in Christ have died.”

God grant to us we all may find that rest, when we must bid adieu to all on earth, and leave them behind. I found my time was up ; we then bowed together on our knees and asked God to give grace to that lonely one to keep her during life, whether her pathway be a long or short one. The best of the wine we had

at the last of the feast. God touched my heart with his divine love in such a manner that the tears started down my face. That occasion will long be remembered. How true is the precious Word, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Blessed Jesus, we will crown him Lord of all.

Friday afternoon we were profited by the ladies' prayer meeting. The faithful ones that attend there every week know how to trust God ; they have an influence on the people while they have power with God. The sick were kindly remembered in the earnest petitions that were offered to the throne.

Saturday evening we opened the meeting by singing ; we sang with grace in our hearts. We had the spirit of prayer given to us from above ; we felt the nearness of Christ. I had liberty as I read from the Word and commented upon the lesson as the Holy Spirit gave me utterance ; I was inspired. A stranger was present ; I hope God will touch their heart and win them to Christ. At nine o'clock we closed by singing.

Sunday was a beautiful day ; we reached the church quite late, and were obliged to take a seat near the altar ; a large attendance came to hear brother Mead's farewell sermon (or his last message, as he called it). Text, 2 Cor. vi. 10: "As poor, yet making many rich." He was much affected as he explained the Scriptures to us in a plain and practical manner. His sermons are well written and give general satisfaction to all. At the close of his discourse he remarked with much tenderness, and said, "My

rk with this people is now done ; I am indebted to you for the love you have manifested to me for the last three years ; it now must be given to another. The remembrance of the past I will never forget." His heart was so full ; he then turned around and called on Elder Corse, who was sitting by his side in the pulpit, to make the closing prayer and pronounce the benediction. God bless him as he will go out to new field of labor.

"DEAR BROTHER—Again I must write ; my soul goes out in gratitude and praise to my Saviour from all sin. Your call last evening to my sick room was Godsend ; as they always are, and heaven seemed near and Jesus so dear. I thought, 'O God, what if it, are you going to take brother H. from us ?' It was so hard to say, 'Father, thy will be done, if so ;' and then I thought how you had labored in the Master's vineyard, while there have been so many drones ; and my cry to the throne this morning is, 'Father, give us, and help thy children to work.' This morning it flashed into my mind these verses, and I sang them. O, praise God for permitting me to use my weak voice in singing his praises. 'That unchangeable home is for you and for me.' I read in the Word about the glory of the sun, moon and stars, and as they differ in brightness of glory, but it only troubles me when I think how little I have done and how disobedient I have been through timidity, my recklessness was permitted for my good ; how I see the hand of God in it all the way through ; and by his grace it shall be for his glory. Blessed Jesus, I feel that when I do err—many of God's children err—that is in not speaking personally to the unsaved around us. My mind goes back two years ago, when R. and S. G. were so ill that there seemed to be no hope of their recovery, and my heart was touched,

and I prayed that they might be spared; I told God I would speak to both of them about their souls. They recovered; I never went to see them; and then again it flashed across my mind. O, my God, how my heart is wrung, and the tears start when I think how like Jonah I have been. Do you wonder, my brother, that God said, Why cumberest thou the ground?—only as God heard and could not turn away the pleadings of his dear children, and he has spared me a while; and O, how I can see my own vileness; but glory be to Jesus, how I see my purity in Christ; ‘I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me.’ O, what wondrous love. ‘And it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.’ Thank the Lord for his precious promises. Surely we may have nothing, yet possess all things in Christ. I seem to comprehend Paul’s language in part this morning. I want to thank you for your prayers. May God spare you many years to the church and your loved ones. God bless them, and hide you under the shadow of his wings, that no evil may befall you. Yes, he has promised that; he says the fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil. Yours in Christ, F.”

Monday evening but few out to the prayer meeting; several of the young people were at the rehearsal, preparing for the festival on Tuesday evening next, for the benefit of the church fund. The Lord blessed me in reading his Word; there was a stillness in the room which was evidence that God’s presence was felt by each one. “My Word shall not re-

turn unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent." The prayers were brief, and came from the heart. We occupied a few minutes quoting passages of Scripture. At nine o'clock we closed the meeting, and took a seat in the street-car for Ilion. When we reached there we walked over to the church, where the members (of the church and congregation) had assembled to give a farewell reception to brother Mead, the retiring pastor. The basement of the church was filled with happy people, old and young and middle-aged, who were enjoying the occasion very much. The committee of ladies worked hard, as they always do here, and success attended their efforts. Ice cream and cake was served to each. The most important part of the evening is to be told; I feel incompetent to do justice to the subject. Through the untiring effort of that popular townsman, Charles Harter, he solicited funds from the members of the church and others, and raised the sum of three hundred and five dollars (\$305). He then made his way to the store of O. B. Rudd, jeweler, where you can find a large assortment of fine goods in his line. He selected a beautiful gold watch and chain for brother Mead, and the same outfit for his amiable wife. I am not certain but there will be a rivalry in that home to see which watch will keep the best time. We noticed during the day Addison Brill was very polite and attentive to the many people that he met; he would take out of his pocket a list of names, and say to you, "I will add yours to the rest; you may give me one dollar or more, as you please. Through the push and zeal of that success-

ful business man, who has never failed to accomplish what he undertakes, he raised one hundred dollars (\$100) in gold, and presented it to brother Shepherd, P. E. As I had an opportunity in the course of the evening to clasp his hand and say to him, "How are you?" his answer was, "I am well, and have money to let." I did not have the pleasure of being present and listening to the presentation speeches on the occasion. I am told they were good and had the right ring in them. One thing in particular, I noticed a tender, sweet spirit prevailed during the entire evening. There were Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists all united. That gathering will be one of the green spots in the memory along the way to brother Mead and family and brother Shepherd and his loved ones. It will cheer their hearts as they are struggling on through the pathway of life. May God bless each of them, and make them useful and efficient in their work wherever it may be assigned to them in the future; may they have many stars in the crown of their rejoicing, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

Tuesday evening I made my way to the home of a reformed man. I had a longing in my heart to sit down in his home and say a kind word to him and his companion, who has recently sought and found the dear Saviour very precious to her soul, and for the encouragement of her husband joined him in the narrow way to the glory land. We spent a half-hour in Christian conversation very profitably. I told them a story about Father Taylor, of Boston, that devout servant of God, who spent his time among

the sailors, winning them to Christ and heaven. We then bowed together in prayer. My heart was so filled with the love of my Saviour that the tears started down my face as I asked God to help that man and his companion. I want them to live every moment for Jesus, as they are members of my class. I pray daily for them to be kept by the power of God for the Master's use. O, to gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord. To have those that we have assisted in the narrow way take us by the hand in eternity and thank us for a kind word spoken to cheer and brighten their pathway to heaven will be sweeter, and Christ dearer, for having done a little work for the Master.

Wednesday evening I walked one mile and a half and called on a sick man very low with disease of the lungs. God has blessed him with much of this world; he is generous and kind; he has given largely to benevolent purposes. That will not save his soul and give him an entrance to heaven. Christ said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again, or ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." That is true. Some may not heed those words until it is too late. That man was pleased to see me. After a few words of conversation I knelt by his bed-side and asked my Jesus to bless that sick one, especially at this time, his heart is tender. I do hope God will save his soul. He has befriended me a great many times. I cannot return the compliment; one thing I can do is to ask my Heavenly Father to reward him for kindness shown to his weak servant. As I rose from my knees and took him by the hand to say good

night, he gave me such a warm grasp of the hand and looked up into my face so anxious, thanked me for calling, and asked me to come again. I do believe, somewhere along the pathway of life, God will, for Christ's sake, gather that one when he comes to make up his jewels. After a few minutes' walk I rang the door-bell at another home where I purposed to call and visit with an aged couple who are walking in the afternoon of life, and are near the end of the journey. I like to sit by the side of those faithful ones and listen to them as they tell me about the narrow way. I catch from them the spirit and zeal they possess, and receive fresh courage. I want to be like them, and get nearer to Jesus. I trust I am a better Christian man for the example and help I have received in that Christian home. My heart goes out in gratitude to God for giving me so many kind friends. A relative of the family was there. I found my time was up. The man of the house said, "I want you to sing and pray before you go." I called the name of the daughter of those aged parents who is a member of my class, to sing, "Close to Thee." Another member of my class was present, who would rather sing than eat. We joined our voices in song, while our hearts went out to God in gratitude. We then bowed in prayer to ask God to bless the aged pilgrims and each one present. I had liberty as I prayed; my faith was strong; what a thirsting I had after God and the fullness of the Holy Ghost power. I bade each a kind good night, and soon found my way homeward, feeling deep down in my heart that was the best evening's work of my life, not for any-

thing that I did ; no, but for what the dear Saviour did for me, praise his name.

Thursday evening I had the privilege to pray in one home before I went to prayer meeting. I met an aged one of God's followers there who is in need of sympathy, as she is advanced in years, and has no home or relatives ; still God will take care of her and supply her need. He says, "I will be the widow's God." That aged one is happy, because her trust is in the Lord. I soon made my way to the basement of our church—very few at the prayer meeting. The Spirit of the Lord was there to help us and encourage our hearts as we engaged in his service. They all referred in their prayers to the Conference in session, and asked the Lord to send us the right man to be our pastor. May he be filled with the Spirit of Christ and have a longing for souls, and be a blessing to the church and community.

Friday afternoon I spent one hour in the ladies' prayer meeting ; it was a feast to my soul. The leader was obliged to make a sacrifice to be in the meeting. God verified his promise to her. He says in the Word, "They that honor me, them will I honor." That room was filled with the presence of the dear, compassionate Saviour. What liberty we had in prayer. I think those prayers mixed with tears will be answered. In the evening we assembled in the class-room ; but few present, on account of the temperance meeting in the Presbyterian church. That popular lecturer, P. A. Burdick, has held meetings there every evening this week in behalf of the temperance cause. One of the members of my class sent

me a consecration card. I have signed my name to it. With the help of Jesus I expect to keep it through life. I will give you a copy of it :

“MY CONSECRATION.

“I take God the Father to be my God. 2 Cor. 6:18.

“I take God the Son to be my Saviour. Acts 5:31.

“I take God the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifyer.

1 Peter 1:2.

“I take the Word of God to be my rule. 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

“I take the people of God to be my people. Ruth 1:16, 17.

“I likewise give my whole self to the Lord. Rom. 12:1. I do this deliberately. (Josh. 24:15.) Sincerely. (2 Cor. 1:12.) Freely. (Ps. 6:3.) And forever. (Rom. 8:3-39.)”

Saturday evening, a small attendance at the class-meeting; some were out of town, and others preparing to go next week. One who has taken a deep interest in the cause of Christ, and has attended all the meetings during the past year, is about to go from our midst and make their home in another place. May the blessing of God go with and rest upon them all along the pathway of life. They have helped the class and encouraged the heart of the leader in a wonderful manner. We shall miss them. I hope the Lord will fill their place by another. The workmen drop out, but the work will go on; God is in it; that is the secret of success. If that one is faithful until death, a crown of life is awaiting them in the glory

world. May the Master keep them and bring them home at last, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

Sunday, no service in our church ; Conference is in session at Oswego. I attended the love-feast at the Methodist Protestant place of worship on Otsego street. Rev. Mr. Prindle had charge of the service. Several from our own church were present, and took part in the meeting. Elder Snyder was there, the pastor from Smiley. At two o'clock I was walking by the side of my old friend, brother Clark, to attend his Sabbath school. As we reached the place, they were waiting ; we sang the opening piece and then bowed in prayer. I felt the presence of my Saviour as I offered a simple petition to God for help as we engaged in the study of his Word. I was then put in charge of the Bible class. At first I could not get the entire attention of the class. I waited a few minutes and then went on. In a little while the Superintendent called our time was up, and announced to the school, " You will now listen to the stranger." I told them a few simple stories I had committed to memory, and sat down. They sang the closing piece and we returned home. In the evening I attended the Baptist church and heard a good sermon from a student. The text was Prov. xxiii. 7 : " For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." I am thankful God is raising up devout and faithful young men.

" **MY BROTHER IN CHRIST**--It seems to me that when I am anxious about many things, Jesus tells me what to do ; and thus it is this beautiful morning, when the natural sun is shining so brightly in the heavens, and the Sun of righteousness has arisen in my poor heart,

shining away all darkness. I then wonder why God should have called even me, while so many are left in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; but that which I cannot comprehend now, I shall by-and-by, when I shall 'know even as I am known,' and see my Saviour as he sees me at all times. When I contemplate this, how I long to be purer and more holy in all that I do or say. My desire and prayers are that God's dear children may be sanctified through the blessed Word, and then sinners would see such beauty in the religion which we profess, that they would be constrained to crown our Jesus Lord of all. Glory be to his dear name forever. How grateful I am God only knows. While I have great cause to cry 'Unprofitable,' that when I had strength of body I did a little for the Master, now since I am laid aside from active duties, and know so well that disease has fastened upon the outward man, and recognize Jesus' voice saying, 'Child, be careful, for the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost,' and thus it is, the earthly house is being dissolved, at the same time the inward man is being renewed day by day. It is our privilege to grow more like Jesus, and when the tenement of clay falls, the spirit shall burst the bonds and soar upward, and gain admittance to the heavenly realms only through the merit of our blessed Jesus. O, by faith I seem to see the New Jerusalem, and the sight is indeed transporting. How true, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love him.' And to think even here it may be our experience. Well might the prophet have said as he looked down through the ages, 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done it?' Surely his children should cry, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.' My heart burns within me as I talk on this subject, and methinks

when I hear the cry, 'Watchman, what of the night?' the watchman saith, 'The morning cometh.' And thus I think it is in the holiness movement. I can but say, 'O earth, earth, hear the Word of the Lord.' Yours in Christ, F."

Monday evening we enjoyed the prayer meeting. We sang that beautiful hymn, "Where are thy Sheaves?" I was very much impressed with those words; they seemed to thrill me. O, what a longing I had in my soul to gather a few for the Master. The working spirit will come from Christ by keeping low at his feet; we must keep self out of the way, then we can see those around us who are suffering and need a helping hand. Only as Jesus will assist will be our strength and wisdom. Nothing true but heaven. This life is a training-school for the next. Christ died for all. Reader, you and I are to choose for ourselves; if we fail to reach heaven, it will be our own fault. God has offered us a free salvation through the death and resurrection of his own dear Son. "Be ye reconciled to God." Turn your feet into the narrow way; may your face be set as a flint Zionward. Joy will await you; peace will comfort you; the Holy Ghost will sanctify and keep you wholly for the Lord. What a high state of grace to be in; you will see things in a different light. First, you will have charity for all; your faith will be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds of sin and Satan; your desire will be heavenward; the great ambition of your life will be to rescue the perishing, comfort the weary and dying, and build up believers in their most holy faith. A man

that is consecrated to God and living to glorify his Maker and honor the Saviour will never know in this life his strength. Through the process of humility and getting down before God in the dust and ashes, where we sinners must go to procure the cleansing from all sin through the atonement of our Saviour. This day I have had a new experience, a burden of prayer for souls ; my heart is full of love and compassion for the unsaved and those that have wandered away. This desire is from God ; I expect he will use his weak servant to gather a few for his Son's sake.

Tuesday evening I made a farewell call, and prayed in one home for the last time. One of the members of that family belong to my class. We make friends and form acquaintances in this life, and are obliged often to say farewell. There will be no good bye in heaven ; no parting of friends. The Lord made my heart tender with his gracious presence and love. I then offered prayer, and pleaded with the Lord to give grace to that one, and keep them by his power, and use them for his glory. The steps of a good man are ordered from the Lord. We had a precious time on our knees ; what liberty I had in prayer ; my faith came from God, that he would keep that one and save their companion, who is waiting their arrival. I commended them to God ; then their Bible class came before me ; what a desire I had in my soul that they would be saved.

Wednesday evening I made a call on a sick man, a stranger (one of God's faithful ones said to me on Tuesday evening, " You must call and see J. H. ; he

is not expected to live; his lungs are diseased). I made inquiry, and found where he lived. As I reached the place I met a man walking slowly; his step was feeble. It occurred to me 'that he was the man I was in search of. I spoke to him, and found he was the one. As I looked at him and saw the trouble he had to breathe, my heart went out in sympathy for him. I took his hand and pressed it; the fever of death was in his whole system. I turned around and walked by his side, and talked to him in a tender manner. Said he to me, "I expect to get well in a short time." I thought then to myself, "You may soon be called to the spirit world." I called him by name, and said; "John, suppose you do not get well, are you prepared to die?" He looked at me with surprise. I saw at once I must be careful what I said. I clasped his hand and bade him good night, leaving him in the Lord's care, praying daily for that man, and calling his name to God. After a few minutes' walk I found my way to the Presbyterian church in time for the prayer meeting held every evening by that devout temperance worker, P. A. Burdick, to ask the blessing of God on the temperance cause. I had the pleasure of conversing with him for a few minutes. He was happy as he told me about his work for the past four years. One hundred thousand and twenty-three have signed the pledge in that time. Three hundred and forty-three have been converted in the meetings held for prayer and testimony, and have united with the different churches. He had spoken every evening (in behalf of the temperance cause) for ten months, with the

exception of fifteen nights. He has delivered ninety-one lectures consecutively in the same place. He told me the Lord gave him something new to say to the people every evening. During the day he would meet with men that were frank and would tell him why they would not sign the pledge. In the evening he would make a point to explain to them by argument, (his profession in former years was a lawyer,) and take away all their prejudices to their entire satisfaction.

Thursday evening the Hutchins family were well represented. My wife attended the temperance lecture at the Presbyterian church. I went to the prayer meeting. Our former pastor, Brother Mead, kindly came in and took charge of the meeting; (our new pastor has not arrived.) Brother Mead gave us a good talk from his heart for a few minutes. At the close of the meeting he remarked that his life seemed to be broken up into fragments; two and three years preaching in a place, making warm friends during that time and saying good-bye and going out into new fields of toil. He had faith as he looked out into the future; with God's help he expected to win some souls for the Lord. Every one present felt those kind words spoken for our encouragement. He asked the prayers of all; he said he needed them. May God fit him for work as never before, for Jesus' sake. There was a blessed spirit in the room; we were hungry for the hour of prayer; there is nothing like knee work; it will bring us nearer to God, where we can see our own depravity and short-comings; O, the blessed loving, Christ; he is waiting to help

us and fill our hearts full of his divine love, then we can assist others along the narrow way.

Friday afternoon I left the desk for a half hour and attended the ladies' prayer meeting; four of the chartered members were present; I need not tell you they were happy; it is our association that helps us and makes life pleasant; that meeting was organized four years ago; how much good has been accomplished, eternity will reveal. In the evening we gathered in the class-room, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. To our glad surprise, Brother Brill escorted our new pastor into the room. We all said welcome in our hearts and kept on singing until we finished that hymn. I then had the pleasure of introducing him to the class and said to them we were highly honored to have the first call from him in our meeting. Each one present seemed pleased and looked happy. I turned to Brother Reese and said to him: "I am glad you are here. I think you will not feel embarrassed if we call on you to open the meeting by leading us in prayer." He asked God to bless pastor and people, and in that act of devotion commenced his first work in Ilion. May God fill his heart with the dear Saviour's love and use him to honor the Master and win souls to Christ.

Saturday evening, class met as usual. We spent a few minutes talking about the new pastor, who is to commence his work in Mohawk to-morrow morning. We engaged in the song service and then bowed in prayer for God to send his special blessing on each and help us to be simple and child-like. We received

grace then and there for that occasion ; our hearts were made tender from his gracious presence and divine love. It was one of the best meetings we have ever enjoyed in that place ; not for anything that we could do ; no, Jesus blessed us and made us to rejoice in his love. Some made sacrifices to come ; they were obliged to say good-bye ; one was present and gave his farewell testimony ; God bless that young man ; he has helped the class and leader ; may the Lord reward him here and a home yonder, when he comes to make up his jewels for his own name's sake.

Sunday was a beautiful day, favorable for church-goers. Our new pastor was present and gave us a good sermon ; text, Ephesians v:27, "That he might present it to himself a glorious church." The house was filled, which encouraged the speaker. He spoke forty-five minutes ; the good attention from the audience was evident ; all were pleased and much profited. He remarked : "I am not here to tell you your duty ; you know what it is ; I expect you will perform it ; I want your help and prayers as I am doing work." He went on to explain the ideal church, and said we must set our aim high. He said it was not the beautiful edifice that made the church ; it was the character of the members. He then said it was our privilege by God's help to reach the standard of the ideal Christian. He said we must have charity for all. The choir sang (God bless them) a beautiful piece at the close of the sermon, "Precious fountain ever flowing." In the evening the different congregations in town gathered at the Presbyterian

church for a union temperance meeting. I took the street car and went down to Mohawk to hear the new pastor, Rev. Charles Sheard. Before the service I called at the home of an aged couple. I found the lady reading the Bible, the gentleman looking out of the window in deep meditation. They seemed pleased as I walked into their home; their hearts were heavy; a loved one has recently gone out from that place to make her home in a strange town. We conversed for a few minutes in speaking of the absent one; the vacant chair was there; their voice was not heard. O, how many of our homes have a vacant seat in them! I was there to say a word to cheer the heart of those dear parents. We bowed on our knees and offered a prayer to him who says in his Word, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Our dear ones may be called away from us in many ways; but the dear Jesus will never leave us; glory be to his name. I said good night and walked to the home of a sick man before church. We then bowed in prayer in that quiet home. The Lord blessed our hungry souls as we waited at his feet for a few minutes. God was present to sympathize with that mother and comfort the heart of that father, as they journey along life's pathway. May grace divine be given to them as they need while passing through hours of loneliness and quiet. I have faith to believe that family will all be reunited in the glory land. The acquaintance we have made here, I trust, through Jesus' help, will continue in heaven for his mercy's sake. I bade them a kind good night and went my way, feeling in my own heart that the Lord was able

to accomplish all things that we desire in our hearts if we can trust all with him. At seven and a half o'clock I sat down in one of the pews in the church to listen to the stranger. Text was about Ruth and Naomi. He talked twenty-five minutes. He made several strong appeals to the unsaved to make the choice that Naomi did, and not put off the day of salvation. I think he will do the people good in that place. May God grant it for his Son's sake.

Monday evening we are in the prayer meeting with the young people : they have sustained and attended them better than I could expect. I trust the Lord will save some who have come in to listen to the songs and cheered us by their presence.

Tuesday evening I called upon one of the members of my class who has been confined at home on account of sickness. After we spent a few minutes in Christian conversation, we bowed on our knees in prayer, to ask God to bless that one. I said good night, and soon reached the home where I found another sick one, although able to be up and converse freely. A young lady friend of the invalid was present, who is a member of my class. We were seated in the parlor and conversing about the meetings, when we heard a rap at the door. Two young men were invited into the room and introduced to me. One of them, a very nice young man, I judge, is waiting on the young lady of the house. I saw at once it would break up their anticipated visit if I remained. I suggested to the young lady of the home that I would go and make another call ; I would like to pray before I said good night ; we bowed together

that home. The blessed Christ gave me the spirit prayer as I asked God for his dear Son's sake to seal the sick one. I prayed for each one of the family and all present, especially the two young men. hope and trust the Lord will make impressions on their hearts that they may choose that good part that shall not be taken away from them.

Wednesday evening I honored the Master by praying in two homes. At seven and a half o'clock I called at a home where two of the members of my class reside. We sang for a few minutes and enjoyed very much, especially that beautiful piece, title, "Where are thy sheaves?" My heart was made tender by the love of Jesus. I thought then were I to be called to-night to stand before the judge, I would feel ashamed of myself; no sheaves. O, what a longing for souls came to my heart. I expect God will see me to gather some to Christ and heaven. In a few minutes' walk I reached a home where I was to pray for the last time. There is trouble in this life; we may expect it, but there is a hiding place, "Rock of ages cleft for me." We are safe when in the hands of our God. I would not give up the hope I have in Christ for all this beautiful world. I am saved and kept by the blood of the crucified one. Several had called at that home to say good-bye to that one going out. I said a few simple words to cheer that one, whose heart is burdened with care at present, and then bowed in prayer to ask God for his Son's sake to open the way for that family. I commended them to God; I felt safe in doing that; good will come to them if they are true to Jesus. An aged one of God's

children was present ; she enjoyed that season of grace so much. After I closed my prayer that aged one said to me : "I want to pray ; the Lord is so good to me." That one is without home, no relatives. The Lord will and does provide.

Thursday evening I called at a home where a little one has been taken to the evergreen shore. After I rang the door bell the gentleman of the house came to the door to invite me in. I found they had company. I asked to be excused and said I will call again. The hearts of those parents are tender. Now is the time to win them to Christ. I hope the Lord will use some means to turn their feet into the narrow way, so that they will meet that little one where parting is never known. It is Jesus who hath power to pluck them and gather into his fold. After a few minutes' walk I reached the home of the sick, where an invalid resides. She is unable to be at any of the means of grace. I found her on the couch as I entered her room. I sat down in the easy chair ; the nurse and a young lady friend make up that family. The companion of that one has been called home to his reward several years ago. I am thankful we have the prayers of that feeble one. I sang two verses of that familiar hymn, "Trusting Jesus, that is all." We then bowed together in prayer ; the dear, loving Christ was pleased with that offering. The place was solemn to us on account of the nearness of God. It was a bethel to my soul. I learn a lesson from that one called to suffer ; she has such confidence in God; not even a murmur or word of complaint ; so much patience and resigned to the will of God. In a few

minutes' walk I reached the basement of our church. The pastor was giving in his testimony that Jesus Christ hath power on earth to forgive sin. An increase of members were present; a good, sweet spirit prevailed. I hope and trust the Lord will visit Ilion in might and power and save precious souls for whom Christ died.

Friday evening I called at the home of a man that met with a sad accident on Thursday; had his hand cut off in the planing machine. My heart went out to him in sympathy. As I walked up to his room, in company with the gentleman of the house, I was introduced to him. I tried to speak a word of cheer to encourage him, while suffering intensely. I then said to him, "I must go." I will offer a word of prayer in behalf of that man, among strangers, with the exception of his wife and child. The Lord blessed his soul as I was pleading with God to give him grace to keep him during this affliction. I prayed for all that make up that home. I leave the results to my Maker, for him to dictate and bless the prayer offered in weakness. The Lord is so merciful and kind to me. I do praise him for the spirit he gives me. We had an excellent class-meeting in the evening; an increase in attendance. Jesus shall have the glory, hallelujah to his name. I was obliged to give the time to the class and say very little; the time was limited; so many present.

Saturday evening class as usual. A stranger came in; his locks whitened with many years; he talked good. I trust his words will be remembered by the youth that were present, six hundred and fifty miles

from home. We say to him, "Come again." I am so glad we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. O, the cleansing stream I see, I see; God comes into our hearts as a purifier, and will put our house in order. We are the temple of the Holy Ghost; Christ, the abiding comforter.

Sunday we enjoyed the sermon much; text, Philippians iii., part of 13th v.: "Forgetting those things which are behind; I press toward the mark for the prize." The discourse was practical and plain; his illustrations beautiful and easy to comprehend. We must go on; there was no place to stand still. He told the story about the young man that tried to write his name on the side of the rock above all other names. He cut niches in the side of the rock for his hands and feet and climbed up where he could write his name much higher than any of the rest. After he had reached there he found he could not go back the way he came; to stand still he could not; he looked up and decided to go on, and soon reached the top of the summit. He said we are to forget our first experience to a certain degree. We should remember the tomb of a little one, or the joy and happiness we have experienced along the way. He referred to the leaf we have noticed in the eddy in the stream going round and round. He said there were a great many Christians to-day in that same condition; how true! I have been there myself. He said we are to get out into the current and go on with the stream. We were delighted to see the family of Rev. H. W. Bennett, P. E., Herkimer district, in the congregation;

they are welcome to Ilion. At the close of the sermon, Brother Reese said: "I have a command to give you; right about face, forward, march."

At six o'clock in the evening I called at the home of the poor, where a man has been sick all winter, unable to work and support his family. During the week I collected a few dollars from different ones. I was obliged to carry it to him on the Sabbath. I said as I handed it to him, that I did not have time through the week; I believed it was work for the Lord. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." As I dropped the package into the hand of his wife, I said, "I will pray if you will allow me to." I asked Jesus to care and provide for that aged couple, and comfort their hearts as they journey along. I then made my way to the prayer meeting, where I used my lungs in song for my Saviour. At seven and a half o'clock we gathered in the audience room for the evening service. Text, Romans i. 16: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." He spoke for thirty-five minutes, and explained the text so well that any skeptic would be convinced that the gospel had done a great deal for humanity; we owe every thing to Christ. The world is better to-day on account of the precious Word. He looked at it first from a wordly standpoint, and reasoned away every prejudice, and made it appear to his hearers that it was popular to be a Christian, and proved it by the masses who are traveling in the way to the glory land. He made several good points during the discourse; he kept to the text. It was evident to the listeners that he had spent much time in the study of

the subject ; he handled it in an able manner. At the close he said with words of tenderness, " I offer this Christ to every unsaved man in the house to-night." The choir did well in singing for the closing piece, "Jesus, lover of my soul," with the variations.

Monday evening I walked one mile and a half, and called on my pastor No. 2. We conversed for a few minutes about the interest of the church. He bade me good night, and went to the Quarterly Conference. I called on one of the members of my class. I was hungry for prayer. Our usual prayer meeting was postponed on account of the official meeting. The Lord blessed my soul as we waited at his feet in that quiet home. As I prayed for the young man of that family I received a weeping blessing. We arose to our feet and said good night. After a few minutes' walk we rang the door-bell at another home where an aged couple live. The lady of the house opened the front door ; I walked in and sat down in the easy chair. The daughter came in with a letter in her hand to read to me, from one of the members of the class who has gone out to make her home among strangers. I was delighted to listen to the contents of that letter. The Lord is so mindful of his own ; he cares for us in a gracious manner. " No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." The man of the house said to me, " I want you to pray with us before you go." We bowed on our knees around that family altar ; it was a feast of sweet things to my soul ; the dear Jesus was so near and so dear ; it seemed like a little heaven to our

souls. I had such liberty as I prayed for those aged ones; I imagined they could, with the eye of faith, look away into that within the vail, and see the glorious reward that is waiting them. Their example has helped me; may God reward them. 'O, the communion of saints.

Tuesday evening I changed the program a little; after tea I took my horse and wagon and carried our P. E. to the depot and back. I did not try to show him the speed of my horse, but we did have a good visit by the way. He was, as usual, very communicative, and made inquiry after those that started in the narrow way when he was laboring among us for the Master. I do enjoy so much to sit down by the side of those men of God who are trying in Jesus' name to win our loved ones to Christ and heaven. I drove up on Armory Hill, and left him and his baggage at the brick mansion, the home of neighbor Benton, where he is stopping for a few days while they are fitting up his own house he purchased on John street. I soon reached my home; my son was waiting, not to put out the horse, but to take a drive. I gave him possession of the rig. In a few minutes I reached a home where they expected me to call. I saw the parlor lighted up; that humbled me, when I thought of the many mercies and blessings God was bestowing upon me. I owe them all to Jesus, the compassionate Saviour. After the usual hand-shake I sat down in the arm-chair. I can assure you there was no time lost; it was not a Quaker meeting; my heart was full of good sayings to the parents and loved ones that make up that family. I did enjoy

looking into their happy faces again. I talked, and they listened very attentively (especially the little folks) to the stranger. The time passed away quickly ; the daughter sat down to the instrument and played while we sang, "Close to Thee." We then bowed around that family altar for prayer before we said good night. The best of the wine was given at the last of the feast. Jesus made his presence felt in that room ; we rejoiced with joy unspeakable in our risen Lord and Master. We walked to our home with pleasant memories of that call, and thanked God that Jesus, his dear Son, can save to the uttermost ; blessed Lord.

Wednesday evening I spent at the home of Mrs. H. ; a little strange it seemed to her, no doubt ; I am away so much, with the exception of walking by the side of my pastor to call on the sick, which I enjoyed very much. Brother, sister and baby Reese came to town yesterday ; they are stopping with us until the parsonage is made ready for occupancy. The little one is a bright girl of eighteen months, a remarkable and interesting child. She became acquainted with the writer very quick, and talked to me quite freely in her childish way. They are welcome among us, and have our sympathy settling their new home. I think the wives of Methodist ministers need a large amount of grace to keep them ; every third year of the itinerancy they are obliged to move. I say, God bless them with the riches of his grace.

Thursday evening, at the weekly prayer meeting a good spirit prevailed ; not so many of the sisters out as usual ; they are weary, no doubt, house-cleaning.

I think they are more devoted, and live better Christian lives than we, men, do.

Friday afternoon I spent one hour in the ladies' prayer meeting. I need their prayers to help me to keep me near the bleeding side of my loving Saviour. The good Lord made his presence known in that place in power. In the evening we enjoyed one of the best class-meetings we ever held in Ilion; good attendance, the members ready to witness; the testimonies came from the heart, with tears in them. The presence of God filled the room and cheered each heart. The occasion will be remembered all along the years to come as a Bethel to our souls. One young man that laid the armor down for several months was cold and dissatisfied with himself, confessed to God, and promised in presence of the class, he would start again, then and there, to be a follower of Jesus on the way to Zion. The mother of that young man was present; I need not tell you it rejoiced her heart; it was a comfort to each one of us. A stranger came in—one of God's chosen ones—he responded heartily as sister Brown was pleading with the Master to send us grace to cheer our hearts and melt them to tenderness while we waited together at his feet. That man said to us he was converted fifty years ago, and felt in his heart he was converted now. May he come again.

Saturday evening one of the members of my class here accompanied me to Mohawk to attend the meeting. He was reminded of old times as he walked down by the places where he used to call, and spend his time and money and degrade himself by drink.

What a change has come over that man all through the grace of God. I want the Lord to use me to help him as he journeys along the pathway of life. I called on the pastor to open the meeting by prayer ; I followed with a few simple words ; I had liberty as I commended the class to a covenant-keeping God ; the members had freedom as they witnessed for Christ.

Sunday was a day of rest to me : I spent it in reading and meditation. I often wish to be alone and count the mercies and blessings God bestows upon me for his Son's sake. Text was taken from Colossians : "Ye are complete in him." He spoke forty-two minutes ; the sermon was plain and impressive ; the inspiration he received helped him in the discourse ; it seemed to lift the people upon a higher grade ; my faith was strengthened. I am satisfied there is no one complete out of Christ. At six and a half o'clock I went to the prayer meeting. I used my lungs in song for the Saviour. A lady arose and requested prayers for a sick one who is nearing the spirit world. My neighbor (the undertaker) passed by with his board to-day to prepare and lay out some one for the coffin. After death, the judgment. Are we ready ?—that is the question. Text in the evening was, "Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." He said to us, "Doubtless you have heard that text preached from." He remarked, "The words sowing and reaping are taken from the vocabulary of the farmer ; in fact, I may say we are all farmers ; our spheres are our farms. We cannot expect results

without causes. If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption. The harvest follows the sowing. He referred to the drunkard sowing to the baser passions and reaping the tremens. His discourse was heard with much interest by all present. Time, thirty minutes.

Monday evening we held our farewell young people's prayer meeting in Mohawk. The new pastor thought it best to take up that meeting. The young people feel disappointed ; I will not refer to my own feeling, or say anything in regard to it. I am thankful to my dear, kind Heavenly Father for his blessing on us as we have met from week to week to pray and sing praise to his dear Son our loving Saviour. Several strangers have been present during the past fifteen months ; we cannot say how much good will result from the prayers, songs and passages of the precious Word quoted by those present. One thing we do know by a blessed experience, one of God's little ones has derived more good from them than I am able to tell. Little Fred, the praying boy, was present ; he thanked us for inviting him to come in and take part in the meetings. His brother George was there ; God bless and keep them by his grace.

Tuesday afternoon I drove our pastor up to attend the funeral at East Frankfort, and pay the last tribute of respect to a young man called away by that lingering disease, consumption. A few months ago a daughter was taken from that home to her reward in the home of the blessed. Her dying message to each one of the family, as she took them by the hand and talked like an angel, was wonderful and impressive,

never to be forgotten. She then said farewell, and rested her weary head on the pillow for the dear Saviour to send an escort of angels for her. Her brother Charlie called her name and wanted to hear her speak to him once more. Her answer was, as she called him by name, "My work is done; I want to pray; now please do not disturb me again." In a few minutes her happy spirit passed out to God, who gave it. Mr. Wesley said, "Our people die well." In the evening I called, sang and prayed in one home. The Lord is so good, sparing my life and doing so much for me. I pray for him to keep me humble, down at his feet, where he can use me for his glory.

Wednesday evening I called on the sick one that is so patient; I have learned a lesson from that one. We cannot appreciate our health until we are deprived of it. At the best we cannot do anything of ourselves; only as the Lord uses us can we help anyone. It is a great honor to be in his service; we do not realize our high calling in Christ Jesus our Lord. While we were conversing with the sick one, a neighbor came in accompanied by a young lady who had recently given her heart to the Saviour—a convert in the meetings held by Mrs. Maggie VanCott, in Utica. He says in the Word, "I have chosen you." May we become resigned to his will. To glorify his name should be our constant aim.

Friday evening we opened the class-meeting by singing a few songs and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. Brother Jones led us in prayer; afterwards we used our voice for the Saviour, singing

wo verses of "Jesus, lover of my soul." I had liberty as I read the Scripture lesson and made comments upon the Word. The presence of the Most High was felt by all. We had a number of visitors; they cheered our hearts and helped the young people. A Baptist lady came in and talked good to the class, and said to them, "Be cheerful Christians; you are children of a King." I hope they will remember those beautiful words.

Saturday afternoon I spent three hours in the presence of my pastor. I like good company, especially those that help me get nearer to God. I took my horse and wagon and drove across the river, where brother Reese wished to call on the members of the church. The first house where we called we found a very sick man attacked with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The wife of that man is so anxious about him. We soon made our way to another home; the pastor prayed, and kindly invited the family to attend church. We made eight calls; brother Reese prayed in five homes. One thing in particular I noticed; the inmates of the different families thanked him for calling; I could see from the expression on their faces they were delighted for that little act of kindness. The people are hungry for Christian counsel and sympathy. O, that all pastors may attend to that department of their work. In the evening my wife accompanied me to Herkimer to visit an afflicted family. A loved daughter of sixteen summers was called away to the spirit world. That young lady was a member of our church. I well remember when brother Shepherd, then our pastor, received Emma,

the deceased, and Violet Casler into the church, and assigned them to my class about seven years ago. She was a faithful Christian, and died happy in the hope she had in Christ—sick about one week. The family now reside in Herkimer. The Lord blessed me as we went down on our knees to ask God to give his grace to those that mourn, and especially that mother.

Sunday was a beautiful sunshine day ; Dr. Sims, Chancellor Syracuse University, preached to us in the morning an able discourse from Psalm cxxxviii. 6 : "Though the Lord be high, he hath respect unto the lowly ; the proud he knoweth afar off." Time, forty-three minutes. Voice good and clear ; he speaks with his lips and hands also ; he kept close to the text and often repeated it. The interest he manifested from the commencement of the sermon, as he moved away from behind the desk and spoke in an off-hand way, seemed to draw the people close to him. Although an entire stranger to us he felt deep down in his soul the meaning of those beautiful words of the Psalmist. He explained the meaning of the words low and lowly. For instance, you call at a home where they are poor, not neat and clean in the house, and the inmates may quarrel and differ, and use profane language. Then you call at the home of the widow, poor in this world's goods, but neat, tidy, everything clean and in order, harmony prevails in that quiet yet pleasant family circle. There is where God delights to bless and help along with his gracious presence. That man could tell us about the way which is pleasing in the sight of God ; he is walking

in that way, and is able to teach others to find it. May the Lord teach us to be meek and lowly of heart, and find rest to our souls. At the close of the sermon he called for a collection to aid in the expenses of the institution he represents. The plates were passed, and a very liberal collection was taken. At six and a half o'clock I found myself in the basement of our church, to enjoy the prayer meeting ; there was a tender spirit in the room ; some were there in black attire, which told to me they had lately parted with loved ones ; others came in late, who had attended the burial of the dead to-day. While on my knees offering prayer to the Master, I thought of a dear family that was sad on account of a vacant chair. One voice will be missed as the family join in singing in that little group that gather around that fireside after the toil and care of the day is past. God touched my heart with the finger of his love ; the tears came to my eyes as I pleaded with the great Physician to heal the hearts that death had made sad. O, what faith I received from heaven while I waited at the feet of Jesus ; the place was solemn to me. In one hour the text was announced by Dr. Sims—Job xiv. 14 : “If a man die, will he live again ?” He commenced the sermon by saying the book of Job was so old no one could tell who wrote it. It is supposed that it was written by Moses when he was taking care of his father-in-law’s flocks. He referred to what the scientists had to say in regard to the future. He held the audience spell-bound ; they were moved to tears ; he is full of magnetism, winning the affections of the people ; the Lord speaks through

him ; he is a great and good man, humble and spiritual. In his closing remarks to the young people he told them about his college days ; he worked his way and paid his tuition. He is a self-made man ; God bless him as he goes in and out before the young men of the University. He is very impressive as a speaker ; has a happy way of expressing himself ; no lack of words ; his heart is full and running over ; he spoke forty-six minutes. He will be welcome to come again to Ilion. He kindly thanked the people for the collection, and asked their sympathy and prayers for the success of the school. He is a blessing to mankind, and is doing good in many ways. Brother Beck told me of the offer which had been given to him from a strong church in the West to become their pastor, at a large salary, double the amount he is now receiving from the University. He thanked them kindly, and said he felt it his duty to remain where he was until the debt was raised.

—BROTHER HITCHINS—Your very kind letter I have just read, and it did me so much good. I could not help thanking the Lord, with my eyes filled with tears, that he put the kind thought of writing to me in your heart. I had just sat down, feeling somewhat discouraged to think, and was trying in my weakness to ask the Lord to help me, and lead me to do what is best. I cannot seem to see my way clearly. I am not gaining as fast as my physician expected me to, and though the time is up for me to go home now, I may never get well any way. I had quite a struggle over that yesterday, but it ended with this : ‘Lord, if it be thy will this, I will bear it, thy grace assisting.’ I cannot tell you how much good it does me to think you are praying for me : how many times I think of

it when I am almost discouraged over my poor health, and I feel like asking you again to pray the Lord to help me to do just what will be for my best good, and those dear ones at home. But in the midst of every trial I have so many things to be thankful for. I am glad you are feeling encouraged over your meetings in M., though I know of no reason why you should not, for the blessed Saviour always helps those that work in earnest for him. These words will, I think, apply to you in this : 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.' How many times I think how entirely useless I am, but I do pray earnestly that the Lord will bless and help his faithful few in M. Is it not wonderful what grace divine and faith in God can do for people. There are two examples of it here : Two ladies, one has not been able to walk for years, and the other has been sick in bed most of the time for six years, suffers terribly, and will never be better, yet is all ready to go when the summons may come, or stay and suffer with perfect patience, contented in Christ, willing to abide his time. The other poor helpless girl is happy, and singing of Jesus most of the time. There is one here that knows not of this precious love, but expresses a desire to be saved. I have tried, as best I can, to help her. I hope you will excuse my poor writing, for it is still quite hard for me to write. Please accept my hearty thanks for your kind letter. From one of the members of your class, and sister in Christ,

O."

Monday evening the storm prevented the people from coming to the meeting. I turned out the gas in the church, and walked to the home where the lady of the house is a member of my class, and quite sick, confined to her room. As I clasped her hand and said, "You have my sympathy in your affliction," I

sat down in a chair by the side of her husband. At my left her dear boy was fast asleep in the cot. We talked about the interest of the church, Sabbath school and class meeting. We enjoyed that interview very much ; my heart was full of good sayings to that dear family. It reminded me to thank my kind Heavenly Father for giving me health, strength, patience, endurance and grace to keep me in the narrow way. I learn a lesson from the sick room that I do not get elsewhere. They suffer, and yet so patiently ; there is something in the religion of Christ that will keep us under all circumstances—in sickness and health, prosperity and adversity. We bowed in prayer to ask God to give grace to that one to say, "Father, thy will be done." We arose and said good night, going to our home with a thankful heart, that we could do a little for the Master.

Tuesday evening I met brother C. on his way to the class meeting ; he did not forget to stop and take his weak brother by the hand and say a word to cheer me on the way, as he talked to me about the sermon by Rev. W. D. Chase on Sunday, at the funeral in Herkimer (Emma Casler's). The discourse was impressive. Text, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." The tears came to my eyes as he mentioned the name of the deceased, and the tender and affectionate way the pastor spoke of the departed one. He remembered her ; the first time he saw her was in the prayer meeting as she testified for the Saviour. He described the garden of Gethsemane, and explained to them how much Jesus suffered for us on the cross ; the audience were melted to tears.

I soon reached my home, and spent the evening reading the book of that wonderful man, John B. Gough ("Sunlight and Shadow"), about his travels, especially in the great city of London. His name is a household word ; the book is very instructive and entertaining ; he has a happy way of expressing his ideas, and seems to use the pen with much ease.

Thursday evening but few out to prayer meeting ; a good, tender spirit prevailed ; some testified for the Saviour who have not spoken in a long time. One of the members said to me, "I have resolved to live better in the future ; I wandered away in the past few years, and am almost a backslider." I am thankful God has reminded that one of their condition. May there be a general revival in the church. I was highly entertained as brother R. (who has been in New York for a few days) referred to that devout and faithful man of God, George Muller, and tell about the leading of the Spirit, and the goodness of God to him for the past fifty years. When he felt the call from the Master to provide a home for those little orphans left without any place of shelter, he rented four houses, and accommodated one hundred and thirty-one children for a while, then he could not keep the premises longer. He made it a subject of prayer for thirty days for God to send him the means to erect a building for that purpose. During that time no sign of an answer to his prayer. The thirty-fifth day five thousand dollars came ; that encouraged his heart ; he commenced to build. When he finished the building, it cost seventy-five thousand dollars. The money came from

different ones as he needed it. He was satisfied then that was his calling, to look after those little ones. Since that time he has put up four more buildings, paid for them and the expenses as they have incurred. He has now in his charge two thousand children that are provided for in those buildings. He has received in all, during the fifty years, four million dollars—a demonstration of the truth of God's Word, "Before they call will I answer, and while they are yet speaking will I hear."

Friday afternoon the room was well filled at the ladies' prayer meeting; the leader was present; her face was shining for the glory of God. We had liberty in prayer. The hour passed away quickly, never to be forgotten. It was a refreshing time to my soul. I feel the need of the prayers of God's faithful ones. In the evening we had an excellent time in the class-meeting; the presence of the dear Saviour was felt by each one. One of the members remarked the influence she received from the meeting seemed to follow her through the week. Blessed Lord, we will love him and serve him the best we can. A student from Drew Seminary was present, and opened the meeting by prayer. His presence made our hearts glad. He used to be a member of the class. God bless him as he goes out to win souls to Christ. A young man came in by invitation from one of the members who met him in the evening. The Lord blessed him as he testified for the Saviour. A lady who called to town to take the care of a loved friend, was present in the meeting and witnessed for Christ.

Saturday evening, on my way to the house of

mourning, where a dear boy of four summers had been called to the spirit world, I called for a few minutes at the home of a friend. I found them studying the Sunday school lesson. We exchanged a few words in conversation and sang for a few minutes, and then bowed in prayer. What a revelation I had from God while on my knees; there was a heavenly atmosphere in the room; he filled our hearts to overflowing. My mind went back to the place where we used to worship eight years ago; my heart rejoiced as I thought of former scenes; it seemed to me I could see my old class-leader, John Davenport, that devoted servant of God, who is in heaven. I received a weeping blessing as we waited at the feet of Jesus. The memories of old times in the class-room are precious to me. We arose and bade that couple good night. Very soon I reached a home where the crape hung upon the door. I rapped quite gently on the side door, was invited in, and seated in the room where a few of the neighbors had gathered to cheer the hearts of that afflicted family. I extended to them my hand and said, "You have my sympathy in this affliction; God bless you." I did not remain but a few minutes; I had an engagement at nine and a half o'clock; we bowed together in prayer to ask God to give grace to the parents who now have burdens to bear; we called the name of each to God for his blessing and guidance all through life, and a reunion of that entire family in heaven. We clasped the hand of each, and said good night.

Sunday was a day of rest to soul and body. The sermon did us good. The text was taken from the

book of Jonah, where the Lord told him to go to Nineveh. He remarked that duty was our Nineveh. How many there were on the way to Tarsus ; they never would get there ; the storm would overtake them, as it did Jonah. He said the Lord was speaking to us in many ways ; the sound of the church-bell was reminding us to go to Nineveh. Reader, are you on the way ? You may answer my question to your Maker. May he help you and I to do our part in the call. The prayer meeting and class-meeting were the places where we should not forget the assembling of ourselves together. "No cross, no crown." Some might think it too heavy. "We shall reap if we faint not." The prayer meeting was well attended ; the pastor made a request of the members to pray short, and ask God for the one thing they most needed. I was glad of that ; we pray too long ; the sermons are too lengthy ; we must study brevity. Text, Luke xv. 8, 9 : The piece of silver the woman lost. He said she had forgotten the nine pieces she still had in her possession. He referred to the love of God for a lost soul. The value of a human soul is beyond comprehension. He said if we knew the worth of a soul we would not rest, but would go out and seek the unsaved and win them to Christ. The audience listened with intense interest. The Baptist brethren came in to worship with us ; I am thankful for Christian fellowship. We will be united in the beautiful world beyond ; there will be no distinction in the home of the blest we are striving to reach.

Monday evening not many at the class-meeting.

The Lord is not confined to time, place or numbers ; he is every where, beholding the evil and the good. We spent a part of the time in song ; I had liberty as I read a portion of the Word. I then told them a story I once read in the book of John B. Gough. He called upon a lady ; she referred to her son during the conversation. The boy said to her, "Mother, I am not going to hear Rev. Mr. Parker any more ; I don't like his preaching." The mother felt bad, and did not know what to do in the matter. In a few minutes he came in, his face bright and cheerful, as he said to her, "I met Mr. Parker to-day ; he was pleased to see me, and inquired if I had been away from home ? I told him I had not. Said he, "I missed you from church." My answer to him was, "I do not like your preaching." "Well," said he, "I agree with you ; I do not like it myself ; if you can tell me how to preach better, I will be thankful." Said he to me, "Go and hear Dr. — ; he preaches good sermons ; do not stay away from the house of God ; good bye, Ed., 'God bless you.'" "Mother, Mr. Parker is a brick ; while he remains in the city I will hear him preach." The good book says, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." That young man was won by that minister making a confession, and saying kind words to him. May the Lord humble me and keep me at the feet of his Son.

Tuesday evening I called on my pastor No. 2. We had a pleasant interview, talking about the interest of the church down there. He was cheerful, happy, and very communicative. I bade him good night, and called at a home near by. I met an acquaint-

ance there I had not seen in some time. I was then introduced to a lady (teacher in the school), a boarder in the family. She sat down at the piano and entertained us with music and song, while the daughter of that home joined her with her beautiful alto voice. It was a treat to me after the toil of the day, to look into the happy faces that make up that pleasant home. The gentleman of the house turned to me and said, "I want you to pray before you go." I did not object ; the Lord is so good and kind to give me something to say as I go on my knees in prayer. I prayed for the aged ones who are nearing the harbor. Although their little bark has passed through many a storm, the waves have beat against it fiercely, but Father is at the helm ; by-and-b-y they will anchor at the shore. Brother E. then escorted me to another home where I wished to call. I was delighted to have his company ; it is seldom I am so highly honored to walk by the side of those faithful and chosen of the Lord. I am a better Christian to-day for what I have received from the kind words and faithful prayers of that sainted man of God ; may his life be spared long to his dear family and the church. After we entered the home of Bro. T., we conversed freely with him in the absence of his amiable wife. We then bowed in prayer for God to bless the inmates of that home and keep them by his power, cheer them by his grace, and bring them at last to the glory land. The Lord came to our hearts in might and power and filled us with his gracious presence. We bade them a kind good night, and went our way homeward, giving the glory to Jesus.

Thursday afternoon I spent a few hours in the company of my pastor, calling on the members of the church. I did a little for the Master; I introduced the pastor to the people and showed him their homes. We made twenty calls in three hours; the people were delighted to see him. It is personal work that will win for the cause of Christ. In the evening I enjoyed the prayer meeting much. Rev. E. Horr, Jr., was present; he gave us a good talk from his heart, and referred to the time when he was pastor of our church, seventeen years ago. He spoke of Bro. Harter, who is now in heaven singing with the angels. I was much impressed as I read a few words about helping others. I will give them to you:

To think kindly of one another is good.

To speak kindly of one another is better.

To act kindly one toward another is best of all.

Friday afternoon I had the privilege of leading the prayer meeting held weekly by the ladies, in the absence of the leader. God blessed me with the spirit of prayer as we bowed on our knees; the room was filled by his gracious presence; our worship was accepted through the intercession of his own dear Son. In the evening but few at the class. They held an entertainment in the Opera House for the benefit of the temperance cause. A great many young people were there. At nine o'clock I closed the meeting and made my way to the hall. It was said to the credit of those who took part, that the people were much pleased. I am not a competent judge, so I will not attempt to laud the actors. The stranger, Mr. M. from Albany, did his part well; he deserves credit.

He graced our home with his presence in the evening to supper. At ten o'clock the curtain in the Opera House dropped, and we made our way home.

Saturday evening I called at the home of the sick. The patient is improving, and I trust will soon be in her pew to hear the new pastor. I met a stranger in that home, a domestic in the family. After we conversed for a few minutes, a neighbor came in to call. Just then Hattie, (the stranger that I have referred to), was passing through the room; I said to her, "If you will wait I will pray and say good night." We bowed on our knees in prayer; the place was solemn to me; the stillness of that room and the blessed, tender Spirit felt there impressed me very much. I asked God's blessing on the inmates of that family, especially upon Hattie. What faith I had given to me as I prayed for the sister who came in, and her loved ones at home. The memory of that occasion will be sacred to me. I bade them good night, and walked to my home, thanking God for his goodness, love and mercy to his weak servant.

Sunday the church was filled. The sermon was intended for the boys in blue—Grand Army of the Republic. Text: "He being dead, yet speaketh." The pastor said Abel's death was the first one we have an account of. Some have died who have been faithful during their lives; they are helping us now. He referred to that sainted man, Martin Luther, and others. He paid great respect to the soldier who died in the defence of our country. I noticed the boys were pleased; he talked to them from his heart; some of them were moved to tears. God was in the

discourse. I hope impressions were made that will bring many souls to the dear Saviour. The choir did good service in the closing piece, National hymn. At six and a half o'clock I found myself in the prayer meeting. Some of the old veterans of the cross were present; it encouraged my heart to hear them speak of the way. The Lord is so good. The prayers were brief and had a Christ in them; I had such a hungering and thirsting after the living God as I prayed. The place was solemn to each one on account of the nearness of Christ. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. The pastor talked to us twenty-eight minutes; sermon good. Text was taken from Matthew's gospel: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" The Jews would not accept Christ as the Messiah.

I am now reading, at my leisure, Josephus' works. He was the greatest historian that ever lived. One thing that I notice in his writings, he has great respect for God, but does not acknowledge our Saviour as Divine.

Monday evening not many at the meeting; the people were tired celebrating and decorating the graves of the soldiers. It is a noble act to pay respect to those who died on the battle-field to protect our homes and country. It is Christian love we exhibit to the world as we plant flowers on the graves of the heroes that fell at their post of duty in the late war. As the year reaches us the spirit of patriotism is aroused as we think of the past; and especially in the hearts of those who have loved ones sleeping in the dust, that have sacrificed their lives to sustain the Union and save the old flag. The militia turned

out; G. A. R. boys fell in and marched through our streets; music from the Frankfort band; oration in the Opera House by Col. Cantine of Rome; the weather favorable for the occasion.

Tuesday evening I called at the home of one of the members of my class, an aged man, saved at the eleventh hour; what a mercy! I have often said to myself as I have thought of it, that God had such compassion on that one, and would accept him at that time of life. That one is happy in the love of the blessed Saviour. Often in class-meeting his heart is filled with the love of Jesus; the tears often come to his eyes as he is talking about the goodness of God.

Thursday, Sept. 28th, will be a memorable day to the writer. I was called upon to write an obituary for one of God's saints, sister Fannie A. Russell, (maiden name Fannie A. Reese). At 10:45 A. M. her happy spirit passed out to the glory land, the home of the soul of the Christian. I said to her dear son Charlie, in answer to the above request, "I am not competent to do justice to the occasion;" but I decided to ask God to give me words suitable, and by faith in his dear Son Jesus Christ, that he would speak to some hearts, as they would read the sad news of the death of our dear sister, so unexpected and sudden, although she had been confined at home for several months by that fatal sickness (Bright's disease of the kidneys). I called at her home on Sunday evening last to carry her a book to read; title, "Boy Preacher." I saw she was much worse as we were on our knees in prayer. Before I

said a kind good night to herself and companion, I was impressed that some of us would never meet again in the flesh. I thought perhaps I might be called myself, and then I did plead with God to prepare each one to be ready to meet the summons. It came to our sister ; she was prepared ! Her companion and I are left to mourn, but not without hope. Our loss is her gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." After her conversion she was not satisfied with that state of grace, but sought, found and witnessed for the Saviour that higher life. She was a great worker in revival meetings. I remember when the band were here assisting our pastor. (One of the members of her Bible class, unsaved, was under conviction ; she urged her to seek the Lord, and escorted her to the altar for prayer ; that young lady was saved, and since then was taken ill and died happy in Christ.) She was gifted in prayer ; she had power with God ; would often go to her closet and hold communion with the Master of assemblies. The Bible was her teacher ; the Holy Ghost her comforter ; prayer her element ; duty her delight. I think I never in my life met a Christian that had so good an experience in so short a time. She would often be inspired to write such beautiful sayings. Her funeral took place on Sunday from our church ; the house was filled, and seats put in the aisles, so many present. Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopals and Catholics were there. I noticed an old woman (Catholic) that used to do her washing ; she said to a neighbor, "I went into the sitting room one morning to consult her about the work ; she was not there,

and I went to her own room and there found her on her knees in prayer to Almighty God ;" said she, " I could not be bad while I worked for such a Christian woman." The Lord had a work for her to do, and she did it well. Now she is wearing the bright crown with many stars in it, in the "Sweet By-and-by"—the summer land of song. No wonder she had so many dear friends ; Jesus was using her to win souls for his kingdom. In her youthful days she was the pride of her parents ; they were fond of her, and spared no expense to prepare her to be an accomplished young lady. They sent her away to boarding school to fit her to go out and bless the world. Married at the age of seventeen ; died at thirty-eight. She leaves a husband and three dear sons—Charlie, 20 ; Eugene, 16 ; and little Bennie, 8. God bless and save that family ; may they accept their mother's Christ, and when the journey of life is over, the last battle fought, and the victory won, they will meet each other on the evergreen shore. In all her sickness not a murmur or word of complaint was heard from her lips ; always had that happy smile on her face to the last ; and as she lay in her casket, I never saw such a beautiful corpse—asleep in Jesus. The service at the church was solemn ; the grave in Oak Hill Cemetery was draped in mourning and lined beautifully with evergreens. We read in the good Book about Mary and Martha. I am glad in my soul we have some of that same spirit with us now-a-days.

" **My BROTHER IN CHRIST**—I have a little favor to ask in the name of our departed, loved sister. Will you

please bring your manuscript to our home on Wednesday evening next. Our dear, aged father wants so much (before he goes to his home in the West) to have you read to him what you have written in memory of our loved one who sleeps so sweetly in Jesus. Praise his dear name for ever. How I love him this morning, better than all else in this world. To live is Christ, to die is gain. He saves me! His precious blood cleanses me, even me. I am kept so wonderfully; such great peace. I give Jesus all the glory; bless his name. One more thing, will you please write a card of thanks for the kindness shown towards our loved and departed one, and have it put in the village paper? Pray for me. I thank you in the name of Jesus for the prayers you have sent up to the great white throne for me in my affliction.

Yours in Christ. L."

"BRO. H.—I beg your pardon for being so neglectful in answering your very kind letter. I am very glad that your meetings in Ilion are prospering so nicely; and am, on the other hand, sorry to hear of the decrease of interest in Mohawk. My prayer to God is, that he will quicken the people there and give them the true spirit of worship, that the cause of Christ may be advanced and the church and society blessed. I am going to send this right along, so I want you to know that I have thought of your kind letter before this. I have thought daily of you, but I have been very busy in the store, and the excitement over our beloved Garfield's death, combined, have about occupied all my time. I am at my old post yet, and am trusting God to make of me so earnest and valuable a clerk as that my employers will not be willing for me to leave them under any consideration. Jesus is my Saviour, as ever, and I am trying to live for him, that I may, by my example if nothing else, lead some one to think of the higher and nobler life

which is found only in Christ. I am still hoping to hear of God's blessing being poured out upon the dear class at Mohawk. Please remember me to them, and tell how I would like to meet them once more in that little class-room. God is with us here, and helping us in the furtherance of the repairs of our church, which are to commence next week. So far, \$500 have been pledged for the work, and more will soon follow. Pray for us, that we as a family may help many to see their need of a Saviour. Please pardon haste, as it is eleven o'clock and I must retire. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, as ever, your loving friend and Christian brother. All unite in love to yourself and enquiring friends. R.

I found myself in the basement of our church ; the prayers were brief ; eight persons took part while we were on our knees ; singing was in the spirit ; a large number witnessed for Christ. Text was taken from Romans xiii., 11 : "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." He said it was now gospel time. O, how many in the church are sleeping to-day ; may God awake us to work and duty ; the night of death is coming. The pastor remarked that we should be better Christians than the apostles were in-their day, because we have more light of the gospel. The responsibility is great ; we cannot meet it without the help of Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. He referred to the days of Whitfield and Wesley. May a revival spirit be given us in Ilion for the Redeemer's sake.

Saturday evening I called at the home of an aged pilgrim ; she has passed the age of three score years and ten—now living on borrowed time. That one is suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and is de-

tained from the meetings ; we miss her words of cheer ; we do not hear her voice in the prayer meeting. After I was seated in the arm-chair, she made several inquiries about the attendance at the meetings. In a few minutes her daughter and granddaughter came in ; they had just returned from the cemetery, where they had planted some flowers on the grave of a loved father, the companion of the aged one I have referred to. I was pleased to look into their faces and clasp their hand. We then bowed together in prayer ; I asked God, for his Son's sake, to give grace to keep that feeble one ; I called the name of each, and commended them to God and the Word of his grace.

Through the kindness of sister Levis, I will give a copy of three letters written by that sainted woman, now in heaven, (sister Fannie A. Russell) to Mrs. Julia E. Sackett, daughter of Mrs. Levis.

“ MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST—Indeed many weeks have elapsed since you left Ilion ; and although you may think I have forgotten the promise I made, yet such is not the case. For many weeks I have been by the bedside of the sick. Shortly after your departure my oldest son was quite ill for two weeks ; and then there was an old lady came to our house from Buffalo, and was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. For several weeks she was not expected to live ; but she finally recovered sufficiently to go to her daughter in Carthage. My only sister has been with me a long time under the care of the doctor ; and last Wednesday my second son was taken with scarlet fever, so you will see my time has been fully occupied. When I was at leisure I was so tired in mind and body I was not fit to write ; but God has

been my wisdom and strength. I have found his grace sufficient, and ever expect to while I walk in the light and desire to live with an eye single to his glory; for he has promised to give to us the desire of our hearts and withhold not from us the request of our lips; and so I find the way growing brighter, being rooted and grounded more firmly in the faith; and I expect to be faithful unto the end by God's grace assisting me. How often my mind has wandered away to you and yours; and how I long to know if you are finding new beauties in this glorious warfare, which will end finally in eternal life. You must write and tell me all about it, and I trust you will make a full consecration of everything; and O, how God will bless you, even in your trials and delicate health, for the Saviour will have a tried people; they are to become perfect through suffering. We must not expect to be greater than our Master; and who can ever suffer as did our Redeemer for us? He became obedient through suffering, and has been tempted in all points as we have, yet without sin. Who knows then so well as Jesus how to sympathize with his children; and he says, 'There shall nothing pluck them out of my hand.' Blessed promise. And also, 'Fear thou not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am now thy God; I will strengthen you; yea, I will help you; I will uphold you with the right hand of my righteousness.' How the promises cheer weak and faint erring humanity. I have just heard the church-bell ring for class-meeting; how much I should like to go; I miss my meetings so much; many weeks have passed and gone since I have been regular in attendance at the Thursday evening meeting. Sister Earle was here this forenoon; she said there were only a few out last evening; our pastor was not there, but they had an excellent meeting. The converts are growing in grace, and are very encouraging to the old Christians. I trust there is not

one that will fall by the wayside, but endure to the end, and receive the welcome, 'Thou hast been faithful, enter into the joy of the Lord.' Nearly a week has passed away since I commenced this letter —a week of care, but bless God, a closer walk than ever before. I attended prayer meeting on Thursday evening; we had a good meeting; Jesus was there to own and bless; I was strengthened, and felt like running up the shining way with joy and gladness. Please write me; if you knew how anxious I have felt; and when sister Levis said they had not heard from you in a long time, I thought she will not write to me then, for I am a stranger, comparatively speaking; but no, I am not a stranger; I am one of the branches of the living vine; and the same door is open to you; if we enter in we shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture. Sister Earle is not feeling as well as usual; the cares are great for many of us, but she has not forgotten you, and will write as soon as she can. She sends love, and best of all, she commits you to one that is mighty to save and keep. All of your acquaintances are well. Mr. Bottger has moved to Buffalo. Good bye; may God's richest blessing rest upon you and yours. Your sister in Christ,

FANNIE."

"DEAR SISTER JULIA—Your kind letter I received, and with what joy I perused it, and felt like rejoicing as I read of your triumphs in Christ; and I thought may sister Sacket go on to perfection, ever treading in the path of duty, for it is obedience, and obedience is better than sacrifice, we read in the blessed Word. I am so glad that it is written that God is exceeding abundantly able to do for us more than we can ask or think; but we must desire the power which worketh both to will and to do. O, that it might rest upon every child of God, then we might exclaim with David, 'I am abundantly satisfied out

of the fatness of thy house, and shall drink of the river of thy pleasure. For with thee is the fountain of life, in thy light shall we see light.' Bless God, I love the fulness which I believe God wishes to pour out upon us, that our lives may be hid with Christ in God. Then we may, like Paul, present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. I do sincerely believe that it is only as we are crucified to the world, and the world to us, that we are meet for our Master's use here, and fitted for the mansion Jesus has gone to prepare for those that endure to the end. God grant, my sister, that we may be numbered among his jewels. 'Then shall we return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.' You remarked that you were reading a book, title, 'Effects of Faith.' Surely, my sister, I believe you may be able to grasp the blessing. O, how simple; and then you say you are so unworthy. Just the thing, my dear sister; 'In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.' Nothing but sin have I to give; nothing but love will I receive. Claim it now, it is yours by faith; accept it that you may be better able to glorify your precious Saviour with your body and your spirit, which are his. Remember, we are not our own; we have been bought with a price; not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. I am unable to keep on my feet all the time, so I thought I would conclude my letter to you. Varied has been my experience since I began writing—battles and victories through the Lamb of God; glory be to his name forever. Tuesday evening God wonderfully blessed my unworthy soul so that I dare claim the blessing of holiness, and with the sainted mother Monroe I get down behind the cross, and looking up seeing Jesus

by faith—the blood that flows from his wounded side, and feel that was shed for me, and that it falls on me from head to foot. I dare again say that I am sanctified ; bless the name of Jesus. ‘ Now are you clean through the Word.’ Sister Earle has been busy dress-making ; her mother died one year ago. I do love her ; she is an excellent woman, a devoted Christian. They were all delighted to hear of your progress, and gave Jesus all the glory. You are remembered by brother Bennett’s class. O, yes, there are warm hearts in Ilion. I, with you, my sister, know what trials are, and I know what it is to have the prayers of God’s people. I have rested on them many times when my prayer has been, ‘ Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.’ I love this narrow way, and wonder what I did so many years out in the broad way. What a merciful God ; surely he is gracious, long-suffering and kind, or he would not so long have borne with me. Please write as soon as convenient. You will remember that old lady that was so sick at my home ; she is dead. I believe she is in heaven. Now may God richly bless you. I trust you may accept by faith the fulness of God. O, it is such a firm rest ; and then with Paul we shall be able to say, as trial after trial may come and bend us to the earth, ‘ Not one of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.’ May God bring all your loved ones into the ark of safety. I remain your loving sister in Christ Jesus, FANNIE.”

“ MY DEAR SISTER SACKET—Your kind letter I received, and was truly grateful to hear from you, but sorry you were not feeling as well spiritually and in body. I trust ere this you have gained a perfect victory. It made me feel so bad to hear you speak as if the perfect rest was not for you ; it is, my sister. We feel our need of it ; we feel God is able to do ex-

ceeding abundantly more than we can ask or think ; all he asks of us is to believe, and we enter into rest. How much we dishonor our precious Master is asking, and not opening our hearts to let the Holy Spirit in—working both to will and to do of his good pleasure. We read in the Word, ‘If ye will not believe, ye shall not be established.’ And again, ‘They that believe do enter into rest.’ How often I feel to regret that I do not witness more of the full salvation, being hid with Christ in God. But when I look at myself, I can do nothing. When I look away to Jesus and the cross, and feel it is only through his merit I am saved, and that I know I have been a great sinner. But glory be to God, I am saved by grace through faith, and that not of myself, but it is the gift of God, then I am happy, and can say, ‘I know I am a new creature, all my desire is to know the will of Christ concerning me,’ consecrating all, every morning and evening, and every moment feel that blood applied by faith, although the enemy of our souls only leaves us for a season, as he did our Master. But glory be to God, we may get the victory every time, as did he by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Yes, my sister, if I could not feel I was wholly the Lord’s, I could not live religion. O, claim it, my sister, God wants you, then you will be fitted for his use here and be ready to enter into the home he has gone to prepare for us. May God help you now to cast yourself on him just as you are, without one plea, and take him for your sanctification, as you have for your justification. He is truly our wisdom, our righteousness, our sanctification and redemption. Praise him with a loud voice for what he has done. ‘Quench not the Spirit.’ May God help us both to serve him in perfect love, that casts out all fear ; let us say, ‘I am thine, Lord, entirely thine ; come and possess my soul, nor hence again remove.’ He will come when we own him con-

queror ; glory. Sister Levis has been to camp meeting, and has sought and found the blessing ; she will write, I presume, all about it. It is what we all need to glorify our blessed Master. How Christ reveals himself to the world through his believing children. Then how essential it is we should have our lives hid with him in God ; be in the world, yet not of the world. O, that I might hear you say in your next letter, that you had entered in through the door, and by simple faith take what Jesus is even offering you now. You are grieving him in not accepting what he has purchased for you on the hallowed cross. O, the cross, where flows the blood that bought our guilty souls for God. May its shadow be over you, and as it has saved you, may it keep you unto the end. Now, my sister, I will state to you why I have not written you before. I have had sickness in my family, more or less, all summer. Two weeks ago to-day my youngest son broke his arm ; he is getting along nicely, thank God. O, my sister, my poor body, how I am admonished I am passing away ; but glory be to God, the inward man is being renewed day by day, and I do believe, my sister, these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, compared to the long, eternal rest which remains for God's people. My soul is filled with love to God ; glory, glory best expresses my experience for a week past. If we should never meet again here, I trust we will meet in heaven. Dear sister, do accept the blessing of perfect love ; neglect no duties ; if you do, Satan will be pleased, and condemnation will rest upon you. Go on, may the way grow brighter until it ends in perfect day. May God bless and keep you and yours, my prayer will ever be. Your sister in Christ, FANNIE."

I will ever thank the good Lord for prompting the heart of sister Levis, through the agency of his blessed Holy Spirit, to furnish me with the contents of

the above letters, to be put before the reader to aid them in the narrow way. The amount of good that may be accomplished for God through those burning truths of that sainted woman, I am unable to tell. Her every day life was a living epistle ; the only desire and ambition of her heart was to please God. Her experience in the higher life was rich, deep and pungent. She enjoyed the blessing of sanctification, and lived it each day and hour of her religious life ; religion kept her. Although delicate in health and weak in body, her intense and ardent faith in God caused her to triumph in that precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Her own heart was so filled with the love of the dear Saviour, she had charity for all, and was so unassuming in her manner she was willing to take the humble place of a servant and be called by any name ; suffer or endure, if need be, to win a soul for Christ. That beautiful, meek, tender spirit and child-like faith that she always exhibited before the world and in her own family, was made a blessing to all. She would often remark in the presence of the writer while conversing about the things of the kingdom, her own weakness and short-coming, and many a time would consider herself one of the weakest of God's children, and esteem others better than self, expecting if any good would come out of her living it would be through the blessed Saviour. She was called of God into his vineyard to labor for him. He used her own dear boy (Eugene, God bless and save him) to speak to that mother he dearly loved, about her soul, and asked her the simple question (on his

return from the church where Rev. H. W. Bennett was holding revival services in our church, assisted by that devout evangelist, Mrs. Maggie Lowry,) "Are you a Christian?" That little enquiry touched her heart; God was speaking through that child to her. She felt convicted from that time, and could not rest until she found it at the cross of Christ. She went to the meeting and expected to find Mrs. Lowry there; she was disappointed; the evangelist had gone; but said she to me: "Brother Bennett and Jesus were there, and I found rest to my weary soul." After her conversion she was growing in grace daily, because she was obedient to God. She was always present at the class-meeting to testify that Jesus had power on earth to save and keep, and attended the Thursday evening prayer meeting (unless detained by sickness), where she took an active part. O, how often the Lord would reveal himself to her in prayer; hearts were moved by the spirit she manifested in the salvation of souls and the interest she had in the church. In the ladies' prayer meeting on Friday afternoon, at the home of sister Tefft, I have heard her speak from the fullness of her soul for Jesus when her face was shining like that of an angel; while her voice was so angelic, her words were impressive and heart-searching. She took great delight, and felt it to be a duty to pray much for her pastor. She was an efficient worker in the Sabbath school. The interest in the class at present is good, and the attendance is increasing, no doubt, from her godly example; her influence is working for good in this community. The last letter written by her to sister Sacket will be

a blessing to those that perchance to read it ; she might well urge her and all Christians to seek and accept that full blessing which is offered to any and all that will accept it through faith in the dear Saviour. It is safe to say that was the last production from her pen—the final message to all who have faith in God—the letter bearing date Sept. 5th, and her death took place the 28th, 1879. Thursday, at 10:45 A. M., her wor' was finished, and her happy spirit took its upward flight, escorted by angels, to the evergreen shore. Many will take her by the hand at the " Judgment" and thank her for bringing them to Christ. The last one of her converts, who was won for Jesus in answer to her prayers, was with her the most part of the day she died. About the last thing said to that one (not converted then), with a heavenly smile upon her face, was : " I expect you will meet me in heaven." For the glory of God and the comfort of all that have a spirit of labor for the Master, and a burden of prayer for the salvation of souls, I am happy to say that one is a devoted Christian to-day, and doing good work for the Lord. I believe if they are faithful, their own family will all be saved. Often, with much pleasure, they have spoken to me of sister Russell, and are anxious to be like her. She was busy doing good ; she would frequently call at the homes of the poor, visit the sick, and say a word of cheer to the lonely one. The strong, unflinching faith she had in Christ as the rock of her salvation, gave her an influence for good on those she met ; also power with God to persuade others to seek the Lord and become the followers of Jesus. Her work

is done! May her mantle fall on some one that will consecrate their all to the Master. The workmen fall out; the work goes on. God is in it; he shall have all the praise. May each one of us do our part as well; if we do there will come to our hearts consolation, peace, rest and joy unspeakable in the Holy Ghost.

The question was put to me a short time ago: "Do you believe in sanctification?" I answered with an emphatic "Yes." That one is an excellent Christian woman; said she would like to see a person that had experienced that blessing, and lived it. I referred her to the departed one, and said she enjoyed the blessing of perfect love that casteth out all fear; she was a power for good. I have often pointed out her life to those who are skeptical on that subject; they have acknowledged to me she was a devout Christian. The best evidence we can get that it is possible for a follower of Christ to live without sin and enjoy the blessing of holiness and please God, is their daily living for him. Let us look up to God by faith through the atonement of his Son, and accept what he has purchased for us on the cross of Calvary. "And ye are complete in him." That blessing I believe is for every son and daughter of Adam that will make the consecration, and is willing to pay the price. Reader, accept of it now by faith on the Son of God, for his own name's sake.

To-day I received a business letter from a gentleman in Clinton, my former home. It was cheering to my heart what I found at the bottom of the note. That man is a devoted Christian. I expect to meet

him by-and-by in the glory world. I like to receive such letters, wheré they delight to speak a word for Jesus. These are the words written:

“A very good spirit pervades all our church matters ; and we think we have one of the very best pastors. Still we must look to the Rock that is higher. I trust this will find you and yours in good health, and drinking at the fountain. With the best regards, I am very respectfully and truly yours,

H. W. MAHAN.”

I have a card in my possession that came to hand during the past week from the pastor at Cedar Lake. He is about to commence a battle against the enemy of souls in that vicinity. I am glad he has the spirit of work on his heart. I will give you what he has written me about it :

“BROTHER H.—We intend to commence a series of meetings here next Sabbath. Brether C. H. Ferguson will be with us then. Brother Reese, your pastor, has consented to come up and preach to us next Tuesday evening, June 5th. I told him you knew the way, and perhaps you would bring him. We wish you to say a few good things to the people when you come. If you cannot bring brother R., please write me. We hope to open a successful campaign against the enemy. There is room for it, and the time seems propitious. Come if possible ; pray for us. Fraternally,

F. K. PIERCE.”

At 6:20 this A. M. the writer left the quiet town of Ilion to drive over the hills to Devereux. Through the kindness of the pastor, Rev. J. G. Benson, I received a postal card to attend a Sabbath school Convention. I enjoyed the drive very much. Before I

reached Mohawk I met several of the men that work in the Armory, with their dinner pails going to their daily toil. Some were waiting to ride up from Mohawk in the street-car. This is a free country, you can walk, or ride if you have a nickel in your pocket to give the conductor. After I had passed Herkimer the new railroad was the first thing to attract my attention from the above-mentioned place and Newport. I was soon overhauled by the iron horse going out to Middleville with the working-train as they passed along, following the bank of the river the most part of the way. I asked myself the question. "Will that road pay?" I got no answer, but I decided one thing in my mind as I reached a certain point along the way, where the track is very near the road, only a board fence to keep your horse from looking at the cars as they pass. I do not envy any one that has a spirited animal that part of the drive. I soon passed that beautiful brick edifice, the home for the poor of our county; it is a credit to the town, such a good building. The next place of notice on the way was Middleville. They have repaired their church there, which speaks well for the place. In a short time I reached that old spot which is memorable to many of our noble young men of this section, where they have spent so many of their school-days, Fairfield Seminary, the seat of learning for old Herkimer county. The buildings look a little ancient in the outward appearance. The farming country adjoining is rich and fertile. I saw some fine farms by the way. One thing I noticed which amused me very much; I met several milk wagons going to the cheese

factory, driven by young ladies ; they were graceful, and seemed to feel at home in doing that, and handled the reins very nicely. The parents teach their girls to work in that locality. Success to them. I wondered where the young men were ; perhaps they are in the old Seminary, preparing themselves for the law or some noble profession, as they may choose. At eleven o'clock I reached Devereux, and left my horse with the inn-keeper, and walked into the church ; the choir were singing one of their best pieces. I was delighted with the song. I have attended a great many Sabbath School Conventions, and never before have I been obliged to look around to get a seat ; the house was full of attentive people. I mention this for the credit of the place. In a short time the pastor announced the dinner hour, and directed us to follow brother Goodwin to the Temperance Hall ; we marched without any music or urging. I can assure you one of that number was in a hurry to get to the dinner table. I had the honor to occupy a seat by the side of our much esteemed Presiding Elder, Rev. H. W. Bennett, who took great pains to make my visit pleasant, introducing me to the good folks there. At my left brother Northup, their former pastor, sat, who was happy to look into the many pleasant faces once more. Brother Pierce, who succeeded brother Northup, and his good wife were present. The ladies in Devereux know how to get up a good dinner. God bless them for their kindness to me, a stranger, is the language of my heart. At 1:30 P. M. we found ourselves in the church to listen to the discussion on the different topics for our

spiritual good. At three o'clock, while the choir were singing an appropriate piece, the little folks marched in, while one of the largest boys carried the stars and stripes up one of the aisles. A young lady on the opposite side carried a beautiful banner representing their Temperance organization. After they were all seated, the Chairman called upon brother Thompson, "Happy Jack," as they call him, to talk to the children. The older people shared in the benefit of his remarks. They were good, and will be remembered for some time to come by all present. The name of the stranger was announced to speak. My heart was full of good sayings to the dear children and young people. They listened with their ears and eyes. I had much liberty from the throne of heaven ; my own heart was made tender with the love of my Saviour ; the tears came to my eyes as I uttered a few simple words in honor of the Master. I think it was the will of the Lord that I should go there, although the distance was so great. I do expect good will come out of it ; not for anything that I did ; no. In the Word I read, "Blessed are they that sow by the side of all waters." I closed my remarks by asking the blessing of God upon that congregation, going out perhaps never to meet them all again ; hoping and praying that a few souls may be gathered from that assembly, for his dear Son's sake. To him be all the praise.

"MY DEAR BROTHER H.—Yours of the 8th inst. was duly received, and read with very great interest. I always rejoice to hear a clear and decisive evidence of the power of divine grace to save from sin, and es-

pecially in this day of excessive worldliness and much lukewarmness in the cause of our blessed Saviour, to find here and there a light along the shore, that never grows dim. By the grace of God I, too, am striving to let my light so shine, and am enjoying a good measure of the Spirit's presence, and an unshaken confidence in the power of grace to save and keep from sin. I have been at my home since May, very busily engaged improving my premises, with an eye to making my family happy and contented while I am absent from them. I am very much interested in our class-leaders' convention, although not a class-leader now myself (*ex officio*), but a member of the convention. Brother Bachellor and myself go to Canada the last of this month to commence our campaign for Jesus, and fear we will not be able to attend the Pulaski convention, but will endeavor to do so if possible. I shall like exceedingly well to have a visit from you at my home ; whether I am here or not, you would be most heartily welcomed by my family. Our home is eight miles west of Oswego on the Lake Shore Div. of the R. W. & O. R. R. Ours the second station, viz: Wheeler's, which is in sight, and a little over half a mile from any house. My family are all now at home and in good health. At our camp meeting this fall, my son, now fourteen years old, took a bold stand for Christ, so I trust now we are all on the way to heaven together. Remember me most kindly to your family and all other dear friends in Ilion. In the bonds of Christian love. I am yours truly,

E. G. NEWMAN."

I thank the dear Jesus again and again for giving me such dear kind friends that encourage my heart by the use of their pen. I do not wish to be selfish, so I give a copy of these excellent letters, short and spiritual :

“ DEAR BROTHER—Your letter, containing sad intelligence of our beloved sister Russell’s death, just received. I have but a moment to write, as I desire this should go in the first mail this P. M. Thank you for taking the pains to write me so soon. I desire very much to attend the funeral, if the dear Lord will open my way, and you will send me at once time, day and hour; if possible I will be there. My tears will fall as I write, but not without hope do we weep; her’s the crown, the rest, the everlasting home. Ours the loneliness, the conflict, the pain a little longer. God bless the bereaved ones, and make them the sharers of the wife and mother’s hope, and salvation and triumph at the last. Will write no more for want of time. Please send telegram as to time. I remain yours in Jesus, M.”

“ DEAR BROTHER H.—The bearer of this note is a member of the M. E. Church, and a worthy young man. He wishes to get work in the Armory. I take the liberty of giving him your name. If you can give him a word of counsel it will be a favor to him and me. If he succeeds in getting work he will probably become a member of your church, and I hope will find a home in some Christian family. We are all well. Brother Bennett was with us last Sunday. We had a pleasant time, though extremely warm. It was like old times to my wife and I to see brother Bennett once more. I was inquiring about you, but he could tell me no particulars, so I take it for granted that you are good and faithful, as the old Welsh lady says. How does the class of little folks get along? I wish I had you up here, I would set you at work. I am preaching regularly to children once a quarter, and ought to do so oftener. My best time last year was preaching to the children. Well, my note for Andrew is running into a letter. I wish I could come in some Sunday and hear brother Reese; it would be

a precious privilege to go quietly into a pew and listen to a good gospel sermon. I grow weary of listening to my own poor preaching. Yours most truly, R."

Wednesday evening I visited the sick room; the lady of the house an invalid, not able to attend the means of grace we are favored with; still that one is happy; her hope is in Christ, the abiding Conqueror. We conversed for a few minutes and then bowed in prayer. Just then my mind went out to a home where a loved daughter lay in her coffin awaiting burial. I asked God to give grace to the parents of that one, and add his blessing on the husband of that devoted Christian wife, and give them friends to sympathize with them in their affliction. I prayed for the sick one and those present. I bade them good night, and walked to a home where the son and daughter are members of my class. The gentleman of the house was sad as he talked to me about his little one of four summers that had recently passed over to the glory shore. We bowed together in prayer; the Lord visited our hearts as we waited together at his feet for guidance to that family at this critical time.

Thursday I accompanied our pastor out in the country to attend the funeral of Bro. Wentworth. As I looked into his face in the coffin he seemed to be asleep; age 62 years, fifty of them in the service of the Master; may we all leave such a record. Elder Bennett took charge of the service, assisted by the pastor of the family, Rev. W. H. Reese. After reading a chapter in Revelation, Bro. Bennett said: "Dear friends, death is the end, and the beginning; the end

of all things here ; our work, attendance at the means of grace, helping the needy and poor to prepare for the life that is to come ; how important it is to be ready. (Reader, how is it with you?) The beginning of life on the other side in the glory world ; the meeting of loved ones, the recognition of our friends that have passed on before, and joining our voices in hal-lujas to Jesus our King. O, the thought of getting home, to be forever with the Lord." After prayer the choir (from our church) sang for the closing piece, "The summer land of song." How appropriate ; it seemed to touch all our hearts to hear those beautiful words of praise. God bless the dear faithful ones that sing for us when we bury our dead.

In the afternoon the funeral of Mrs. Geo. Scribei took place at the residence of C. W. Smith, father of the deceased. A large number of friends were present. Rev. A. J. Steelman made the opening remarks followed by Rev. G. M. Mead, of Rome. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Reese, pastor of the parents. The departed one was a member of the Baptist church, a devoted Christian lady, an active and efficient worker in the Sabbath school ; a faithful and loving wife, kind neighbor and a friend to all. She will be missed very much in this community. The workmen drop out ; the work goes on. May grace be given to the parents and husband to cheer them along the way. Soon they will meet, never to sever, in the bright forever.

Friday I spent two and a half hours in the society of my pastor, calling on the members of the church. It was a treat to get away from the office to look into

the happy faces of the people. In the evening we had an immense attendance; one young man came in for the first time; that cheered my heart. It was the best meeting we have had in a long time; not for anything we did; the presence of God filled the room; the testimonies brief; singing was in the spirit; each one seemed to get a fresh start in the narrow way. We closed at nine o'clock and went to the parsonage; a reception was given to the pastor and family. Misses Merry and Remington kindly sent in some fine flowers for the occasion. That evening will long be remembered by Bro. Reese and his family. Elder Bennett and wife were present. At ten o'clock we bade them a kind good night, and walked to our home with happy hearts and good wishes, thanking the Lord for all his mercies and blessings strewed along our pathway.

Saturday evening I called at the home of one of the members of my class, a reformed man. He was not out to class the previous evening. I was anxious to clasp his hand and look into his face, and let my heart touch his. In doing that simple thing God would help him and fill his heart with Jesus' love. After we sat down in that beautiful home, in a few minutes a man, his wife and little sister came to call. I soon felt I was in the way, and would break up the enjoyment of that visit. I then asked the privilege to go on my knees; we bowed together in prayer (the strangers kept their seats); there was a stillness in the room. I prayed for the gentleman and lady, and then for the callers that came in. My mind went back to an occasion when I prayed in the home

of the young man before his mother was called away. The Lord touched my heart with much tenderness as I referred to that one, the little orphan girl (Carrie). She wept like a child; the loss of mother, no home, and commended her to God. The wife of the young man that I have referred to was impressed and made to weep as I mentioned the name of mother. I expect good will come from that call. The Lord is able to save each one.

Sunday our pastor did not preach a sermon; he read to us the pastoral address written by Rev. M. D. Kinney, and read by him at the Conference held in Oswego in April last. It was excellent, and well gotten up. He is a deep thinker, a fluent writer, a devoted Christian man and a model pastor. I would like to have it in print, so I could read it again, the advice is good and the suggestions are practical. He remarked that the laity had something to do if souls were gathered into the church. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren." May we be active workers.

At seven o'clock I walked over to the depot to take the train for Syracuse, on my way to Oswego, to attend the Class-Leaders' Convention. As the cars came along, I got on board, found a seat and commenced to read the life of that devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Mary Fletcher. We soon arrived at Utica, and in a short time we reached Rome. The first thing to attract my attention was the brick building for the Locomotive Works, which will add to the common interest of the place, and be of profit to them that have invested their means in that institution. I

was impressed when I thought of this great nation, and how rich our country. I wondered if the people thanked God, who is the giver of all good things. We passed several stations, and came to De Witt, the head centre for making up all freight trains from that section going East. It is a great sight to see so many different tracks, and the large number of engines fired up and ready to hook on to their train. I overheard a gentleman, who sat in a seat back of me, say, that the N. Y. C. R. R. was the greatest railroad in the world. I did not dare to contradict him. After a few minutes' ride we reached the Saline City (Syracuse). I had a package in charge for a young man at 65 North Salina street. As I handed it to him I said, "Here is something from your father, and more to follow." I got a lesson from that. I felt as though my kind Heavenly Father had given me a message of love to carry to each one I would meet at the Convention. I then called on Dr. Carrie A. Hatch, to visit with her for an hour. I found her very busy, too much so to spend her valuable time in talking to me. I met a lady friend of her's there from Madison. We spent a little while in conversation. The Dr. then invited me to ride in her carriage, as she was on her way to call on her patients. I was glad to find her so comfortably situated and succeeding in her business. My friend Mr. Benedict, with A. W. Palmer & Co., said to me that Dr. Hatch was very popular, and building up a large practice in the city. God bless her in that work. After a few hours' ride we reached Oswego. The air was so bracing I was obliged to button up my coat as I walked to the

parsonage and reported to the pastor, Rev. F. H. Beck. He gave me a hearty welcome, and kindly sent me to be entertained in one of the best families in the city, the beautiful home of Mannister Worts. I soon felt at home as I sat down in the parlor ; every thing that heart could wish for in that elegant and richly-furnished residence. Brother Worts made my visit a pleasant one. He was pleased to tell me he had been a member of the First M. E. Church there for thirty-one years. He is one of the pillars in the church ; he holds the offices of steward, class-leader and superintendent in the Sabbath school ; he has held that office in the school for fifteen years in succession. He is a trustee of the Thousand Island Park Association, and treasurer of the same. He has a beautiful family, five sons and one daughter (Annie), a very amiable young lady (Christian). Their kindness to me will never be forgotten. May God reward them, my prayer will be. My old friend, brother Cobb, from Mexico, the Secretary of the Convention, roomed with me. There was no time lost, I can assure you. We visited all the time we were together.

At 8:30 a. m., Tuesday morning, we found ourselves in the church. The Chairman (brother Worts) called the meeting to order. The Presiding Elder (brother Skeel) did noble work on that occasion. Brother Beck was busy and attentive, receiving the people as they came. Rev. M. D. Kinney was present, and gave us a good talk from his heart. There was weight in his words, and fitly spoken. The class-leaders were ready to talk on the different topics, according to the program. I was much edified by the good say-

ings from the brethren. At 12:10 p. m. I bade farewell to Oswego and the dear friends I met there, and started homeward, feeling deep down in my soul, with the help of Jesus, to be a better class-leader for all time to come.

“DEAR BROTHER H.—Your dear good letter received a short time ago. I cannot tell you how glad father was to know you remembered him in his sickness. As I read it to him he was wonderfully blest. He has spoken of you many times since he has been confined to his bed, and nearly every evening he says, “Do you think brother Hutchins will come to-night?” We certainly thought you would call Monday evening. I intended to write you to-day, and ask you to come and see him as soon as convenient. I hesitated a little, knowing you were so busy, and have so many places to call. Of all of father’s acquaintances there are none he enjoys having come to see him and pray with him as he does you. He says I should tell you it gives him joy and peace to listen to your earnest Christian conversation; that your letter did him a great deal of good; but if you would come and sing, pray or talk, he would enjoy it more. Brother Hutchins, it seems to me we will not have the privilege many times more of kneeling around the family altar with father; yet he is feeling a little more comfortable to-day. It does not seem we can part with him yet; but if it be the Lord’s will to take him, I must submit, and will, knowing it is well with him. How comforting to know he is saved, and trusting in his Saviour. As I administer to him and see the peace of mind he possesses, that peace that passes knowledge, the Lord blesses me. God is able to lead him triumphantly through the dark waters up to the pearly gates. I know there is a crown awaiting him, and he will have an abundant entrance there. I am so glad I am trusting in his Saviour. The Lord is

so good ; he never permits a trial to come to us, but with it he gives us grace to bear it. O, I feel like trusting him to the end, and by his grace I will. My brother, permit me to thank you for the great good you have done me, and not me alone, but father and mother. You have been so kind to call, giving them cheer and comfort in the way by your Christian conversation. I thank the Lord that he has given us such a true and sympathizing friend. I want to tell you that you will always be a welcome guest in our home, and pleased to see you at any time. Hoping to see you as soon as your arduous duties will permit you to come, I will close. May the Lord bless you abundantly. Yours in Christ, B."

"BRO. HUTCHINS—Having seen you so recently, and talked of the things of the kingdom, and my time being very fully taken, I have only a few minutes to write to-night, but will commence my reply and finish when I learn of Mrs. O.'s plan. She may possibly be here to-night with sister W., whom she is visiting, and whom we expect to our meeting; but yesterday we learned she was not able to come out, because of her cold. Should she not come, Mrs. W. will know, perhaps, when she will come. The Lord answered prayer in behalf of Mrs. H. She, as you may have heard, walked several times around the room for the first time in three months. Does she still continue to improve? There is nothing like the name of Jesus to get people off their beds and on their feet. Mrs. H. was much blessed in soul also. I have generally noticed that a spiritual quickening accompanies bodily healing. How slow God's children are to claim the freedom wherewith the Son makes free! I am getting more and more glimpses of the redemption of the body of which Paul speaks in Thess. v., 23. I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be presented blameless unto the com-

ing of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it. I believe these teachings of the Word are especially for the latter days, and that we are on the eve of marvellous developments. Let us take all the Word offers and the Spirit suggests, and not fail of what Christ has purchased through unbelief. One thing I would like to ask: Do those who have an experience of sanctifying grace in your church always give a clear, hearty testimony? I think one can hardly keep the experience if it is smoothed in the way of a partial testimony, however much stir and opposition it might develop from those who know not the new "song." The church needs good ringing words of truth, and the whole truth; and it seemed, while in Ilion, that if those simply whom I met at the home of sister T., if faithful in this direction, are enough to start a fire which will kindle all Ilion. I well remember when I was afraid of my reputation, and was careful to choose my words, as I thought, wisely; and the Spirit said "Whosoever is ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed." And I found that just so soon as I lost the fear of man I escaped the snare of the devil, and my soul developed in a much faster measure. Please think and pray about this; I think it is important. I must now close. The dear Lord is with us in great love and mindfulness. We are very much occupied just now. Please excuse haste. Yours in the Beloved. M."

The class-leaders and a few of the brethren convened in the church parlors to organize a meeting (called the leaders' meeting) to be held once a week. Their by-laws and rules of regulation are not very elaborate; simply these: To meet and open the meeting at seven and a half o'clock prompt, by singing and prayer, and close at nine o'clock, by a vote of the

house. It is not a debating society, but to discuss questions for our spiritual good and the advancement of the cause of God. Five minutes' time is to be allowed each speaker. May the Master add his blessing upon us; without it we shall fail in what we expect to accomplish. What we hope to reach is the building up of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Bro. Tufts was called to the chair. After singing, we bowed on our knees while the brethren prayed from their hearts. God's presence was felt in might and power; our hearts were made tender by his love. The question drawer was opened: "How shall we make the religion of Christ a blessing to mankind?" The chairman commenced to discuss the subject by saying, "We must carry the religion of Christ all the time in our hearts," and said his own experience was this: "He wanted to feel the power of God in his own soul; it is to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Then, and not till then, can we help others in the narrow way. O, for a baptism of his divine love and fire upon all of our hearts, for his own name's sake. The world is watching us; we must get nearer to God; I try to live with my face upward. I hope his blessing will come upon us for his dear Son's sake." Bro. C. then said, "I feel a good deal of interest in mankind; I am interested in the cause of the Master. It has been a sorrow upon my heart, the supine of the church. Has the Holy Ghost gone away? If our own hearts are not right, the Holy Spirit will leave us. He is the vine; we are the branches. We must brace up; it is the power of God that will make us efficient. One of the mistakes of my life is this:

I am selfish, and looking after my own salvation, and neglecting others. My dear brethren, we want to win souls for the kingdom. If our hearts are in harmony with the love of God, then we can help others. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

Brother J. commenced by saying, "The first thought, I must get my own heart filled with the love of Jesus, then I can help others, and make the means available. The Holy Spirit will operate through us and prompt us to work for the Master. I talked to an infidel; I did not attempt to argue with him, but kindly asked him to love God, as he gave his Son to die upon the cross for him."

Brother B. said he liked the word "love;" would put that instead of the word "duty," as it was love that moved the chariot wheels. On the day of Pentecost the apostles received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; that is what we need the present day more than anything else—to be intensely in earnest in the work of the Lord. The masses will call us fanatics, and we will not be popular in the church. I am sorry that is true. In the Word I read, "They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Brother C. commenced his remarks by saying, "I have thought how we could help others. I think if we live right before them, that is the better way. I do not say much in public, but I think a good deal. Thanksgiving is good; thanks-living is better."

Brother B. said, "I like the remarks that have been made here. I have many faults; I want any of you to tell me when I go astray. Seek the giver,

and you get the gift to help others. I believe we must have the Holy Ghost in our hearts to do work for God and win men to Christ and heaven."

Brother C. talked for a few minutes, and said, "This question is of vital importance; we should look well to our every day life. Quite a good many years ago God saved my soul. I made it a practice to find out if a man was a Christian or not; I would try and point him to Jesus. I neglected that after a while, and became cold and indifferent. As we help others, God will help us."

Moved and carried that brother C. preside at the next meeting. The question to be discussed on Monday evening—"What are the results of the baptism of the Holy Ghost?"

As the clock in the Armory struck nine, we sang the doxology, clasped the hand of each and said good night, going out from that meeting to let our light so shine that men may see our good works and glorify our Father which art in heaven.

J. H. HUTCHINS, *Sec'y.*

To-day, Dec. 5th, I laid my pen down, and bade good-bye to the office, and took the cars for Herkimer, where the Utica and Herkimer districts hold the Class-Leaders' Annual Convention. The meeting was opened by Rev. I. B. Vanvalkenburg reading the 19th Psalm; after singing that old familiar hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," brother C. H. Ferguson led us in prayer. It did our hearts good, and was pleasing to the Master. Rome and Utica were well represented. I recognized the faces of those devout sisters and class-leaders, sisters Cook,

Vivian and Keppell, from Utica. They have the spirit that was in Mary of old time. God bless them and make them efficient in their work for the Lord. Rev. F. K. Pierce and wife, from St. Johnsville, and Rev. M. R. Webster, Little Falls, were there. Sister Stone, the leader of the young people's class, St. Johnsville, was present. The report from each leader, telling the state and condition of their class, was heard with much interest. I think it will create enthusiasm in the heart of each class-leader and all lovers of Methodism. The class-meeting is a grand institution ; take that away from our beloved church and she is shorn of her power to a great extent. We do not appreciate that privilege enough ; I hope God will help us by his Holy Spirit to look that question fair in the face. At five o'clock the pastor, Rev. W. D. Chase, that wonderful man, in his off-hand and happy way, assigned us to the homes of the people for refreshment. After we had partaken of the many good things that they provided for us, we returned to the church to spend a half-hour on our knees. The Lord gave each one a spirit of prayer. At seven and a half o'clock we listened to Rev. S. W. Call, Utica. He gave us an excellent sermon, which we will think of for years to come. He is a deep thinker, an easy speaker and a devout man of God. He seemed at home among us ; he appeared to be so much interested in the cause of Christ ; the Holy Spirit helped him in the delivery of his subject to the people ; he soon forgot that he was in a strange pulpit, and addressing an audience for the first time in Herkimer. God bless and use him as he stands on

the walls of Zion, unfolding the truth of the blessed gospel of Christ our Lord and Master. He seemed to hold his hearers in the grip of his hand while his burning and stirring words, backed up by the Holy Ghost, were reaching the hearts of the unsaved. May God give us more of such men ; we need them at the present time to awake the careless, and help the weak and discouraged along the pathway of the Christian. He was so inspired from heaven. He made the remark, that Methodism must go around this world on her knees ; in doing that she would conquer every foe. At the close of the sermon the pastor invited the people forward to the altar, and spend a few minutes in prayer to Almighty God for a revival of his work in the church. May God grant it for his Son's sake. The benediction was pronounced, and we went to our home feeling deep down in our heart that we would by the help of Jesus do better work for him in all time to come. At eight and a half o'clock A. M., we were in the church to enjoy the prayer meeting, led by brother Ferguson, for a half-hour. We then had the pleasure to listen to Dr. Hunt: Subject, "English Methodism." He was happy to tell us what he saw in London, Edinburgh and Paris. What he said to us we will remember with much pleasure. Before he took his seat he gave us some good advice. He is a man of long experience ; he is able to give counsel at the right time. His locks are silvery with many years. May God spare his life to his family and the church he dearly loves, for many years to come. I think it was the best Convention I ever attended. Sister Stone gave

us her experience, how the Lord called her to be a Methodist class-leader. She was formerly a member of the Reformed church there ; but during the revival I have referred to in that place, she attended the meetings and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and then of course she felt like helping others, which always follows. The pastor invited her to take charge of the converts, and be their leader. She had opposition, but God led her through it, and go work in his vineyard. May she have many stars in the crown of her rejoicing in the glory land. At three and a half o'clock P. M. we sang the doxology, bade each other good bye by going back to our work to help our classes, and honor the Master in the years to come for the dear Redeemer's sake.

“DEAR FRIEND—Your most welcome words, received through Miss B., have reached me. I have delayed two days since receiving your note, that I might be able to write you when I would be at Miss B.’s. It now appears that I will be able to go soon ; and if I could know just your time for coming up, I would arrange to go at that time. Mrs. W., with whom I am, asks that you call here, provided that you come up and I not be able to be at Miss B.’s. I shall indeed be glad to see you, and also thank you for so kindly and persistently pleading my release from physical suffering to the great Physician. During all the years of delicate health, my effort has been to keep quiet and amiable, and patiently enduring, with no thought, no prospect of anything but suffering ; yet all the while wishing, O so much, for release ; so I cannot report to you any strength of faith, simply a passive resting in God’s disposal of me, and the work I would like to do. I know that the prayer of faith shall save the sick ; and I be-

lieve if I have friends who are disposed to pray that prayer, that in God's own good time the work will be done. To know that others are directed through the Holy Spirit to plead for me strengthens my own faith, and I feel to lay all on the altar and accept his will. I am glad you wrote me; I needed that help. Pardon a pencil note; I could not well use ink.

Yours, M."

To-day I went to Jordanville to attend a Sabbath School Convention; the roads were in a bad condition, but the mud did not frighten me; my heart was full of good sayings to the young people. I amused myself along the way by reciting my stories to freshen my memory. I enjoyed the drive; plenty of good fresh air as I climbed the hills; the farms are very fertile, the people are rich in regard to this life. I wondered if they did not remember that passage in the good Book, where he says in the Word, "All the gold and silver are mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." That is true. They may not think of that, but somewhere along life's journey they will find out that is a fact. As I entered the church, the Secretary, Rev. L. B. Gray, was on his feet addressing the audience. His voice was familiar; his face showed that pleasant, happy, smiling way which is the characteristic of the man. He can win the young people to God through the love of Christ in his heart. He has a happy way of saying things; easy in his manner, ready to talk and discuss the different topics as they are announced by the Chairman. Our esteemed P. E., Rev. H. W. Bennett, called out to me to come forward; he then introduced me to the audience in his off-hand good way, and made his

words so strong in my behalf, I felt I must do the very best I could on the occasion, or the people would go back on him, and say the stranger failed to fill the bill. I soon felt at home ; the church is beautiful, and the members are wealthy. Those that were present came to get good ; they listened with much interest, which will aid the speaker very much. The dinner hour was announced. I was highly entertained at the residence of brother Wilkinson. Brother Ames, the old class-leader, was present ; also the President and Secretary of the Convention. At one and a half o'clock we were in the church ; the choir gave us some good singing, which added much to the interest of that gathering. Miss Helen Dawley read a beautiful poem, entitled, "Feed my Lambs." Brother Babcock arose to his feet and said a few appropriate words, and thanked her kindly for the article she composed and read for our spiritual benefit. She is entitled to great credit ; it was evident she has a gift from the Master, to use her pen to honor him by her well chosen words, and the modest, unassuming manner she delivered them to the people. May God reward her, and use her to help along the cause of Christ. Sister Badger, from Richfield, gave us a very interesting account of a Sabbath school she held in her own home. The Lord will raise up people to work for him. He shall have all the praise. The work done for the young people is the best thing we can do in this life ; all our hopes are in the children ; if we are interested, with the love of Jesus we can win them to Christ. One of the speakers dwelt some time telling us 'the youth need

our sympathy ; that is true. Another spoke of enthusiasm that is helpful to arouse the people to go forward ; that should be our motto. I felt in my soul I would do better work among the youth of our land by the help of the Master, and the many good suggestions that I heard from the different ones that took part. Excellent essays were read by Rev. Mr. Salisbury and Rev. Mr. Swift. At three o'clock I was called out on the floor to talk to the children. In thirty minutes I gave them nine stories I committed to memory. I hope the dear Saviour made impressions on their tender hearts, that will accompany them down the pathway of life, and by the power of the Holy Spirit win them to make that good choice which shall not be taken away from them, for his own name's sake.

"MR. H.—I am afraid you will think I did not appreciate your kind letter, not having answered it before ; but you know how little time a school girl has to write letters. I have written very few outside of the family this term, for I found I needed my Sabbaths for thought and reading, and other days are taken up with college work. I have had a very happy term ; I have never been happier ; every one has been so kind to me, and I have had an opportunity of helping 'the lonely new girls a little.' You know how happy it makes one to know he is making some one else happy. But better than all the rest, I have been enjoying a very sweet peace with my Saviour, and am very happy in it. I know you are most interested in every member of your class, especially of their spiritual growth ; and as I can not give my weak testimony every Friday evening as I would love to do, I want to say that I have a consciousness that

I am living in the presence of my Father all the time, and prayer is a sacred pleasure and the Bible my food. I have had several experiences this term that have drawn me nearer to God. I have had a very painful knowledge of my own weakness, and just when I was in the deepest need ; then God showed his wonderful strength and helped me, and I think I shall never try to do anything in my own strength again. We have been enjoying a week of rest. We have a Thanksgiving recess of one week, and those who live too far away to go home have a good time here. Every thing was done that was possible to make it pleasant. One evening we had a 'Mother Goose' party in costume. It was an intensely funny thing, such queer sights ! It did us good to have a hearty laugh. I read in the paper of the work the temperance society is doing. I get a little impatient to be at work too, when I hear of what others are doing, but I must be contented to take the wonderful opportunities given me for preparing myself for work. I am very much directed to the thought of working when I have the opportunity ; and now I am meeting with new fields that are calling for help, so that it is hard not to go ; but I pray. Teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. And the wisest thing for me to do is to follow the hand of my guide. It will not be long before I shall be home, only three weeks more. R. will meet me there. We shall expect a call from our old class-leader. Please excuse haste. Your true friend, M."

" DEAR BRO. H.—I beg your pardon for delaying the answer to your letter so long. I have been very busy in the store, working till eleven o'clock several nights, getting in our holiday goods and marking them and arranging them tastily. I was glad to hear that the class at M. was increasing in numbers, and my prayer is that with the increase of devotion, of

work, of trust, and of gathering into the fold of those who are wandering. I am still looking anxiously forward to the day when I shall meet my many friends in the class. I am sorry to hear that Bro. E. is so low; he is certainly a devout and exemplary Christian man. Many a time I have enjoyed his testimony of God's love and mercy to him. It can but be left as a blessed pattern for his family and all who have listened to him. Poor B. and mother! how they will feel if he should die; but the joy to know that he dies a Christian, and that they will some day meet him in a brighter world than this. Please remember us with love to them all; also to Mr. W.'s folks and R. My heart aches when I think of his wandering from God. I never thought more of a friend than I did of him. I think Mrs. W. one of the loveliest of mothers, and I know she feels badly over R.'s wandering. Please, for my sake, try and lead him back to Christ. The tears are in my eyes while I write, for I feel it deeply in my heart. May God ever bless you and yours for the many whom you have helped on in the narrow way. Have you ever had your book published? I have been very anxious watching for it, but have seen nothing of it as yet. If it is out, please send me a copy, and I will pay you for it, as I know it would contain many bright spots in the little class-room, and I should really enjoy its perusal. Excuse all mistakes, as it is eleven o'clock; all have retired but myself. All unite in love. I am, as ever, your most loving friend and brother in Christ. R."

Friday evening Bro. Tuffts' class united with mine; we held a union meeting in class room No. 1. Sisters Barker and Anderson, from Utica, came down and took charge of the meeting. We sang a few hymns at the opening; all joined in the song service; the

quicker you can get people to take part in a social meeting the better, then the interest will be manifested by those present. I do thank God for a voice to sing his praise; I felt the power of the Holy Ghost all through my entire being while engaged in song. I was obliged to keep quiet through the service, although I felt a great responsibility, so many present I feared they might be looking to each other and forget to look up to Him who has all power in heaven and on earth. Bro. Tuffts was peculiarly led out in prayer for a baptism on all our hearts as we went down on our knees; we arose and sang one piece. During the singing we were obliged to open the folding doors; some remained in the adjoining room, as our room was filled; we counted 140 persons present. Sister Anderson read from the Word, found in Ephesians, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Lord Jesus Christ." The good Lord gave her words to utter that touched all our hearts. The Word of God searches the heart; there is power in it; there was the best attention as she explained the Scriptures to us. Some were there who have not made their peace with Jesus. We hope impressions were made that will be lasting as eternity. After she took her seat, sister Barker talked from her heart, and gave us some very plain and good illustrations to explain to us how easy it is to be wholly the Lord's. It is simply to comply with the condition of the blessed gospel; then we receive light according to our faith. I do believe in the higher life hid with Christ in God. It is for each one of us. God is no respecter of persons. Without the witness of that radical change we

shall be wavering in our faith ; our life will not be satisfactory to ourselves ; our enjoyment will be less ; we fail to help others ; we lack power with God, an influence upon men. May a baptism of the Holy Spirit come upon each one of us, for his Son's sake. We then used twenty minutes in short testimony for the Master, interspersed with quick singing from our hearts. Many were made happy in the Saviour's love, and no doubt resolved in their hearts to be better in all time to come. Rev. A. R. Seaman, of the Protestant Methodist church, was present, and in a few words gave us good advice and endorsed what sisters Anderson and Barber said to us in the Bible reading. At 9:15 P. M. the benediction was pronounced ; we bade each other a kind good night, going to our home with a thankful heart to our kind, loving Heavenly Father for the enjoyment of that meeting and the help we received from God, through his faithful ones, acknowledging him to be the source of all power.

Saturday evening sister Tefft opened her home and kindly invited us to come and unite in holding a consecration meeting. At seven and a half o'clock a good number were present to listen to sister Barker. She had charge of the meeting. Sister Anderson returned to Utica to hold their service during the Sabbath. We opened the meeting by singing. After prayer, sister Barker said the key to her remarks would be found in Psalm li., 7 : "Purge me with his-sop and I shall be clean ; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." She read from different passages during the hour to prove what she said to us ; that

each one needed that cleansing now as much as David did in old time. It is for every one that is willing to pay the price. She put the question to the audience and said as many as are willing to make the consecration here and now, and take God at his word by faith on his Son for that fullness, to manifest it by raising the hand. Eleven hands went up. Praise the Lord for giving strength to his people to manifest that desire. She then explained to them by giving her own experience, that the work belonged to God ; we must put our will where it would touch the blood of Christ ; in doing that we have complied with the request in his Word ; the result will follow. "I will cleanse you from all your idols and give you a heart of flesh." We then bowed on our knees for the cleansing power to come ; it came to some hearts. After a season of prayer we took our seats. Sister E. stood up and told us what God had done for her during the season of prayer. Sister W., in a very modest way, with her face shining for Jesus, said to us that she was saved complete ; she felt the power on her heart that all was made clean by the blood of the crucified one. After the death of sister Russell she found she was not living up to her privilege ; she felt a desire for that fullness in Christ. A few years previous she enjoyed that blessing, but did not make a public profession, and lost it through neglect of speaking of it to honor the Lord. Dear reader, do not fail to let your light shine ; God demands it of you ; the world needs that kind of Christians to-day. Sister Barker then said in a few words, that the tares and the wheat grew together ; God will take care of

his own ; we must speak for ourselves and witness for Christ. Several said they had received light from the reading of the Word and the way it was explained to them, and felt to thank sister Barker for coming among us. She has a calling from God to explain his Word to the people, and honor Jesus in her work to spread Scriptural holiness. At 9:15 P. M. we sang the doxology and said good night, going out to battle with the enemy of souls, expecting through Christ to conquer every foe. May God grant it for his Son's sake, my prayer will ever be.

With the consent of the reader, I will take them with me to-day on my trip (in their imagination) to Earlville, N. Y., to attend a Sabbath School Convention in the M. E. church of that place. At 7:23 A. M. I took a seat in the cars for Utica ; in a few minutes we reached the depot. As I walked out on Genesee street I saw a company of men in uniform marching down the street, led by a brass band ; the music was beautiful. Very soon they arrived at the depot (D. and L. railroad) on their way to Richfield Springs—the St. George Society going to attend a picnic at the above named place. They filled nineteen coaches ; the train was hauled by two engines. As I looked into the many pleasant faces that made up that large company, I was delighted to see them happy and anticipating a day of rest and enjoyment. Their train left at 8:10 for the Springs. At 8:25 our train followed. We were two hours on the way before we reached Earlville ; distance 37 miles. I thought I was getting the worth of my money (fare \$1.10) if I counted the time on the road. I was busy reading, and occasion-

ally would look out of the window to view the beautiful country, "Chenango Valley."

After we reached the summit, this side of Waterville, we saw some fine hops in the different yards. That is a great country for hop growing ; the people in that section have got rich in raising them. I will not attempt to say they are all used to make beer. I do know that many of the farmers in that community have become wealthy from the sale of them. If you should ask me if I could raise and sell hops, and feel all right about it in my conscience at the present day, when the temperance question is at issue, I would answer you in the negative. There was a time, a few years ago, when my neighbors (before I came to Illion), raised them ; I did not see any harm in the business. For the past nine years I have been thoroughly educated on the temperance question, consequently my mind has been changed on the subject. I will admit there are good Christian men in the business of raising hops ; I hope they will consider the question, and ask God to teach them their duty in regard to this great question. I must change the subject, or you may think I am trying to get up a temperance lecture. I am not ; and still I will give my influence, small as it is, in favor of temperance. At 10:45 I walked into the church. Rev. H. W. Bennett, P. E., was in the chair. I sat down and looked about me to see the children ; they were *non est* ; I recognized but three familiar faces—the Chairman, Rev. J. G. Benson, pastor of the place, and Rev. A. J. Felsaw, Clayville. I was glad to be there ; still I was somewhat lonesome for the presence of the young

people. I felt deep down in my heart a warm sympathy for them, and a prayer on my lips for the good Lord to save souls on that occasion. Brother Felsaw was called to the floor to read an essay; title, "Faithful Teacher." It was full of good instruction and common sense. We then spent a few minutes in hand-shaking before going to dinner. We dined at the home of H. G. Greene, the Superintendent of the Sabbath school. I learned from the pastor's wife that he is very popular in the school. He is the agent at the station on the Midland Railroad, an excellent business man and a devoted Christian. Earlville is a nice country village; population about one thousand. I should judge the people are from the country, retired farmers; they seem to have plenty of money, and are happy, we would say, from what we saw of them in our short stay. The land is very productive in the valley. We noticed some very thrifty looking potatoes growing in the bottom of the canal, which has been abandoned by the Legislature at Albany. At two o'clock P. M. the church bell called us together to discuss and consider the Sunday school work, the most important item of our church, the nursery and hope of the same. Dr. Palmer, from East Hamilton, the Superintendent there, gave us an off-hand talk from his heart. His fine physique and happy face will win the young people. His words were full of good suggestions; they will be remembered by all present. Rev. H. M. Church, from Hamilton, was there. The subject given him to discuss was, "The duty of parents to their children, and the Sabbath school work." He compassed all the ground,

and spoke with a great deal of feeling ; his own heart is in the work of soul saving ; his words impressed us. He is a deep thinker and earnest speaker, a man of strong faith ; he firmly believes what he is saying to others ; the Master honors him in his work. The writer was then called to address the children that came in the afternoon. I felt I had a message from God to them and those present ; he gave me faith to believe that some would be won for Christ in that assembly. I felt my own weakness in speaking. We are to sow the seed, God will water it, and bring forth an abundant harvest, an hundred fold ; he shall have all the glory. He filled my heart so full of the love of his dear Son ; the tears ran down my face, and many in the congregation were moved to tenderness and tears. I do expect to meet some in the glory world that will date their conviction of sin, and the judgment to come, and their conversion, from that little gathering. May the Master bless pastor and people, and touch their hearts with the finger of his love, and send them out with a new impetus in his work, as never before, for his own name's sake. Farewell to all in Earlville for the present ; the kindness shown to us there will long be remembered with much pleasure.

This afternoon I left our quiet village on the four o'clock train, with brothers B. and T., for Adams, to attend the Annual Northern N. Y. Conference Class-Leaders' Association. After a few hours' ride, which I enjoyed very much—I was glad to have a change and rest to the active brain and nerves wearied with the every day toil of office work—at eight and a half

o'clock we reached the place. The church was lighted up ; they had commenced the meeting. As we walked up the aisle brother Cobb was engaged in prayer, with his heart going out to the Master for him to fill our hearts with the love of his dear Son, and make the meeting a success, and glorify his own great name, and give us a baptism of fire. We wanted to say Amen to the prayer before we had time to bow down on our knees. One of the brethren then followed in a very earnest manner, beseeching the throne for help from above, from whence cometh all our blessings from our kind, loving and indulgent Heavenly Father. After singing, the pastor introduced Rev. F. H. Beck, Oswego, to deliver the address, which was a treat to each one present. It was evident that time and prayer were spent in getting up such an able discourse ; it was full of soul food ; the speaker and people were greatly blessed ; the Lord was honored. May brother Beck be spared long to work in the vineyard of the blessed Master. His reward is waiting him in the glory land. The benediction was pronounced by our old friend, Rev. T. B. Shepherd, P. E. Adams District. Rev. G. Moore, the pastor, then assigned us to the homes of the people during our stay among them. I had the honor of riding in the carriage owned by Rev. O. P. Pitcher, an old veteran in the army of the Lord, who is now retired, and living on his beautiful farm, a half mile from the church. Brother Worts, our much esteemed and worthy President of the Association, sat on the front seat of the carriage, by the side of the owner, and I on the back seat, by the side of Mrs.

Skinner, a sister of the amiable wife of Bro. Pitcher. I found Mrs. Skinner a lady of intelligence and culture, very entertaining, happy and easy in conversation, one of deep piety, and enjoying the blessing of holiness (so I have been informed by sister Bennett). By her side a lady friend of the family sat, who was a guest there during the meeting. I enjoyed the ride much ; the good brother did not try the speed of his horse ; I had a good time in conversation. At length we reached his elegant mansion or country residence, if you please to call it. I then assisted the ladies from the carriage, and bade them a kind good night. As I looked around I saw brother J. D. Burlingame waiting to carry me to the next house, his home, my quarters for the night. I walked in and introduced myself to his estimable wife, who gave me a hearty welcome. I soon felt at home in that family, which number five persons—father, mother and two beautiful sons, Arthur and Seward, and Mrs. Hunter, the mother of sister Burlingame, a very quiet lady, but useful, and doing good work in that home by her kind words and godly example, and work in the church. May God greatly bless and reward that dear family for their kindness to me. We visited until eleven o'clock, then the family joined in singing "Beulah Land," led by the organ, played by the junior son ; we then bowed on our knees in prayer, thanking God for the mercies of the day, and asking him to give me a word for each one present that make up that household, and especially upon that devoted, faithful mother, that she may be led to train her loved boys to give their hearts to God, and seek the pearl of

reat price. The Lord gave me faith to believe they
ill. God filled my soul to overflowing while on my
nees ; we received a weeping blessing from the dear
aviour. We arose and retired for the night. After
reakfast we walked down to the church, and noticed
everal places of much interest—the home of Mr.
Leveland, which is beautiful ; the next place pointed
ut to me was the home of Mr. Kenyon, a wealthy
ian, a grain dealer in Chicago. At nine o'clock the
onvention was opened. The program was taken up
nd carried out. Six districts were represented ; the
iscussions were profitable to all. The afternoon
ervice will long be remembered ; the Master was
here ; heart touched heart ; there was liberty ; we
ad a Pentecostal time waiting for the blessing that
omes to them that look up in faith to God, believ-
ng that he is a rewarder to all that diligently seek
im. I am glad in my soul, that takes *me* in. Glory
e to God in the highest. I am saved through the
lood of his Son. At the close of the service the
Chairman called the audience to come around the al-
ar for consecration ; after one song we knelt togeth-
er in prayer, beseeching the Almighty to give us the
ointing of the Holy Ghost, and fit us to go back
o our work to do more for his cause. Our prayers
vere answered then and there ; it seemed the very
gate of heaven to our hungry souls. One aged man
vas converted and won to Christ. We sang the dox-
logy, and bade each one farewell, feeling deep down
n our hearts it was the best Convention we ever at-
ended. I then walked with brother Newman to the
ouse of sister Searles for tea. We found her very

cordial and pleasant in her home ; her daughter from the West and three loved children make up that family circle. After we had partaken of the good things at the table we went to the parlor and bowed on our knees in prayer. I called on him who says in the Word, "I will be the widows' God and a father to the fatherless." The answer came that he would grant it for his Son's sake. We said good bye, and started for the depot to take the train homeward, with very pleasant memories of the dear people in Adams.

ESSAY GIVEN BY THE WRITER AT THE CONVENTION IN
ADAMS, JUNE 20.

Question—"Is it not important that our members should acquaint themselves with the rules and doctrines of the Methodist Church, as set forth in the Discipline? And how may this be accomplished?"

Mr. Chairman—Brethren—I can answer this question with one word, an emphatic "Yes." It is of great importance that we as Methodists should acquaint ourselves with the rules and regulations of the church of our choice.

Order is the first law of heaven. Nations are governed by laws, and when they are kept, the people prosper, and harmony prevails. Success and happiness awaits law abiding citizens. All organizations have their constitutions and by-laws, and are held sacred by the members of the same ; they often boast of their form and ceremony, and think that their ritual is the best ever gotten up. I do admire that spirit in a man or woman that is true, and will live up to the rules in the discipline laid down for

them to be governed accordingly. It is a grand thing to have a good officer to lead us ; we are creatures of habit, and are influenced by good and devoted men that we select as a pattern for imitation. O, that God would raise up more and more of such that are exemplary in their every day life, for us to imitate and follow ; they help us amazingly.

The doctrines of our church, as set forth in the Discipline, are founded on the word of God. Dr. Talmadge once said to his people, "There are two doctrines in the Bible, man a sinner, Christ a Saviour. Man must go down ; Christ must go up." Mr. Wesley taught that through repentance on our part, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we may be saved from our sins. In the Word I read, "For by grace, through faith are ye saved, and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God."

The Bible teaches the doctrine of sanctification. If I am correct, I think Mr. Wesley was one of the first to experience that higher life hid with Christ in God, and taught it to his people. I am happy to say the good Lord blessed his labors in teaching that doctrine, and many of his followers experienced that great change that is given to the child of God after the consecration is made, and accepted by Jesus Christ our Lord. That doctrine is a part of our belief, and is taught by our church as the one thing needful to secure success, and win souls to Christ and heaven. Some of our sister churches do not make the doctrine of the Holy Ghost a specialty, and teach it to their members. I think there is where they lose. "It is not by might, nor power, but by

my Spirit, saith the Lord." Some say that experience will be ours at the gate of death. We believe that it is for us now; for no where in the Word do we find that it teaches we are to wait. "According to your faith be it unto you." We can have it if we are willing to pay the price. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." It is a blessed experience to know we belong to the Lord. I am so thankful that I am in the M. E. church. When but a lad I was impressed with the spirit of its members and the teaching of the Discipline, that it was a life of consecration and close living to God that brought joy and peace to our troubled hearts, and faith in Jesus that saved to the uttermost. My sainted mother taught me a lesson I can never forget. Through her Christian life I was led to make her church my home. It has helped me more than I can tell.

The church will succeed without my help. I am the one to suffer when I fail to live in accordance with her rules. I have to live by faith on the Son of God, and be obedient to the teachings of our Discipline. It is a school in which we can learn something each day of our lives. The Discipline teaches us to work; they that work and wait, win. Nowhere are we to fold our arms and lay our armor down. Watch and fight and pray is our watchword; Upward and onward, our motto. Heaven is at the end of a good man's life. Our reward is waiting us in the glory land; there our crown will be presented; and shall it be a starless one? No! I want to gather a few sheaves for the garner of our Lord. "Blessed

are they that sow by the side of all waters." In weakness I have endeavored to write a few broken sentences, hoping and praying that God would use these simple words, and sanctify them for his glory and our good. If this may be accomplished, the height of my ambition will be gained. The glory of God and the success of his cause is the desire of my heart. I mean, by his grace assisting me, to keep low at his feet—an errand boy for Jesus. Hallelujah to his name. It belongs to him ; we will crown him Lord of all.

If you will allow me, sir, I will say a word to my brother class-leader before I take my seat. If there is one here that is discouraged and ready to give up his work, don't do that ; try again. The Lord will help them that help themselves. Go often to your closet, and there with a heavy, and perhaps sad heart, go on your knees, and tell your trouble to Jesus. He can give you comfort, and bring joy and gladness to your soul. Remember, you are doing work for eternity. Do the best you can—God will do the rest. It is for you to labor ; results belong to God. O, that my voice could be heard all over this Conference ; I would say to the leader, Go forward in the name of Jesus. He will fight your battles for you, and give you victory through the blood of the crucified One. It may not be long to some of us ; soon we will meet our class for the last time. May the Master help you and me to point our members to Calvary, where the dear Jesus suffered and died on the cross to purchase our redemption, and by his own precious blood bought our guilty souls for God.

God bless and keep you, and make you useful, and win souls to Christ, for his dear name's sake.

Saturday morning, August 26th, I put my pen in the drawer, and in company with brothers B. and C., started for Morristown, N. Y., to attend the St. Lawrence International Camp Meeting. We occupied a seat in the car that left our depot at 10:13 A. M. After we reached Utica we walked up to Mr. Evans' and enjoyed a good dinner. We then made our way down to the train on the Black River Railroad. At 12:10 P. M. our time was up to leave. It was the express train ; we made but few calls on the way ; we reached the camp ground at 5:12 P. M., one mile below Morristown, on the bank of the St. Lawrence river, opposite the city of Brockville, Canada. We walked up to the hotel—"Terrace House"—a large and commodious building the Association has erected and furnished the present season, at a cost of \$13,000. The view of that handsome river is entertaining to the visitor. The sleeping rooms in the building are convenient, with good circulation of air. The house is under the supervision, and run by the Board of Trustees ; some of them are there all the time ; they are gentlemen in every respect, courteous and attentive to the guests. The dining hall is large ; they can accommodate people with ease and to their satisfaction. As we reached the steps leading up to the office we met our much esteemed and old friend, Rev. S. O. Barnes, P. E. St. Lawrence district. We were delighted to look into his happy face ; the warm clasp of his hand and the happy, off-hand way he

received us made us feel at home. He then walked up to the office and spoke to the clerk (a very pleasant gentleman, under a salary from the Board ; he is the manager of the house) and said to him , "Give these gentlemen from Ilion the best of attention while they are here." We registered our names and enquired for the wash-room, the next thing in order. With water, soap and a whisk broom we managed to get rid of some of the cinders and dust that lodged in our eyes and on our clothes during our journey. We then made our way up among the cottages and tents ; we were informed there were about fifteen hundred people on the ground. After tea we went to the Potsdam Tabernacle, where they were holding a prayer meeting, in charge of brother Whitney. We were pleased to look into the face of that devoted Christian man, Prof. Marsh. In a few minutes the bell at the stand called us together in the pavilion for the public service. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Berry ; exhortation by Rev. Mr. White.

Rev. S. O. Barnes, P. E., announced the meetings for the Sabbath (the next day) ; he then dismissed us with the benediction. The crowd was soon dispersed, each one going to their own tent, cottage or hotel.

At 10 P. M. the bell was rung ; that means order and quiet for the night ; every one is supposed to get into their bunk or cot and go to sleep. Stillness prevails during the evening. At six A. M. you will hear the sound of the bell calling the people to prepare for breakfast and get ready for the prayer meeting in the different tabernacles before the public service at

the stand. Sunday morning at eight and a half o'clock we assembled for a general love feast, which lasted until ten. We then had a short intermission. At 10:30 we listened to a sermon from Dr. Cummings, Genesee Conference, an old veteran in the army. His words were well chosen and reached the hearts of the people. After singing a few verses we were dismissed to take dinner. At this time hundreds of young people came over from Canada to enjoy the meetings and visit with each other. They were quiet, orderly, and paid great respect to the Sabbath. At two P. M. we met under the pavilion for public service. Sermon by Rev. W. F. Brown, Canton. An exhortation followed, from a pastor of the Luthern church, Canada. Then Rev. B. D. White, Ogdensburg, gave a most powerful appeal to the unsaved in that large assembly (fourteen hundred people present). The tears started from many eyes in the audience, but not one person ready to rise to their feet to manifest a desire by that act; they wanted to seek the Lord. I am more convinced that it is personal work that will win a soul for Christ. At four P. M. a meeting was called in the Ogdensburg tent for all the class-leaders to be present. Brother Whitney, Huelton, N. Y., had charge.

Brother Bennett, my old friend, is busy planning for an International Convention. The chairman explained to us why we were called together to consider the interest of the church—the class-meeting. He selected a few words and read to us from the Bible, very appropriate for the occasion. He is a fine looking man, emotional and earnest in what he has to say.

He is the superintendent in the Sabbath school ; his pleasant face and happy way will attract the attention of the young and win them to the Saviour. The brethren present were free to take part. After Bro. B. had stated his plan of work to accomplish the coming Convention, the writer was upon his feet. I was delighted to see so many of the sisters come in and know they are in the work, and by their presence show an interest in the cause of the blessed Master. I was anxious to know how many class-leaders were there from Canada. They were ready to endorse what Bro. B. had said to us about his plan for the meeting next summer. Bro. C. then gave us a good off-hand speech from his heart, and referred to the noble work the M. E. church is doing at the present day. He remarked that the class-leaders were the instruments in God's hand to reach the hearts of the members of our church. In order to accomplish that they must be devout and holy men, of one purpose and aim, fearless of what may be said in the way of criticism, trusting in the Holy Spirit for the anointing from above and the enduement of power. Several of the brethren present referred to the work and the importance of each one living near to God. The remarks were interspersed with quick singing ; there was freedom and liberty ; the Lord blessed our hungry souls while on our knees beseeching the dear Saviour to help us in that meeting, I had strong faith in God. I do expect good will result to each from that gathering, and each leader go back to his work with new zeal. Bro. Whitney tried to close the meeting ; he was unable to do so ; several remained and

went down on their kness to implore the blessing in its fullness to come on each heart. We arose and spent a while hand-shaking before we went to tea. As we reached the door of the dining room the crowd was so great we could not get inside. I said to Bro. B., we could go back to one of the tents and pray. We soon reached the Morristown Tabernacle and joined in the meeting ; they began to come in ; the interest was increasing ; the prayers were in earnest, and such pleading ! Wives were weeping for unsaved husbands ; mothers were asking God to convert loved ones. The covenant blood was applied to hearts ; the Holy Ghost came upon us in power ; men were confessing to Jesus ; the Spirit of the Lord was touching the hearts of the people. The bell at the stand then notified us for public service. At 7:30 P. M. we listened to a sermon from Rev. Mr. Rilence, Lancaster, Canada. Text : "What think ye of Christ ?" The singing was good, and led by a cornet. At nine o'clock the benediction was pronounced, and the people went their way. Those that wished turned to the stand for a consecration meeting. We went to the Norwood tent and engaged in the meeting there ; prayed and sang, and gave our testimony for Jesus. At ten o'clock the bell at the stand was rung to retire for the night. I can assure you we went to sleep without rocking. It was a busy day ; from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night we were engaged in the meetings, except the time for meals.

Monday morning, at six o'clock, we walked out on the piazza to find friend C., where he was enjoying a cigar, with a gentleman by his side. After we passed

the compliments of the day, said he, "Here is a man seventy-nine years of age, from Norfolk." I turned to him, and asked if he knew a man down there by the name of Waldron? He answered in the affirmative, and said, "That is my name." I then made myself known to him. Thirty years have passed since we met. We were engaged in conversation until breakfast. At eight o'clock A. M. we paid our bill at the office—fare two dollars a day. We then bade goodbye to the camp-ground, and got on board the train for home. We were amused and entertained looking into so many strange faces, getting on and off the cars at nearly every station. For a change we had a good book in our hand to read—*Memoir of Father Reeves*. At Carthage a large man came on board of the train, with bronzed face and brown hands, and sat down in a seat in front of me. He had a basket with him, on his way home from camp-meeting at Felt's Mills. After he had raised the window to get a little more oxygen, he turned around and addressed me in conversation. As we were leaving the station there we passed the blast furnace. I called his attention to it, and asked the question if they were making money from the manufacture of pig iron? His answer was, if they managed the business properly, no doubt of it. He then told me the name of the gentleman in charge, and said he had but one black spot on him; he was a Democrat. He then remarked to me, "No business will pay unless it is properly managed." Said he, "My father was a poor man all his life; when I grew up to manhood I swore vengeance to poverty, and said, 'By the blessing of

God upon me I will make some money for myself.' In 1852 I went in debt for a farm in Lewis County. To-day I am worth \$26,000, with my hands to work, and a good wife to help me. I have made a handsome property." I agree with him in regard to the help referred to. What little I have to-day, my wife saved for me. He then quoted that beautiful promise found in the precious Word, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord." That man has a good home here, and is laying up treasure in heaven. At Lowville he bade me good-bye. I learned a lesson from him: It is work that wins. At 4:30 I reached home with pleasant memories of the dear people I met at the camp-ground. The Lord is so good to me; I am humbled when I think of the many tender mercies and kind blessings he has bestowed upon me.

Sabbath was a day of rest to body, and a growth in grace to my soul. The text was a sermon of itself: "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." The pastor had help from above, as he endeavored to preach to us for a half-hour. He said many good things to us in that time; it was a practical discourse, full of suggestions that will be helpful to saint and sinner. The day was spent in quiet; the sound of the church-going bell was not heard, which seemed very strange, on account of the illness of one of our popular young business men, John A. Giblin, Jr., partner of the firm of Roche & Giblin, coal merchants, who met with an accident on Tuesday evening last, at ten o'clock, at the railroad crossing, at our depot, to take the second Atlantic train due

there at 10:35 p. m. Through the mismanagement of the 'bus driver in crossing the track in front of the fast mail train that was behind time, and running at the rapid rate of forty miles an hour, the engine struck the 'bus, smashed it to small pieces, and killed A. P. Redway instantly, and knocked Mr. Giblin insensible. Dr. Rasback was some time dressing the wound made in his head. The physicians have hope of his recovery. Several were injured by the accident—Mr. Cook, a drover from Winfield, a young man by the name of Dodge, and the wife of the 'bus driver were hurt. Our village has lost one of our old and popular merchants (in the dry goods line). The church will lose a member and a liberal supporter of the gospel. A kind, loving and affectionate husband will be missed by a devoted wife; an indulgent and faithful father will long be remembered and mourned for by a beautiful daughter, Belle, and two loved sons, Charlie and Richard; while a tender mother and two dear brothers are left to mourn the loss of that departed one. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the parents of Mrs. Redway, are among the mourners that have been afflicted by that terrible and fatal accident. "In the midst of life we are in death." May each one of us be prepared at morning, noon or night. Death will come to all. May the dear, loving, sympathizing Jesus comfort and cheer the hearts of that family that have been afflicted. "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." I will pray God to give joy and consolation to the bereaved hearts, so that as they are passing along the journey of life the presence of Christ will cheer them at every step, and

smooth the rough places by his gentle, tender, loving hand. I hope and trust he will guide each one all the way from earth to heaven.

In the evening we had a rare treat ; we listened to a temperance lecture from Miss Frances Willard, of Chicago. We held a union meeting in the M. E. church. Dr. Dunham, Principal Whitestown Seminary, is the pastor of the Presbyterian church here. He made the opening prayer ; it came from his heart. He said a great deal in a few words, and prayed especially for the speaker, not forgetting the poor inebriate, and those that suffer from strong drink. I have thought that infidelity was the great foe of this Christian nation of to-day ; I am not quite sure of that, for intemperance is doing terrible work all over this continent, dragging some of our best young men down to a drunkard's grave. Mothers' hearts are bleeding for loved sons who are addicted to drink ; wives are waiting long after the midnight hour for husbands to return from the saloon ; sisters are made to blush on account of a dear brother who has been enticed away by his associates to pass his evenings in the ale house, and then brought home intoxicated. O, that public opinion may be aroused to see the awful state and condition of things, and the people lend their friendly aid in behalf of the temperance cause. Miss Willard commenced her discourse and said : "Dear Friends—To look is one thing ; to see is quite another thing. The philosopher has said, "A man may look over a landscape ; an ox can do the same. It is the brain behind it to understand the meaning." She talked to us for

ty-five minutes, and handled the subject different from any one we have listened to in the past. She referred to the home, and explained to us how to make it attractive; and the influence upon the young by the training of a devoted Christian mother. She is a fine-looking person, tall and graceful in appearance, modest in her manner, which is a compliment to any lady that is a public speaker. The Lord has endowed her with a beautiful, rich voice; her words are well chosen, delivery good, easy in gesture, quick flow of language; she speaks for one purpose—the temperance cause. She is a woman of broad views, has a noble mind, a sympathetic heart, a strong will-power back of all, to press forward to do good to the people and honor the Master. In doing that, her faith is in God, expecting him to use her for his glory. May her life be spared for many years to come, to bless the world, and win many from their cups through her earnest words. She is a firm believer in total abstinence. The fair sex may feel proud of her, as they will admit she is an able speaker and one of the most active workers in the temperance reform. She is an honor to the organization she represents—the W. C. T. U. We hope she will make another visit to Ilion soon; she will be welcome.

Tuesday, Oct. 31st, I attended a Sabbath School Convention at East Hamilton, N. Y. When we arrived at the station at Hubbardsville, a mile and a half from the church, carriages were provided to carry us to our destination. We were glad of the change, and enjoyed the pure country air very much. The farms are excellent in that section. The Chenango

Valley is very romantic ; the soil is productive, the scenery delightful and attractive to the eye of the traveler. In a few minutes we reached the M. E. church. Several ministers from the surrounding charges were present to read essays and say cheering words to us, and take part in the discussion of topics for the benefit of all present. We recognized but a few familiar faces. The pastor, Rev. R. J. Smith, was busy looking after the strangers ; he came to the train to meet us. We were disappointed, as he said Mrs. Smith was in Lowville, at the sick bed of her sister, dying with consumption. Dr. Palmer, Superintendent, was engaged, and manifested a deep interest in the Sabbath school work. He is a man well adapted for the position. He has a system in his school to work from, and succeeds in that way. In the singing we noticed he did not want them to drag along, but prompted them by beating the time for them as they sung. His words are few, and have force in them. May he be successful in doing much good in that community. Charles Green, one of the pillars in the church there, was on hand with his beautiful team, a coal black, a fine animal, and a sorrel, Hambletonian blood. The carriage was elegant. What was very pleasing to the writer was to see that the driver of that grand turn-out was none less than the owner of that costly establishment. Rev. J. G. Benson, Earlville, was present, and read an excellent essay, entitled "Conversion of Children." The Word says, Youth is the time to seek the Lord. He gave the number of conversions for the past year in the Sabbath schools of the Districts of Utica and Herki-

mer. His heart was in the theme ; the advice to the parents and the teachers was touching ; all were much profited. Rev. A. J. Felshaw, Clayville, delivered a good essay full of instruction. Rev. E. A. Tuttle, Waterville, was present, and read a brief article, which made an impression on all who had the pleasure to listen to it ; he speaks to benefit his hearers. We had good singing from the choir. At four o'clock Rev. E. W. Jones, from Sauquoit, gave an address to the children ; it was practical and good, and was well received by the entire audience. His ready wit and apt expression will hold the people any length of time. His earnest manner in speaking will interest and instruct all classes. The writer was then introduced by the Chairman, Rev. H. W. Bennett, and talked for a few minutes to the children, leaving the results to God, expecting a few sheaves to be gathered to the garner of the Lord from that place. The doxology was then sung. We clasped the hands of a few that we had become acquainted with during our brief stay, and saying good bye, going our way, hoping to meet when the toil of life is over, in the land of rest beyond the skies. We occupied a seat in the carriage of brother Green, and felt highly honored to be in such good company—Rev. E. W. Jones, Rev. A. J. Felshaw and Mrs. Brainard, daughter of brother Green. In a few minutes we reached the home at Hubbardsville. As we passed the station, the operator came out and called for us to take a telegram for brother G. The young man that held the reins over that fine team brought them to a standstill. The gentleman then opened the dispatch and

read the contents, asking the price of hops ; they wanted one hundred bales. The answer was, " Decline to sell at present." On we went at railroad speed, and very soon we reached the mansion, the residence of the gentleman we were riding with. The house has a fine appearance, is fitted up with all the modern improvements ; the rooms are large and airy, ceiling high, and lighted with gas ; carpets rich, furniture costly and beautiful. We had the pleasure to meet Rev. J. O. Gifford there ; he came in from the country to take a part in the Convention. At first we supposed he was a relative of the family, he seemed to be at home. Methodist ministers like a good stopping-place as a general thing ; some of them are fond of a fine horse, and enjoy a good dinner. I do not blame them for that. When they call at my home they may have the best room in the house. We were well pleased to meet brother Gifford, and to inquire about the converts in his church. He is an active worker, very zealous in the cause of Christ ; his heart is in the work of saving precious souls. Several have been converted in his church during the summer. God bless him and give him wisdom and righteousness, according to the power that worketh in us. As we reached the hall of that commodious and elegant residence, brother Gifford was frank, and took great pains to introduce us to the inmates of that home—Mrs. Green, the lady of the house, Miss Kittie Green, a niece of Mrs. G., and now one of the family, a very amiable young lady. Brother Gifford said to us, " When you address her she will not be offended if you call her ' Kittie.' " She was very

busy, and seemed to take great interest in looking after the servants as they were preparing supper. We enjoyed our visit there very much ; we had heard of brother Green as one of the strong and efficient members in the church. We have seen the name of Charles Green & Son on their banking house in Utica, as we have walked up Genesee street. Brother G. was sociable in his home, and made our visit pleasant ; he is modest and unassuming in his manner. His pastor spoke very highly of him as a gentleman and devoted Christian ; is humble and faithful in the discharge of duty ; he is a man of wealth, and contributes largely to the support of the church, and is present at the social means of grace to cheer the heart of the pastor. He knows how to work, and is not above it. His family consist of two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Brainard, the eldest daughter, resides in Waterville. Rev. E. A. Tuttle, her pastor, said to us she was an active worker among the young people ; she has charge of the young people's meeting. She seemed to be deeply engaged in the social meetings. I will remember with pleasure our interview, and hope some time in the future (God willing) to pay a visit to Waterville to talk to the young, to encourage them to be faithful in the service of the Lord. At seven and a half o'clock the carriage was at the door to take us to the depot. On the arrival of the up train Dr. Sims came to speak in the church. We clasped his hand and looked into his face as he passed by us. We offered a silent prayer to God in his behalf, that the Lord would speak through him to the people at East Hamilton. In a few minutes

the train came along, and we bade a kind good night to brother Green and Miss Kittie, who accompanied us to the station, thanking them for their kindness to make our call so pleasant and agreeable. The Lord is kind to give us so many dear friends to say words of cheer to encourage us in toiling in his vineyard. We hope to meet all of that family in the "Sweet By-and-by."

Wednesday, Nov. 15th; at 10:13 A. M., we got on board the train for Rome, N. Y., to attend the Class-leaders' Annual Convention—Utica and Herkimer Districts. When we reached Frankfort we were delighted to see Rev. H. Skeel (pastor of that place) come in and take a seat by our side, on his way to Utica to attend a funeral. He was very social, and conversed freely about repairing their church edifice there. They have paid out one thousand dollars to improve their place of worship. He is expecting a revival in the church. I say Amen to that. In a few minutes' ride we reached Utica. There we met Rev. L. D. White, Rev. C. E. Babcock, Bro. Ferguson, Bro. Homer Austin, Dr. Hunt, Sister Vivian and Sister Sink, lady class-leaders, from Utica on their way to Rome. On our arrival at the depot, we walked up to the M. E. Church, corner Embargo and George streets—quite a delegation of class-leaders. At two o'clock we assembled at the church. Rev. L. D. White read from the Scriptures, and then gave out that beautiful hymn, very appropriate, "Forever here my rest shall be," &c.; offered a prayer in faith and in the Spirit of God to bless us in a special manner, and opened the Convention. The President, R.

R. Bennett, was called to occupy the chair ; the Secretary called the roll. Each leader present then gave a report of his class, their attendance and state of grace, &c. Several pastors were present ; they gave an account of the spiritual standing of the members in the church. It was very interesting to hear how they were succeeding in doing work for the Master. Not as many leaders present as we would like to see there. The Lord is not confined to numbers. He is mighty to carry on and give success in the salvation and keeping of souls. At five o'clock P. M. the benediction was pronounced, and we accompanied the people home for supper. At 7:30 P. M. we met in the audience room to listen to an address given by Rev. H. W. Bennett, P. E. Herkimer district. Subject : " Spiritual Leadership." He occupied forty minutes. The discourse was excellent ; we were much benefited ; it was full of good advice to each one present, and especially the class-leaders. It seemed to me it was all for my benefit. I felt very small and humble as I listened to those plain words spoken by that devout and faithful man of God. I expect to be a better leader in the future than I have in the past. I will, the Lord helping me. At the close of his subject, Dr. Reddy was present and invited to speak to the audience. The Lord opened the way for him to be present. He is engaged in holding a series of meetings in the Liberty Street church with Rev. Mr. Reynolds. Brother Reddy commenced his remarks by referring to the able address by Bro. Bennett, and said it was a grand thing to be a good leader. His silvery hair commands respect. The many years of

experience the Doctor has had as a faithful minister of the gospel, and of more recent years as an evangelist, has fitted him for noble service in the cause of the Master. His own heart is full of the love of Jesus, and enjoying the blessing of sanctification. He talks about the higher life hid with Christ in God, and experiences that way of living daily. He said it was necessary for a leader to be full of religion and go forward and say to the members of his class : "Follow me, as I follow Christ." The members will not go ahead of the leader. The class-leader must be intensely in earnest in the work for the Lord, and be willing to make sacrifices for the cause of Christ ; in doing that God will use him and give success. Dr. Reddy related several incidents that came under his observation during his pastorate, that interested the people in regard to class-leaders, and the different ways of leading a class. He said it was impossible to drive people to class-meeting. At the conclusion of his remarks he invited all the leaders and the entire audience to come forward and kneel at the altar, and ask God to endue the class-leaders with power from heaven for their work in the vineyard of the Lord. After prayer offered by Dr. Reddy and H. W. Bennett, we arose and sang the doxology, received the benediction and said good night, going to our lodgings feeling refreshed from hearing so many good things uttered during the afternoon and evening.

At eight o'clock A. M. we met in the Sabbath school room to engage in the prayer meeting, led by brother Ferguson ; the Lord led him. He said to us, "Come." We had a powerful meeting ; God was pleased with

that thank-offering, and fulfilled his promise to each one. The prayers were full of faith, going up from consecrated hearts filled with the Saviour's love, for power to come down upon us. One of the sisters remarked that it was the best prayer meeting she ever enjoyed in Rome. At nine and a half o'clock the chairman called the meeting to order to proceed with the regular business. Elder Hunt, from Adams, was present, an old veteran in the service. He gave us some good suggestions, and advised the leaders to be loyal to the pastor and the church ; to be filled with the Spirit in order to succeed. Rev. L. D. White felt much at home with us, and occupied some of the time during the session discussing the different subjects as they were introduced by the chairman. Dr. Reddy was present ; his face shining for Jesus, while his heart was full of gladness from the Lord. Some of the questions were put to him to decide. His judgment in each one was considered the end of the case. The chairman called on him to express his opinion as to how he would dispose of the young converts after a revival ; that is, would he be in favor of assigning them to the different classes, or put them in a class by themselves ? His happy face brightened, with a beautiful expression upon it, as he said, "What the Lord has ordered, and given us the pattern that the sheep and lambs shall go together, he would not advise any one to separate them ; that the experience of the elder members of the church would help the converts ; they would grow and thrive better from the example and influence brought to bear upon them by the mature Christians. We need

to pray each day for wisdom from God to teach us to be wise, prudent and good." Several ministers were there and encouraged us by their presence. L. L. Palmer, P. E. Utica District, was there, and gave us his opinion in regard to the work of the class-leader. His words were instructive. Dr. Reddy occupied some of the time with song appropriate for the occasion. At twelve o'clock the benediction was pronounced and we adjourned for dinner.

Brother Folk, from Herkimer, came up on Thursday morning. We were assigned (to dine) at the house of Misses Walworth (two sisters, maiden ladies.) Their house is elegantly furnished—a place for everything, and everything in its place. We felt at home with them, and enjoyed the good things they had prepared for the outward man. They entertained us in a cordial manner. How quick the time passes away. We adjourned to the parlor. I suggested to them, with their consent, we bow on our knees in prayer, to thank God for his goodness to supply all our needs. Brother Folk led in prayer; the Lord filled our hearts so full of his love, the tears ran down our face as we followed him to ask God to bless and reward the sisters for their kind hospitality shown to us in their home. In the precious Word I have read, "When we draw nigh to God he will draw nigh to us." It was a feast to our souls; the memory of that occasion will never be forgotten. We may not all meet here again in this life; but through faith in Jesus we expect to meet in the glory land.

At 1:30 P. M. we met at the church for an experience meeting. Brother Bennett was anxious for each

one present to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and be endued with power to cheer our hearts for work as never before. We opened the meeting by singing that favorite hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c. After a few short prayers, our hearts were strangely warmed; we felt the efficiency of the blood cleansing us from all sin. Hallelujah to Jesus; we had a Pentecostal time; we received a baptism from on high, that will come after we have made an entire surrender to Christ and his cause. The brethren were active to testify for the Saviour. Three young men—Christians, I think—sang very sweetly together; one piece in particular, the chorus was, "The bleeding lamb." I can imagine I hear them now, as they sang that for us. I think it was one of the best Conventions I ever witnessed. The dear people in Rome were so kind and attentive to us. I pray God to reward them for it. At three o'clock the doxology was sung. Rev. Bro. Roberts, of Utica, dismissed us with the benediction. Then the last, but not the least, came, the hand-shaking and the word farewell!—going to our home with a rich, deep experience, to put in practice and carry out, with Divine assistance, the good resolutions made while together. I do expect good will result from the vows and renewed consecration which were pledged and made from the brethren in presence of the people. It seemed a cloud of glory tarried near the place, and the shekinah rested on all present at that assemblage. The hearts of the brethren were comforted and cheered; each went their way rejoicing, feeling grateful to God for his presence; and under many

obligations to the Romans for the courtesy we received while there.

Dec. 12th, at 7:23 A. M., I started on the train for Utica. At 8:20 I took a seat in the cars for Richfield Springs, to attend a Sabbath School Convention in that place. At 11:50 we arrived there, and after a few minutes' walk reached the M. E. church. As I walked in and seated myself, Rev. S. P. Gray, of Winfield, was occupying the floor. In the absence of the P. E., who could not be present, Rev. S. Salisbury, of Starkville, was made chairman of the Convention. He filled the position very well. He is tall, graceful and dignified. His age and many years of labor in the ministry command respect. The ministers look to him for counsel. The long experience he has had in the work for the Master has fitted him to be an efficient worker and help along the cause of Christ. At noon they sang the doxology and adjourned to the basement, where the good ladies had prepared an excellent dinner. The many good things we saw on the table was evidence that they intended each one would be well cared for during their stay among them. We had the pleasure of sitting by the side of sister Helen Dawley at the dining table. I was glad to meet her; she is a devout Christian woman. She read a beautiful poem in the afternoon, which added much to the interest of the occasion. After we had partaken of the good things to strengthen the outward man, sister Dawley said to me, "I want you to make a call upon a sick person in town, that I have been praying for her to be healed." She gave me the name and street where

she lived. I soon found the place, with the assistance of the guides, Misses May Green and Jennie Wilcox, two girls of sixteen summers, who kindly escorted me to the house. On the way I talked to them about their souls, and invited them to seek the Saviour. In a few minutes we reached the sick room ; the patient was lying in bed, suffering from nervous prostration. I walked into her room and introduced myself. I mentioned the name of the lady that sent me, and handed a tract to the sick one, on "Faith Healing." I found the one sufferng had great faith in God, and believed he was able and would heal her and restore her to health. So do I. I then referred to some in Ilion that have been healed in answer to prayer through the "faith girls," sisters Barker and Anderson. We bowed in prayer by that bedside, asking Jesus, the great Physician, if it was his will, to restore that one to health ; in doing that it would honor the name of Christ. I had much liberty as I prayed in that home. I asked God's blessing on the companion of that sick one, a fine-looking gentleman. He came into the room while I was there. I offered a prayer for May and Jennie. As I clasped the hand of the patient and bade her good bye, she looked up into my face so wishfully, and said by that expression, "Pray for me." I then bade her husband farewell, and started for the church.

I did thank God with all my heart that I was permitted to call on that sick one and pray by her bedside, and ask Jesus to give grace to keep, patience to wait, and strength to endure. The Lord did bless her in a powerful manner, and put tears on her face.

The experience I have had in the sick room are precious memories to me, never to be forgotten ; a record of that visit will be made in heaven. The dear blessed Jesus is so good and kind to me ; I do love him, and will obey him each day and hour of my life. With his help I expect to be true and faithful to the end. As we entered the church they were answering the questions that had been written and handed in to be discussed. Rev. L. B. Gray, Cherry Valley, was present ; he and his brother, S. P. Gray, Winfield, put new life into the meeting. They are witty, apt and original ; they will keep an audience good natured and happy with their cute sayings. Rev. J. G. Brooks gave an excellent essay, entitled "From the Garden to the Cross." The Lord helped him to write a good article, instructive and cheering to each. The brethren suggested to have it published in pamphlet form, so that it may be scattered broadcast, and do good to the people. Prof. Grout, school commissioner, was present, and addressed the young people. The choir did good service, and entertained us by their songs. The Superintendent, brother Goodrich, was engaged for the benefit of all present ; his voice was heard with much pleasure as he sang the tenor. We noticed an increase in the school, in attendance, from last year. There was a blessed, tender spirit manifested during the whole session. Brother Babcock and his faithful wife may feel encouraged ; we think he is the right man in the right place. He is hopeful of raising enough money to cancel the church debt. I hope and pray the Lord to revive his work in that place. May the dear young

people be won to Christ. As we were shaking hands with the children, after we had been dismissed, the choir sang a beautiful piece while the people were putting on their things to go to their homes, saying good-night. A young lady came up and asked me to pray for her. That rejoiced my heart more than I am able to tell. While I was addressing the children in the afternoon my heart was made tender with the presence of Jesus. At the close of my remarks I was obliged, through the leading of the Holy Spirit, to ask a favor of the congregation. I then asked them to bow their heads while I went on my knees in prayer for God to touch hearts with his convicting Spirit, that I might gather a few sheaves from that assembly for the garner of the Lord. I expect he will save some souls from that gathering, for his dear name's sake. We bade farewell to Richfield, going back to our toil to offer special prayer in our closet daily for that sick one, and those that said, "Pray for us." "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I want to be good. I hope to be better; I expect to be, Jesus helping me. I will praise his dear name.

Dr. Pope says holiness is love, and is traceable in three directions : First Supremely towards God. Second, Unselfishly towards our neighbor. Third, Savingly towards ourselves. Great faith in God is well pleasing in the sight of our Maker. There is a beautiful passage in the precious Word; it has been ringing in my ears of late as I have thought of it; it is this : "And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure." Blessed Lord,

my faith enters into that within the veil ; the anchor holds, and I am resting at the cross. Trials come ; by simple faith and humble trust in Jesus I have triumphed and gained the victory through the blood of our Saviour. I expect to conquer while I watch and pray. I am earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. I have a longing desire for it ; yea, a thirsting and hungering after that higher life in Christ. My experience daily brings me into closer relationship with God. The Holy Spirit is doing its office work on my heart. My feet are on the Rock of Ages ; I expect to triumph while I look to Jesus. The joy of the Lord is our strength. Jesus is leading me ; my hand is in his ; I mean to keep it there ; no evil shall befall me by the way ; my hope is founded on Christ, and is big with immortality. There is joy and peace in believing in his promises ; it sweetens every cup of sorrow along the way, and smooths every rough place in my pathway ; while I can feel the gentle pressure of his loving hand, and meaning by that, he is saying to me, This is the way, my child, walk ye in it. I am obedient to his commandments, and waiting for light to be given from him, expecting to develop in my experience, and ascertain the deep things of God concerning me, and the work he has for me to do. I will trust him where I cannot trace him ; if I fall, it will be at his feet. The storms come, but what of that ? There is a hiding place and safe retreat ; it is found beneath the mercy seat. Hallelujah to Jesus, our King.

May, 1874, will be held in grateful remembrance.

I will look back to that time with much pleasure, and thank brother Shephed, then my pastor, for giving me a class-book and the appointment of class-leader of class No. 6. I have been greatly profited while listening to his faithful sermons, and instructed by his kind advice, and helped by his godly example as a devoted minister of the gospel. Several of his dear family who have been converted have been members of my class. They have made me welcome as I have called at their beautiful home, as I have been anxious about their souls, and how they prospered in the divine life. The Lord has given me power with him, as I have waited at the feet of Jesus, asking his blessing and guidance on the dear ones that make up that family circle. The place was made solemn to me on account of the gracious presence of the Most High, and the nearness of Christ filling my soul with holy rapture and the fullness of God, as I have been pleading with him to answer prayer from that devoted Christian mother, to save and keep each one of them that are as dear to her as the apple of her eye. I hope and expect God will answer her prayer. The promise is to us and our children. In the few years that have intervened, a great many changes have taken place in the class. Four of the members have died triumphantly in Christ, and gone to heaven to meet their reward. Emma Casler, that died in Herkimer, happy in the Lord, and singing praises to Jesus a few minutes before her happy spirit took its flight to the glory shore. (I have referred to her before.) Then Carrie White (maiden name Carrie Browning), that died at her father's home, Herkimer,

of that fatal disease, consumption. Rev. W. D. Chase, her pastor, was present at the death-bed scene. What a glorious victory she had through faith in Jesus, as she said, "Farewell, mother; good bye father; meet me over there," to a dear, fond sister; and then embraced her much-loved husband for the last time on earth, and said to him with the tenderness of a devoted Christian wife, "Frank, meet me in heaven." I expect he will. The next one I will speak of was the death of Lizzie King, who died in Mohawk, at the house of a friend, while there on a visit. She was a great sufferer for a number of years—patient through grace, by simple faith in God. I well remember the last time I called at her home, she was happy in the Lord, and used her voice in song for Jesus before we went down on our knees to pray for grace to keep her unto the end.

She is now waiting beyond the river
For all her class-mates and the leader,
There no more to part, nor sever,
In the beautiful, bright forever.

May we all be ready to meet her in the "Sweet By-and-by." Mary J. Cramer was the next one called. The summons came; she was ready. She had already chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her. I have already written about her death, and will not say more. Mr. Wesley says our people die well. Glory be to God in the highest.

I have referred to the Oswego Lay Evangelists assisting brother Mead in a series of meetings here. God bless and use them for his glory elsewhere. After they left us and went to Utica, brother Mead con-

tinued the meetings. The first night, as he gave the opportunity for any one that wished to seek the Lord to manifest it by rising, Jimmie Ryals rose to his feet, and then came to the altar and was saved and made happy in Christ. He became a member of class No. 6, and was faithful while here. He is now in the West, and has charge of a class, and is a devoted Christian man. P. S. Jones attended the class many a time ; the heart of the class-leader has been blessed of God by calling at the home of brother Jones, and reading to him from the precious Word, and then going down on our knees together to ask the blessing of the Triune God upon him and his, and grace to keep him while tempted from a craving appetite for strong drink. That man is now in the West, and has charge of a class, and is a faithful Christian.

Herbert B. Johnson was a faithful attendant upon the class for several years, until he made his home in East Frankfort ; he was appointed class-leader by the pastor, W. F. Brown, at Frankfort, where he attended church service. During the time of being leader up there, he felt in his heart the Holy Spirit saying to him, "Go, work in my vineyard." He at once obeyed, made ready, and entered the Drew Seminary to pursue a course of studies. He is at present the pastor of a church near there, preaching the gospel and winning souls for Christ. The last time he was in Ilion he visited the class-room and cheered our hearts by his presence, and witnessed for Jesus that Christ hath power to save, use and keep all that will trust in him. The Lord has used him down

there, and made him instrumental in the coversion of souls, which will cheer his own heart in seeing the salvation of God on the charge.

Eugene H. Joy was a faithful member of the class until he left here to attend the Syracuse University. He was engaged in reading law in the office of our much-esteemed and popular townsman, Thos. Richardson. In answer to the prayer of a faithful Christian mother, his heart was prompted by the Spirit of God to work for the Lord in winning souls for Christ and heaven. He laid aside the reading of Blackstone, to prepare himself to preach the blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus. Instead of pleading the cause of the client, to win his case and become noted as a successful lawyer, and plead at the bar, and rise to distinction of character and fame, gain respect and esteem with his fellow men, and receive recompense in the riches and honor of this world for his toil, he chose to be a humble follower of Christ, advocate his cause, and warn the people to flee from the wrath to come, and work for the good of souls around him ; and in doing that lay up treasure in heaven, while pleading on his knees, and beseeching him who is sitting on his throne and rules the heavens above us, and formed the earth beneath us, and has the authority to decide the destiny of each one of us by his majesty, and receive from him who is to judge the actions of men and assign to them their doom, and have a starry crown for his faithfulness in the service of proclaiming the glad news of salvation, when the last battle is fought, the victory won, and the welcome applaud be given to him for his service in the

cause of the Master. May he be an efficient worker, and have success in sowing the seed broadcast, and gather the golden sheaves for the garner of the Lord. He is preaching regularly every Sabbath in a church a few miles from Syracuse. The Lord has owned and blessed his labors in the conversion of souls. "He that winneth souls is wise."

Edward L. Shepard, of Waverly, N. Y., belonged to the class while he remained in town; he was engaged in the office of the Central Hotel, owned and kept by his uncle, C. P. Hunt, as a first class temperance house for the accommodation of commercial travelers, and the convenience of those that choose to make their home there. He was made a blessing under God to the class, and a great help to the leader; he was a strict attendant, and opened the meetings on several occasions in making the opening prayer. He is a young man of promise, conscientious in his daily life, exemplary in his walk and conversation, easy in his address, commanding in voice, pleasant in manner, free while conversing with you, and known to be loved by all. I have been informed by a friend of his that he is preparing himself for the ministry. I wish him God speed. At our annual picnic he was present, and went to Newport with the Sabbath school. A lady of our church remarked to one of the young people at the grove, and referred to him as the good young man. I am thankful to the Lord for giving us so many faithful Christian young men; they can do a great amount of good in society; they have an influence on the young that we cannot estimate; God will use them in winning hearts to

himself. I will never forget the first time I saw my young friend ; I went into the basement of our church quite late to attend the prayer meeting on Sunday evening, and took a seat near the door. After singing, a young man rose and gave a beautiful testimony for Jesus ; it touched my heart in an impressive manner. I said, "God bless the stranger." After we were dismissed, I walked up to him, clasped his hand, and thanked him for witnessing for Christ. O, that all our dear young people were converted and deeply engaged in the cause of the blessed Master. Religion is the most beautiful thing in this wide world. I can recommend it to everybody, the youth, middle-aged and the aged one. May the Lord hasten the harvest time and ingathering of souls in Ilion, or the dear Redeemer's sake. I do praise God for the interest he gives to me daily in the spiritual welfare of the young people.

I am his servant and their helper in the narrow way,
As we journey along, doing duty each and every day,
Hoping, praying, and toiling side by side,
Until our work is finished, and we meet beyond the tide.

Sunday evening I had a rich treat. I had the pleasure of listening to Kentucky's great temperance orator, Col. Geo. W. Bain. Maben's Opera House was packed full of eager listeners ; while the snow was falling thick and fast the people came, but late. I found I had reached the hall too soon ; we were obliged to wait a half hour for the speaker to make his appearance on the stage. I amused myself the best I could, looking up into the galleries and viewing the audience ; I saw some from Mohawk and

Herkimer. I do not like to be in a crowd ; the tramping of feet going up and down the stairway, and the constant whispering that is heard at such a place, becomes monotonous. I do not know of any remedy but to stay at home. To do that I would not have heard the "champion speaker of the day." As an able orator and eloquent speaker, he can not be excelled on this continent. The press all over this land (where he has spoken in behalf of the temperance cause) have lauded and extolled him in stronger terms and louder tone than any one of his competitors. As I have read about him, and what the papers have said in regard to his ability as the great orator of this nation, I have thought they were saying too much, and he might think they wished to flatter him. It is not so. He is a great man ; has enough of the grace of God in his heart and common sense enough in his head, not to be flattered, whatever may be said in his favor. The Lord has called him to do the work he is engaged in, and has given him the ability to do it. As a public speaker he is very modest and unassuming on the platform ; his ready wit and good humor will so affect the audience that each one is made to laugh heartily, whether they feel like it or not. His gift of language and volume of words at his command, which seem to come to him without any effort on his part, is wonderful. He can say whatever he chooses to convince people to do right. The influence of the Holy Spirit given him from above to persuade men to see the danger of continuing in the broad way of sin and intemperance, will draw them to him, and reform. The display of

dramatic power he exhibits, and is in possession of, to explain to his hearers what he has to say, will so impress you and remove all prejudice you may have in the temperance cause. He is intensely in earnest in what he has to say ; his gestures are free and easy; he uses them to clinch down his arguments in favor of total abstinence, as that is his pet theme and favorite subject. His own heart is filled with the love of the Saviour, as he attempts to draw the picture of the poor inebriate, and point out the suffering of the heart-broken wife and sorrowing mother of the drunkard! It is very touching and will move the congregation to tears. His strong appeals to each of them that listen to his burning words, to lend a helping hand to save the intemperate, will enlist the sympathy of the people. He addressed the boys in a very tender manner, and related to them the story of Abraham Lincoln when a boy. The good advice he gave them will never be forgotten. He paid great respect to his mother. He said a great many good things in the time he occupied—fifty minutes. On Monday evening he delivered his popular lecture, "Golden Gate." The house was well filled, and each one highly entertained. He speaks the truth, without regard to pleasing any particular person ; courts the favor of none ; fears no one but God. The Master honors him in his work and every attempt to do good, and aid the cause he so dearly loves—temperance. I have endeavored to interest the reader while I have mentioned a few things about Col. Bain. I have failed to do justice to him. You must go and hear him for yourself. May he be successful and faithful

to God, so he can use him for his glory, and make him a bright and shining light to win many a wayward one who may be wrecked and going down to ruin and a drunkard's grave, to temperance, Christ and heaven, for the dear Redeemer's sake.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 17th, through the courtesy of Mrs. M. J. Buck (of this place) we were invited to attend the wedding of her daughter, Miss Flora to Mr. Walter J. Bennett, Waterville, N. Y. The ceremony took place in the M. E. church. Rev. H. Skeel, Frankfort, officiated, assisted by Rev. W. H. Reese. Mrs. A. H. Jones presided at the organ and played the wedding march, which added much to the interest of the occasion. The good ladies and friends of the bride trimmed the church in a beautiful manner; made an arch and placed it inside of the altar rail, trimmed with evergreens; under the arch they made and hung a bell trimmed with the same; upon it they put a large letter B. (very thoughtful in the one who designed it), which represented Buck and Bennett. It was evident the ladies did not spare time nor labor to make the room look elegant to all that were present. The house was comfortably filled with the friends of the bride, while a few friends came from Waterville, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the parents of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Terry, Mr. L. Bennett, brother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Terhune. Mr. George Herrick, Albany, was present, a nephew of Mrs. Buck. He escorted his aunt up the aisle of the church when the friends came in. The presents were many and good; the most valuable one we saw was made by the mother of the bride,

her much loved and beautiful daughter, to the groom. The next one we will mention was made by the father of the groom, a certificate of deposit in the Bank of Waterville for \$500, to the credit of the bride. Ilion will lose one of her beautiful and exemplary Christian young ladies; while Waterville will gain one that will grace their streets by her presence, be a blessing to society, a help to the church, a joy and a treasure to her companion, and a comfort and godly example to the young people. She was converted in childhood, at five years of age. She has been a devoted and faithful Christian ever since; a member of the church and attended the young people's class. She was regular in attendance; when Friday evening came she was present, unless absent from being out of town or detained by sickness. Her testimony was simple, brief, childlike and full of faith. She has often cheered the heart of her class-leader by her song, and helped the class in the service of the blessed Master. She was endowed with rare gifts; she graduated from the school here with the class of 1879. She has a musical talent and a beautiful, rich voice, which she has cultivated to quite an extent. She has recited on the stage and gave readings in our church on different occasions to entertain the people, with much credit to herself and satisfaction to her tutor. She was known to be loved by all; not an enemy in the world. I have never heard her speak ill or mention the faults of any one. O, how true the precious Word, "As you measure to others, it shall be meted to you again." A word about the groom. We have had the pleasure to meet

him a few times. He is a modest young man, unassuming, agreeable in conversation and pleasant in society; a young man of good habits. He is a member of the choir in the Presbyterian church there. He has been, of late, employed and held a position in the Bank of Waterville, until a short time ago he resigned his office to engage with his father in the duties of farm life. (His father is one of the largest hop growers in this State.) May success and prosperity attend him and his all along their journey. Brother Skeel was happy and felt much at home during the service. There is quite a romance in connection with it. Mrs. Buck was the first convert he had when he began to preach the gospel, 1854. He has been her spiritual adviser and counselor all the years from that time. She has passed through deep affliction; grace has kept her through faith in Jesus. She buried her dearly loved husband in 1864, and then her only son in 1869 was laid by the side of his father in the cemetery. Through the consecration of herself and all placed upon the altar for the glory of God, she has been enabled to look up and say. "Father, thy will be done in me." She can and, no doubt, has claimed that beautiful promise, "I will be the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless." She has been an active, devoted Christian since her conversion; time, talent, influence and voice she has given to the Master. The temperance work has been upon her mind for years; she has prayed to God for wisdom to reach the hearts of the intemperate and win them to Christ. Many a heart has been cheered by her song and tender words; they will be kindly

remembered by those she has labored and prayed for to give up drink and take the pledge. She has a happy way of winning the young people and entertaining them. May God bless and keep her in the absence of that loved one; all alone except Jesus. He has said in the Word, "Lo, I am with you alway." The wife of Counselor Richardson took an active part in decorating the church. The bride is an intimate friend of Mr. Richardson's daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were very kind and walked up the aisle with the friends of the bride and groom. It left a good impression and looked very social. The ushers, Messrs. I. C. Seamanus and A. Sanford, did their part well, seating the people. The friends of the groom were much pleased with the proceedings, good order and harmony that prevailed during the evening. Thursday morning W. P. Lewis, photographer, was called in to take a view and make a picture of the interior of the church before the arch and bell were taken down, to be placed in the home of the bride and groom, for them to look at and refresh their memory of the most important occasion to them in any event of all their lives. May the blessing of God rest upon and remain with the bride and groom at each step they may take in the pathway of life, as they journey along, their hopes realized, their pursuits in life, temporal and spiritual, accomplished; success and happiness attend them; joy and peace be with them; the purpose, aim, energy and ambition of life be for the glory of God and the good of the people, and a crown of life awaiting them in the glory land, my prayer will ever be

Friday evening, Feb. 23d, the attendance at class-meeting was small, on account of the attraction on Second street, which was so great the young people could not deprive themselves of the gratification to witness the scene there; consequently neglected their meeting. The young men of this place held a carnival. We had visitors from Utica, Syracuse, Frankfort, Mohawk, Herkimer, and Unadilla Forks, to grace our streets by their presence. We have had a remarkable winter thus far; plenty of snow and good sleighing since November, which is unusual for the Mohawk valley. The trustees of our village allow the boys two nights each week for coasting on Second street. They have gone into the business quite extensively and at considerable expense. They have organized a club, known as "The Ilion Coasting Club," and appointed their officers: S. E. Irlam, President; Seward Hakes, Vice President; G. A. Trowbridge, Secretary and Treasurer. The citizens of the town are much pleased, and encourage the young people in the enjoyment, by giving of their money to aid in the expenses, and their presence to witness them ride down the hill at a fast rate of speed, and are often seen riding with them. They connect two sleds together with a plank two inches thick, twelve inches wide, and fourteen feet in length, which will seat and carry sixteen persons. The forward sled is managed by the use of a rope fastened to the end of the runner by a steersman, to keep in the track and turn the corner of the street at the Baptist church, by means of a rope nailed to the side of the plank to hold on by, with a narrow piece of

board attached to rest their feet upon, they feel safe, unless through the mismanagement of the one who is steering they may capsize before they reach the foot of the hill.

There is quite a strife among the boys to excel each other in speed, and get up the best turn-out. One of the sleds called "Red Cloud" they have fitted up elegantly, and painted it a bright red; the iron seat for the steersman, the heads of all the bolts, also the handles to steer by, and all the iron-work, are nickel-plated. They have a flag-staff in the front to carry a banner, the young ladies have made and presented to the Club, with the name of the sled (or double rippers, as the boys call them), in large letters. They are nicely upholstered for the accommodation of the fair sex who have the courage to ride on such a vehicle at railroad speed. I suppose the boys feel as though they have received the worth of their money in the enjoyment they have had, and are satisfied. They have four men on duty during the evening, each one carries a lantern. Number 1 is stationed on West Hill, to give the boys their turn to start when he receives a signal from number 2, on West street, that the way is clear. Number 3 is placed on Morgan street; number 4, on Otsego, to keep the way open where they turn the corner. Thirty-eight sleds have been seen waiting on the hill to get orders to go. "Red Cloud" has made the time from the residence of H. P. Whitney, on West Hill, to the Osgood House, on Main street, in fifty seconds. It is amusing to stand on the street and see them pass you, while some are bare-headed, the mo-

mentum is so great at a certain place on the hill that they are quite often relieved of their hats. They are not out of humor about it, but are thankful they have escaped an accident. Sometimes their sleds, will fail to keep in the track, and will turn towards, and run into the crowd of spectators without ceremony or even notifying them of that kind of a salutation. I need not tell about the bruised limbs or sprained ankles ; I will leave that part of it to your own imagination. One lady, an invalid, who has not been down street all winter, was drawn on a hand sled by her companions last evening to witness the coasting. I am told three hundred people were present on West Hill to look at them ; the view from there is splendid. They put torches on the street, and Chinese lanterns were lighted. Three electric lights were placed on Second street, in charge and under the management of Charles E. Pettee, foreman in the machine shop (E. Remington & Sons). The illumination from those lights will be a good and effectual advertisement in this vicinity in favor of the Electric Light Company. The brass band from Frankfort were here, and discoursed music to the people, while the wives of the musicians were riding down the hill. The young men of Ilion are ambitious, and spare no expense nor pains to succeed in what they undertake. They excelled any former occasion ; it is safe to say they outdone themselves on Friday evening. It is exciting to stand on the sidewalk in the crowd and witness the sleds pass ; you will hear a noise, and as you turn around and look in that direction, they are out of sight ; then anoth-

er is heard coming, and gone. A large portion of our citizens were on the street to witness the sport and satisfy their curiosity, although they were obliged to keep on moving on account of the cold, while the mercury in the glass stood at zero.

After I closed my meeting and opened the door of the lecture room, to my surprise I found the sexton of our church had the largest audience. As I looked at them, and then at him, he was aware by the anxious look on my face, What does this mean?—are you keeping open house to-night, or is this an opposition meeting? He remarked to me he could not tell where to draw the line, and stop them coming as he supposed to the class-meeting; they had possession of the house, and enjoyed warming themselves by the furnace. No accident happened during the evening except the killing of a cat that undertook to cross the street in front of one of the sleds, and was cut in two. Wm. Cristman, Jr., kindly sent a horse from his livery stable to draw the sleds up the hill. In the course of the evening the boys were all treated to a free lunch at Coppernall's restaurant, on Union street. The passers by on that occasion would not only be impressed that Ilion was the head-quarters for the manufacture of Remington fire-arms, but at first sight would be led to think it was the centre for sporting-men, or fancy in their own imagination they were at Saratoga among the pleasure-seekers, judging from the way Second street was illuminated, and the crowd that congregated there of ladies and gentlemen, to witness that beautiful sight. I have endeavored to interest the reader for a few minutes

by drawing a pen-picture of the coasting and sights in our village for one night, and describe to you the pleasure and satisfaction of those that participated in the enjoyment of the evening, if I may be allowed to judge from the happy expression I saw on the face of those present. I am unable to give the names of all the sleds. "Comet" has made good time, and is the topic of conversation among the boys; "Nightmare" and "Jumbo" are among the list. One of our skillful and leading physicians (Dr. Beach), made the remark that if the boys kept on coasting much longer they would ruin the business in this town for the doctors. I suppose he meant by that, the exercise in the open air was healthful to each, one that has taken part in it. The officers of the Club have taken great care, and used every precaution to prevent any one being injured through carelessness. As I was walking along the street I heard my name called; a Miss of twelve summers asked me if I had rode down the hill yet? I kindly answered her I had not. She then said to me, "I have just rode down for the first time." She was delighted; her pleasant face was beaming with gladness. As they slide I will pray to the dear Lord, for his Son's sake, that no accident may befall them while coasting. At eleven and a half o'clock P. M. the lights were turned down, the young people were wending their way homeward with wearied limbs and pleasant memories of the evening. I will venture to say and make the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that they went to sleep that night without rocking; while the citizens and visitors will remember with much pleasure the enjoyment of that evening entertainment.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, 1883, will be held sacred in our memory; we were highly entertained in the basement of our church. They held a concert for the benefit of our Sabbath school fund—admission ten cents. The Swift Glee Club were here from Paine's Hollow, and cheered all our hearts with their beautiful Christmas songs. The program was elaborate and well arranged by the devoted and faithful ladies of our church. I am happy to say they never fail in anything they undertake for the benefit of Christ's cause; they do not know what it is to be defeated in the work for the Master. All home talent was made use of to occupy the time and engage in the exercises with the singers from abroad, to make it interesting for all present. At eight o'clock our much esteemed and very popular Superintendent, O. B. Rudd (in the absence of our devoted and much loved pastor, W. H. Reese, who was attending District Conference, Sauquoit), introduced the Swift Brothers (five in number), who kindly volunteered to leave duties at home, and give us one evening of song. Mrs. A. H. Jones, who is so efficient, and always ready to give a helping hand to every good cause, and make use of the talent and ability which has been given to her from the Lord, was present and presided at the organ. The singers arose and walked out upon the platform, and sang one of their best pieces, and introduced themselves in that way to the audience. It is not necessary for me to say they were well received; the enthusiasm shown by the people all over the house as they applauded them, and especially our old and much respected

townsman, L. L. Merry, who used his cane and the floor instead of his hands when they sat down, was evidence to the Club they were welcome. Some one of the young ladies was very kind and thoughtful, to make and put a button-hole bouquet on the coat of each one of the Club. That little act of kindness will long be remembered by the strangers, and will be noticed by the recording angel in heaven, from whence cometh every good gift, and the prompting of the Holy Spirit to our hearts to do good in all the ways we can. The next thing in order on the list was announced ; Miss Nellie Angell would give a select reading, entitled "The Surrender," by Mrs. S. M. Henry. She walked out upon the stage ; her tall and graceful figure, unassuming manner, and pleasant way made a good impression on the congregation ; they listened with intense interest. She seemed to be inspired from above, as she commenced to read with a clear, mellow voice, all her words spoken very distinctly, while her own heart was absorbed in the theme, and anxious of doing good to all present. A tender spirit prevailed, each heart was touched, a solemn feeling came over the whole assembly, while our sympathy went out to the suffering wives and mothers of the intemperate. In answer to Mrs. Henry's persistent and faithful prayer, her boy was saved from a drunkard's grave to temperance and Christ, and a saloon closed up. The Club then favored us with a song, entitled "Golden Slippers ;" then Miss Mary Ruddy gave us a recitation called "Abram's Treasure." She made a very polite bow to the audience before she commenced to address them. She

has an excellent memory, and spoke in an easy manner ; has confidence in herself, and a liking to speak in public ; her independent, off-hand way as she appeared on the stage, was evidence she felt at home. She manifested an earnestness, and received inspiration as she advanced with the subject. She is engaged as teacher in School District No. 3, North Illinois. Prof. A. B. Poland may feel proud of his pupils, Misses Angell and Ruddy. They are graduates from the school here. Some one has trained those ladies to go out and bless the world. It is a credit to the place and to those that have drilled them to appear so well in public. Miss Angell is now employed on the staff of teachers in our school. The Club then sang a piece so well that the audience encored them, and they were obliged to sing another. The next thing in order were eight little girls who made their appearance on the platform. Title, "Missions of the Season." Each one did her part well. Bro. Rudd rose to make an announcement that there would be an intermission, so that the people could go into the adjoining room, and be served a dish of ice cream and cake the good ladies had prepared. The pastor's voice was heard ; he said he wanted to move a vote of thanks to the Glee Club for their kindness in coming to entertain us in so able a manner with their songs, and to the young ladies whose names were on the program, and did their part to the satisfaction of all present. The entire assembly arose to their feet to manifest their appreciation of what they had enjoyed. Bro. Rudd called out in his happy way to the people to come forward and

shake hands heartily with the Club, and said, "You need not feel embarrassed about forgetting the name —you may call each one as you speak to them, 'Mr. Swift.'" The father of the young men was pointed out to me during the evening. He has an intelligent face, modest and unassuming in appearance. We were much pleased as we looked at him, and saw the beautiful expression upon his face as he listened to those dear sons singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. We were led to rejoice with him, and the first opportunity we walked over by his side and congratulated him, and asked a question: "I have seen your sons; how many daughters have you?" "Not any," was his reply; "we had one, and lost her in childhood." The Lord has blessed the Swift family in a wonderful manner. The grandparents of the Club came here from New England, two old Puritans. They were blessed with twelve children, and all Christians. One of them, the father that came with the sons to attend the concert, and all of his family, are converted. He is glad in heart, and thanks God for his goodness. Irving Swift is the eldest son of the Swift family that came here. He has a wife and two children, is a devout Christian man and Superintendent of the Sabbath school there. Alva is the second son; he and Irving sing the bass with the Club. Rev. Charles F., third son; he is a member of the Conference Protestant Methodist Church; he is now the pastor at Paine's Hollow. With his fine physique, easy manner and pleasant face he will make friends and gain the sympathy of those that have the pleasure to hear him. I

met him at a Sabbath School Convention at Jordanville a short time ago, and was much impressed with his able essay he gave on that occasion. He remarked to me as we met in the basement before the concert, "You are the Sabbath school man I met at the Convention." Dr. Edgar, fourth son, resides at Jordanville, has a good practice there, and is held in high esteem by the citizens. I was glad to meet him and make inquiries about the people there. He informed me of the appointment of Miss Minnie (eldest daughter of Rev. J. G. Brooks) as teacher in Michigan. She is a graduate of the Normal School, Swego. George Roscoe, fifth son, is now teaching; he is preparing himself for the law. He seemed to be the moving spirit among the Club, and presided at the organ while they sang several pieces during the evening. They are fine-looking Christian men and first-class singers. They are indebted to their father for their musical training. (He is a fine singer and a good musician.) They have all attended the College at Adrian, Michigan. May they soon favor us again with a visit; they will be welcome. At nine and a half o'clock I started for No. 6 Cemetery St. in the absence of Mrs. H., who has gone to Clinton to make a visit; I am keeping bachelor's hall. If you should ask me if I liked that way of living, I could politely answer you in the negative. I am a man of care this week; the canary bird, house plants, had to make room to air and keep in order, and have a charge of home on my mind. I think I can enlist your sympathy in my behalf after I explain to you the unpleasant position I am in. I am hopeful

when I think that in just one week the little wife will be at home. The Hutchins family, the male portion of them, take their meals at the restaurant in the Reading Rooms. Mrs. Post has charge of them; if you ever come to Ilion, you can find her on First street, Maben Block, where you can get a good meal. She is doing good work for the cause of temperance; that subject is on her heart; she never will allow an opportunity to pass without saying a word to the intemperate that may perchance call at the rooms for a meal. She always treats them with civility and kindness. In that way she can win their confidence, and they will receive counsel, and be influenced to sign the pledge, reform and lead a different life. May the dear Lord help her to continue to do good to the unfortunate that have an appetite to participate in intoxicants, and in that way disgrace their families, ill-treat their friends, ruin their reputation, break down their constitution, and commit sin in the sight of their maker. O, for sympathy for the poor drunkard. The reading-rooms are well-furnished, matting on the floor, daily papers on file, with the periodicals of the day, for the benefit of the young men of this place. With a piano in the room for the accommodation of the visitors; at the expense of Mr. E. Remington, except what help may come from the ladies in the way of a concert or an entertainment, to raise money to meet the expenses of the rooms in that way. At ten and a half o'clock the concert was closed; the people bade each other good night, and separated, with happy thoughts of the enjoyment of the evening, while the heart of our faithful treasurer

in the Sabbath school, M. J. Richards, was made glad as they placed the sum of forty dollars in his hand, the receipts of the evening.

Friday evening will long be remembered by many that met in class-room No. 1, M. E. Church, Ilion. I invited sisters Barker and Anderson, from Utica, to come down and take charge of the meeting. They came with their hearts filled to overflowing with the dear Saviour's love. God used them at that time for his glory and our good. I hope we are better Christians for their burning words and kind advice they gave to each one present. That devoted man, Coleridge, once said, that advice was like snow, the softer it falls upon you, the deeper impression it makes upon the mind. They spoke from their hearts; the Lord blessed them as they tried to help us to take a step up higher in the divine life. They can help others in the narrow way as they walk in that way themselves. Jesus shall have all the praise. At seven and a half o'clock we commenced our song service, while the people came in; they soon filled the room; we were all hungry to hear the blessed Word expounded. I urged the strangers to join in song and feel at home, as we were in our Father's house to worship his dear Son Jesus. After we sang several pieces we went down on our knees (we must go down before we can go up, the reader will please bear that in mind); the sisters prayed from their hearts. I then called upon the dear Lord in prayer to make us simple, and give us liberty by his gracious presence in our midst. One thing I feared after we rose from our knees, that the people would look to

the strangers, and forgot to look to Jesus. The Lord made bare his arm and gave us power and inspiration from heaven, his dwelling-place. We sang that old piece, "I need thee every hour." I then introduced the strangers to the audience. Sister Barker gave us a Bible reading; she chose for her subject, "Consecration." She urged us all to make an entire surrender to the Master, and said it was our duty, and proved it by God's Word. She commenced in the book of Exodus, and ended in Corinthians, by reading texts of Scripture and commenting upon them, and proved the subject. She honored God by using his Word; the Holy Ghost helped her to explain it to us in such a manner that a little child could understand the meaning, and feel the force of her talk, and every one present was edified and built up in the faith of the gospel. One thing in particular she said that impressed the writer, that we must experience that radical change in our own heart before we could tell others how to get it. For forty-five minutes she held the close attention of the audience. She referred to her own experience, and said God came and took away her idol (a loved sister) before she could say deep down in her soul, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." They sang a beautiful piece together—"The joy of the Lord fills my soul"—then sister Anderson read from the precious Word and commented upon it as she was led by the Holy Spirit, for a short time. We occupied a few minutes in brief testimony from different ones in the room. We closed the meeting by going on our knees in prayer, while sister Hunt led us, to ask God's

blessing on the words that were spoken. We spent a short time in hand-shaking and introducing the people to the sisters. Their experience in the Faith Home, Boston, in charge of Dr. Cullis, is interesting to listen to ; they are full of faith ; their words impress you. May God bless them in their mission of love and work for the Master. May they soon come again to Ilion ; they will be welcome. The burden of my prayer will be, "O Lord, revive thy work in all our hearts ; may we let our light shine that some poor wayfaring man out on life's ocean, and tossed by the waves of this unfriendly and selfish world, may make the harbor safely, before his little bark may sink to rise no more."

I well remember the first time I met the "Faith Girls," as we call them. Sister Gibbs said to me in the basement of our church, "We have invited sister Barker and sister Anderson to come down from Utica and heal sister Tefft." (The Lord has endowed them with the gift of healing.) My answer to her was : "Do not make it public nor let many people know what you have done ; if they fail to heal her the folks will think strange of you." You will see my faith was weak. The girls came and the good Lord used them on that occasion, answered their prayers, and sister Tefft was made better. For the glory of God, and to show the power of healing in Jesus at the present day, she was restored to health, and attended the meetings at the church, which she was deprived of for a long time, and confined at home, a great sufferer. She is now the housekeeper for her son, and caring for three motherless children. I am

glad the Lord has spared her life, that she may train those dear ones, by her words of cheer and godly example, for a home by-and-by with the angels in heaven. As I walked into the home of sister T. to attend the ladies' prayer meeting, sister Barker was on her feet expounding the Word. She took her lesson from the Psalms and repeated these words as I came in to hear her voice for the first time. One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after. I will never forget them; they are fresh and vivid to my mind to-day. I was much impressed by those words of the Psalmist coming from a heart consecrated to Christ and filled with the love of Jesus, and the intense earnestness of the speaker in presenting the truth of the blessed gospel to the people, to do them good and honor the Master. She is a woman of strong faith in God; she uses the sword of the Spirit to touch their hearts and win them to Christ. She is in love and familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and is trusting in that beautiful promise, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." She is a person of delicate health, slender in form, but of an indomitable will power; consecrated to Jesus, for him to live and die. The constant aim and purpose of her life is to be a faithful servant of the Lord, to do good to others and help them in the highway of holiness. She is from one of the best families in Oneida county; her former home, Deansville. She attended Houghton Seminary, Clinton, and was converted while attending school there, under the faithful teaching of Dr. Gallup and his efficient corps of teachers in that institution. Many of

ur young ladies have gone out from that popular school accomplished and made a blessing to the world. I want to emphasize that word *Teacher*. There is no one in our midst that has so much influence on the young people as the teacher in our school. I do not aspire to office, but if I should be highly honored as to hold one with the Board of Education I would utter my protest against any teacher being employed unless a Christian. I consider that a very important qualification, so they can teach the head intelligently and instruct the heart spiritually. The end of all learning is to know God, and then to love and serve him faithful and well. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the Barker family, but know of them by reputation. George W. Barker, the father, is an upright and successful business man; a merchant, exemplary in all his dealings; his every day life is worthy of imitation. His brother, Marshal Barker, Clinton, is a dear friend of mine, a faithful Christian man, a pillar of the church there.

Sister Anderson is a native of Sweden. She came to this country at the age of twenty, and could not speak a word of English. Since that time she has educated herself; was connected while studying God's precious Word in the Sabbath school at Portland, Maine. She is now an excellent Bible student, and speaks our language with freedom. Those who have heard the pleasure of listening to her Bible reading, from time to time, in the meetings, can tell from her accent that she is a foreigner. She is intensely interested with the Saviour; her simple, child-like, abiding

and active faith in Christ and zeal for the cause of God will win the sympathy and close attention of her hearers, and convince the most skeptical person that there is a power and real enjoyment in the religion of Jesus that the world is not aware of. God's Word is her meat and drink daily; she feeds upon the promises found in the Book of books. She is ready with willing hands and a loving heart to work for the Lord in any way; is modest and unassuming in her manner, and willing to take a humble place that she may do good to all. The Lord used her on one occasion in the basement of our church to help me to take up a cross that I had neglected for a long time, to speak to the unsaved in the meetings being held by our pastor, assisted by herself and sister Barker, and invite sinners to seek the Lord. (O, the unconscious power of a heart consecrated to God and filled with his love.) I have been signally blessed in doing work in that way, and some have been converted that I have spoken to since that time, for which I praise God and thank her for prompting me to do my duty to my fellow traveler to the bar of God. During their stay in the East they were connected with the "Faith Home," Boston. In answer to prayer through Dr. Cullis, sister Barker was healed by the great Physician, Jesus. She may well recommend her dear Saviour to others and say to them, "He is able to save the soul and heal the body." She has had the happy experience of each. Experience is the very best teacher. It seems providential that they are now located here. Several years ago they met at the home of sister Tavender, Utica, when

they were holding meetings there. Through a kind invitation from those sainted women, sisters Davis, Kellogg, Tavender and Bradish, they urged the girls to make their home for the future there, advanced funds and rented a place suitable to hold meetings twice a week. The Lord blessed them in a peculiar manner in their mission and new field of labor; good was accomplished to many an aching heart and weak and wearied body. They were called to go out in different ways and pray and administer to the wants of the suffering. Many were healed in body and revived and blessed in soul. God's name was honored, their hearts cheered and made happy in doing good. After their first visit to Ilion God opened a door of usefulness for them here, and saved a number of souls in the meetings held at the house of sister Kling, on West Hill. Some of those converts are faithful members of our church to-day. That encouraged them; they were led by the Holy Spirit to make this place their home (I trust for life). As it is their custom to take everything to the Lord in prayer before acting in any business matter, they were led to pray to God for funds to be furnished to build a "Faith Home" in Ilion. The Lord answered their prayer. Five hundred dollars were given by a generous-hearted Christian man for that object. He then advanced them two thousand dollars to complete the building, and take a security on the house until that amount is raised. God bless and reward that man. The building is going up; they expect it will be ready for occupancy in a few months. So much accomplished through faith and prayer in Je-

sus. When the reader will pay a visit to Ilion, you will find the "Faith Home" on Second street, near the Barringer road. They hold a Bible meeting there every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m. I am glad to say souls are being saved. The Lord has used them in a wonderful manner in revival work; they assisted brother Bramley in Utica; many souls were won to Christ through their prayers and personal effort. Brother Reese kindly invited them to Ilion to assist in a series of meetings. Their labors were blessed here; they made use of the precious Word; the church were quickened, and some were won to the Saviour. They assisted brother Chase in Herkimer. God used them there; a great revival followed. Brother McClenthon, at Newport, sent for them to go there and help him. Hearts were touched by them in expounding the Word and presenting the gospel to the people; twenty-five souls were at the altar seeking the Lord. I have referred to the healing of sister Tefft; there is another case I will speak of, a marked account of faith healing in answer to persistent and effectual prayer, and demonstrates to the world there is nothing too hard for God to accomplish, through believing hearts that are consecrated and true to him. Miss Martha Barringer, well known in this vicinity, and a great sufferer for seven years; she was deprived of seeing the light of the beautiful sun shining in the heavens, and confined to a dark room all that time. Through the mercy and love of God working on the hearts of his people in this place, the subject of the healing power was thoroughly discussed. The mother of Miss B. said to

her much-loved one, " May I call in the ' Faith Girls' to see you ?" Her answer was, " I have no objection ; but I will not take any medicine from them." Sister Barker came, while sister Anderson remained at home attending to duties there, but prayed and talked with God to display his healing power for that suffering one. Sister Barker walked into the room and addressed the sick one in a tender manner, with a few comforting words. In the mean time she raised the curtain at the window, and let the light shine into the room, and said with firmness and great faith in God, to the patient, " I will now go on my knees and unite my prayer with yours for you to be healed and restored to health." The Lord did answer united prayer. She arose from her knees and said to the sick one to prepare to go out into the next room. She obeyed, put on her clothes, and to the astonishment and delight of the family, walked out into their midst. She could scarcely realize it herself ; the first thing she noticed was the little house-dog upon the floor ; she looked down and read the name on the collar about his neck. I need not tell you there was rejoicing in that home. The news spread far and wide ; what a trophy for Jesus, that God is able to do all things if we will exercise faith, and ask him for his dear Son's sake to grant our humble requests. I could refer the reader to many more that have been healed in answer to prayer ; suffice it to say, enough has been said to establish these facts. I am a firm believer of faith healing in answer to prayer. I will prove it to you by the Word : " And the prayer of faith shall save the sick." James

v. 15. The healing of Miss Barringer has been published in pamphlet form, and sent out for the benefit of the public, with the signature of her physician, Dr. H. B. Maben, attached to it. Some have gone to her home to converse with her about it; one man in particular, an unbeliever in the Bible until after he had talked to the person that was healed. She is a faithful Christian lady, and is willing to acknowledge Christ hath power on earth to redeem a soul from sin and heal the body from disease. July 4th, 1883, will be a memorable day to all that are of the Faith Home. Sisters Davis and Swartz, from Utica; sisters Niggis, New York, and Conway, from Albany, were here for a few days for rest and to attend the meetings and receive counsel from the girls, and enjoy the means of grace. On the previous Sabbath, at the meeting, brother E. Remington, who is a strict attendant upon that means of grace, suggested to the people that attend the meetings there, that they bring their baskets, and take dinner with the girls on the lawn. Quite a good number came with baskets well filled, and baby carriages with the little folks in them, to enjoy the picnic, as it was so called. After dinner was served, and all had partaken of the many good things that they provide for such an occasion, a storm came and drove the people into the house. The girls at once gave notice for all to come to order, and then commenced a meeting. During the first season of prayer a lady was touched in heart by the blessed Spirit of God; she surrendered her will to Christ, was saved, and then went into the adjoining room in search of her husband,

and he was saved ; and two others were reclaimed before the meeting closed—husband and wife. Four souls were led to rejoice in the love of a risen Saviour. There is liberty in all of the meetings at the Home. It is consecrated ground ; I expect many will, in the judgment, date their conversion, and experience a growth of grace, from the meetings held there. We must not despise the day of small things. A few years ago the girls commenced their labor in rooms on the second floor of a dwelling on State street, Utica ; now they have an elegant and commodious house to hold their meetings in, and receive the suffering in body that come for counsel, prayer, and to be healed. The girls have not a dollar to call their own ; the Lord is able, and does provide, through faith and trust in Jesus. I firmly believe they are called of God to do that kind of work. I expect they will succeed, and be a blessing, under God, to this community, and honor the Master in working for the Lord. Let each one of us that loves the Saviour help them by a kind word, our sympathy and prayer. May God's blessing attend them here, and a home in heaven when the toil of life is over, for his own name's sake.

Since the above was written about the evangelists, sisters Barker and Anderson, through faith in God and leading of the Holy Spirit, in answer to prayer, have been led to give all of their time to evangelical work, and dispose of their Home here on Second street. They own a cottage at Thousand Island Park, and occupy it through the summer months, from May to September. They attend the camp-meeting at

Felt's Mills, N. Y., usually held the latter part of August, each year, and go from there to commence their fall and winter campaign against Satan and his forces. They hold revival services with the pastors of Northern New York Conference, and give Bible readings, with prayer and conference meetings. During the past ten years they have labored in forty different churches, assisting the pastors to build up the Redeemer's kingdom and win souls to Christ, remaining from three to five weeks in a place, and seeing from thirty to forty converts brought to God, and in one instance, one hundred and sixty souls for Jesus; blessed work. They continue laboring from one place to another, as they are led by the Spirit, through the winter months, closing their work in time to attend the annual Conference held in April. The amount of good they are doing through Christ's love in their hearts, will only be revealed when the books are opened in eternity. They continue their membership in our church. We hope to share the benefit of their consecrated lives, and be remembered daily at the throne of grace in their fervent and Holy Ghost prayers.

I want now to say a word that you will always remember: Do not idle away your time, it belongs to God; it is not your own; please make the most out of the moments as they go by. Occupy your leisure time in reading some good book; you may get good from that source, and greatly benefit yourself. Some of our most distinguished men have educated themselves from studying in the evening—not from gas-light or the electric light, but the light they received

from the old-fashioned fire-place. We do not appreciate the privilege we have at the present day; may we be more studious. The Word says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." I have occupied the odds and ends of my time for three years to write these sayings, while the Lord has given me a strong desire to give my experience to help others. If any one is benefited, it will be through the teaching and aid of the Holy Spirit prompting the readers to consecrate their powers and devote themselves wholly to the Lord and his cause. Do not get discouraged if you have opposition along the way; it may come from your best friend; if so, go to your closet, and on your knees tell Jesus about it. You will be tested if you are really in earnest; and go forward fearless of the opinion of others. They may call you peculiar; never mind that. You may have two classes of persons to meet with—the members of the church, and the world's people. You are to go ahead, looking to Jesus; he will carry you through and bring you off conqueror through him who hath loved you and washed you in his own precious blood. If you are deeply interested in the salvation of souls, and make sacrifice of time, talent and reputation, all for Jesus, there are some Christians that are cold and indifferent, that may accuse you, and say you are doing too much in that way, there is no occasion for you to be so conspicuous, the Lord will carry on his work without your help. You must go on as Jesus will lead you, and not be influenced by others. The world's people will watch you very close, to see if you live up to your profession in your deal and ev-

ery day life, in the shop, office, or wherever you may be engaged. Take your religion with you ; live it ; enjoy it ; if you do, you will be a power for good ; by the help of Jesus you will be winning hearts for Christ. God will work through his consecrated children to draw the people to himself. It is said the young people are benefited more by what they see than what they hear. It struck me very forcibly. I want my example to help others. God saves men by men. I am glad that he does use his faithful and meek followers to carry on his work. There is a beautiful promise to the latter in his Word : "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

As I have prepared these pages for the press—the best three years of all my life—the experience of them will remain with me forever. I am profited as I think of the many mercies and rich blessings I have been favored with ; it is true trials have come from different ways ; I have been obliged to look up and pray earnestly for divine help, which has kept me from falling. I have triumphed through grace under every trial, and expect to while I live. I am happy, because my hope is in Christ ; I trust in his promises ; they never fail us. They that work and wait, win. I have used my feet to run errands for Jesus ; my hands have been busy doing little things for his cause ; my heart has gone out for the unsaved ; I have tried to say words to cheer the downcast, and helped to carry burdens for those around me, almost discouraged, and ready to give up in despair ; I have made it my aim to employ every passing moment, and employ all the helps I have to be a better man ;

I have read the Bible through nine (9) times consecutively in the past six (6) years. I find great comfort to my soul studying the precious Word. I have received great benefit by reading good books—memoirs of those devout men of God who have passed over to the glory shore. In the past eighteen months I have read the Lives of Carvosso and Father Reeves (those model class-leaders), Wesley, his own historian, the life of that sainted man Fletcher, Edward Payson, Love Enthroned, by Dr. Steele, The Pioneer Bishop Asbury, The Life of Dr. Nathan Bangs, Methodism Illustrated, by W. H. Daniels, Hester Ann Rogers, Wm. Branwell's Book, the Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, Alfred Cookman, the Life of Dr. Eddy, Saints' Everlasting Rest, by Richard Baxter, Joseph Benson, Martin Luther, Sunlight and Shadow, by John B. Gough. The reading of good books has helped me ; I often offer a prayer to God to make me like these men I have read about. I am in God's hands to be used for him, kept for the Master's use, my voice to sing his praise, my lips to utter prayer and ask his guidance each day of my life, to do the little things in honor of his name now and evermore. Since I have been class-leader in Ilion—1874—I have called and prayed in one hundred and seventy-seven (177) different homes ; God has blessed me in a remarkable manner in doing that kind of work for him, hoping some good will come out of it. In the three years that I have been class-leader in Mohawk, I have prayed in fifty-six different homes down there. The Lord has revealed himself to me in making those calls, and blessed me wonderfully.

Some that I have met at these homes I expect will be converted and won for Christ. I have had direct answers to prayers; many souls have been saved that I have prayed for during the years that I have referred to, because I have desired it. The Lord has given me a burden of soul for the unsaved. I have but one aim and purpose in life—the glory of God and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Seven days in each week I have, as far as practicable, gone into my closet and prayed for those, and called their names to God in prayer, that I have coveted their souls for Christ. As I have had an opportunity to address the young people I have endeavored to reach the hearts of those that have listened, while I trust the Lord has made an impression upon some that will lead them to Jesus. We are to sow the seed; if we do, the harvest time will come. The law of the harvest is to reap more than we sow. If we sow an act, we will reap a habit; if we sow a habit, we will reap a character; if we sow a character, we will reap a destiny. I can remember while on my knees the dear Saviour gave me a burden of prayer for a certain church, for a revival of God's work in that place. The answer came then and there to me, my prayer would be answered. I exclaimed, "Yes, Lord, I do believe; I expect it will come." We are to do what we can to bring it about, and continue to work on that line, then every effort we may put forth will meet with divine approval. God will give success to the faithful and tried ones who are consecrated to him. The more we do for the good of those around us, the more the Lord will do for

us. The spirit of work and toil is given to us by the Master. I often wonder why all Christians are not active and engaged in the service of the Lord. It is true they have united with the church, their names are upon the church book, but I do not see any fruit from their living. I must not judge, but have charity for them. May our example be worthy of imitation. The young converts need help; they will expect us to assist them to walk in the narrow way. They will, to a certain extent, be what we will make of them; as they will learn to bear crosses, endure trials, overcome difficulties, and pattern after the old landmarks. It is of vital importance that we live near to God, and are willing to suffer, if need be, if we can help others to reach the higher life and gather a few sheaves along the way.

“DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST—Doubtless you will be somewhat surprised in receiving this letter; but having heard you speak with so much interest of the mission work carried on in this city (New York), by the late Jerry McAuley, I felt sure you would be pleased in learning that it has been my privilege to attend the “Cremorn Mission” in West 32d Street, near 6th Avenue. It is a very large room on the first floor, and will seat a great many people. As we entered, the first words my eyes rested on were these: ‘It’s all right,’ on the right side of the platform. ‘Gone home to rest,’ on the left side. The room was very heavily draped, and one entering could quickly realize that there was cause for mourning; and still those words quoted, ‘It’s all right,’ seemed to keep from the atmosphere that which otherwise must have filled it. Mrs. McAuley was present, and the gentleman that has labored a great many years.

with her husband seemed to have charge of the meeting, but did not give the Bible reading. They hold a meeting every evening—service of song every Thursday night. Their singing would inspire one. They have a teacher who has taught them how to use their voices in more than one way for their Master. Men and women of all ages were there. It made me feel like praising the Lord while listening to those who have been rescued from the depths of degradation and sin through strong drink. Truly God's saving grace and keeping power is sufficient for all conditions of mankind. There were a number that remained after the first meeting, to be prayed with. I thought of brother Hutchins while there, and knew you would enjoy attending such a meeting. The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held at the home of the late Dr. Palmer, on East 15th Street, are as near like heaven, I believe, as any place will ever be on this earth—so many holy men and women gathered together 'with one accord.' Many ministers number among them; some Presbyterian, some Baptist, and from all denominations. They serve one God. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for earthly saints that go about doing good. I realize he has very many in this great city—many that are trying and are keeping his last commandment—watching and praying. That God's blessing in all its fullness may rest on his children in that little corner of his vineyard where you labor for him, is my earnest prayer. Yours in his service, B."

A Sabbath day on Trenton camp-ground, August 26th, will be fresh in my memory for years to come. As it was my first visit there, and in the evening when I got down out of the 'bus, I had a strange feeling come over me. I started down one of the avenues in search of my friend, brother R. R. Ben-

nett, who invited me to spend the Sabbath there. I a few minutes I passed a tent where I recognized the one I was looking for. I laid aside the etiquette would observe in Ilion, that is, to rap on the door or pull the bell before I attempted to enter their tent. I simply opened the canvas, walked in and clasped the hand of my friend, and then saluted his companion with the compliments of the evening. While sitting there conversing with them, to my great surprise, a deputation of the members of my class, who were on the ground, paid me a call. I was delighted to look into the face of each, and by the warm grasp of the hand they gave their class-leader, it was evident to me I was made welcome. I trust with the love of the dear Saviour in my heart, God used me to cheer them and strengthen their faith as we met in the tented grove to wait upon the Lord. In a few minutes the bell at the stand called us together for the evening service. As we took a seat in front of the stand, the choir were in their place and opened the worship with one of their best songs. The singing is in charge of, and led by Mr. Spink, an old experienced teacher of vocal music. Miss Kent, New York Mills, was the leading soprano singer; she has a good voice, and enters into the singing heartily unto the Lord. The singing from the stand was the best we ever listened to. I learned the names of two of the choir, and have referred to them. Sermon by Rev. T. H. McClenthen, Newport; he spoke from the heart, and gave us some plain words, as said we as Christians were aiding the cause of Christ by putting our shoulder to the wheel and helping

push forward the car of salvation, or we were hindering the progress of the gospel by our indifference and lack of interest that was manifest by our neglect of duty and coldness in the work of the Master. The earnest manner the speaker addressed the audience set many to thinking, and led us to examine our heart, and by the Spirit of God as our teacher, find out which class we belonged to. After he closed his remarks, a tall, fine-looking gentleman stepped to the front of the platform with a happy expression upon his face, prepossessing in appearance, easy in manner, with a broad chest and a massive pair of lungs, a rich, clear voice, and addressed us with these words coming from his heart with pathos and the tenderness of a little child: "It must be settled to-night." That sentence from that devout man fell upon the audience with great weight and much force, and was as a nail driven in a sure place by the Master of assemblies, and then clenched it down as he took a seat in front of the instrument to play the accompaniment as he gave us a song that had salvation in it. It was very impressive, and much appreciated by those who had the pleasure to listen. The amount of good accomplished for God through that song will never be known until the books are opened at the judgment. Rev. H. M. Church, Boonville, arose to his feet and announced they would hold an altar meeting in front of the stand, and invited all Christians to gather as near there as possible, to unite their faith and join in prayer for God to bless the preaching of his Word, and touch hearts through song, and win souls for Jesus. We then knelt to-

gether in prayer. While one of the brethren w
praying, "Happy John" (John B. Gridley), escorte
a young man to the front seat, and there he bowed
on his knees to ask God, for his Son's sake, to make
him a Christian. In answer to the prayer of a de
voted Christian mother and the godly example of
pious father, who is preaching the gospel, that boy
was saved, and won to the Saviour. We arose to our
feet, and were dismissed. As we walked away to
our quarters for the night we noticed some were con
victed, and weeping on account of their sins. Sat
bath morning the bell from the stand was rung at
five and a half o'clock, calling the people to take
breakfast and prepare for the love feast at eight
o'clock. After breakfast we called at the cottage of
sister Davis, from Utica. We met sisters Steven
Barker, Anderson, and sister Conway, Albany. We
exchanged a few words with each of them about the
meetings, and then bowed on our knees in prayer to
God for his guidance and blessing during the day.
The bell at the stand notified us that it was eight
o'clock. Rev. J. G. Brooks had charge, and opened
the meeting by reading and commenting upon the
precious Word. After a season of prayer, testimoni
es were in order. There was a tender spirit man
ifested by all present; some old veterans in the ser
vice were there and took delight in telling us how long
they had been in the way, which strengthened our
faith in the Lord. The singing came from the heart
while there was a ring in it that stirred the souls of
the people. At ten o'clock Rev. H. Skeel, Frankfort,
preached an able sermon. Theme: "The Judgment

He walked out from his seat gracefully, as a humble follower of Christ, with dignity that is becoming to a minister of the gospel, calm and deliberate, and by the expression upon his face, showed his thoughts were heavenward, and looking up to him who is the King of Kings and Lord over all, for grace to be given at that critical time, as he was about to address his fellow travelers to eternity with words pleasing to God and suitable for the occasion. He no doubt felt the great responsibility that was upon him to speak to men perhaps for the last time, and persuade them to repent and seek the Lord. He manifested great faith in the Master as he advanced with his subject. He was so much inspired from above, he seemed to soar away on wings of eloquence while he hid behind the cross of Christ, holding Jesus up to the people for them to look at his bleeding hands and wounded side, which was pierced for them, and through the death and atonement of our Saviour they may have pardon with God and be made heirs of eternal life through faith in the crucified One. Many in the congregation were moved to tears by the tenderness of his own heart and the strong appeal he made to the unsaved to prepare to meet their God. He spoke for one hour and ten minutes from the fullness of his heart, the emotion of soul and the joy of the Lord that permeated his entire being with rapture and bliss coming from the glory world in answer to the prayer of faith from consecrated hearts praying God to bless preacher and people, as he delivered that message for the Saviour to dying men that must meet at the judgment, and stand with him

arrayed in white on the right hand of God; or hear that unwelcome announcement, "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting torment, prepared for all of them that forget God." He was so filled with power from the Most High; he took a book in his hand from the instrument and turned over the pages, and addressed those out of Christ and said to them, "The blood of Jesus will cleanse you from all sin, and wash your guilty and sin-sick soul, and make it white as snow." What a picture for each one to look at in their imagination, while he was carried upon Pisgah's top with such divine inspiration, and held at his command the multitude sitting there breathless, as it were, from the solemnity and presence of divinity, while scores responded, and said Amen from the heart, and others shouted Hallelujah. He turned around, sat down, and was heard to say, Glory, glory. The "Singing Evangelists" then sang a beautiful song, "Come to Jesus." It fell upon the audience with a refreshing influence, with the softness and beauty of a summer evening sunset, as from the angelic choir that sing over there, "Unto him who hath washed us in his own precious blood." Brother and sister Nickle, who are associated (and singing the gospel) with Rev. Mr. Graves, the Evangelist Baptist minister, is now spending his vacation with his wife at the home of his son, a banker in Dakota. Brother Nickle is from Pennsylvania, his former home. As I have written about him and the song he gave us on Saturday evening, I will not say any more. He is stopping at present at the home of Mrs. Lamphere, Frankfort, the mother of

his wife. Sister Nickle is a devout Christian lady, has a clear, rich voice, and sings the contralto with her husband. May God bless and use them for his glory in the work they are engaged in, the conversion of immortal souls. I will pray the Lord to endow them with power to win many from the broad way of sin to Christ and heaven. I suppose brother Skeel, who is now their pastor, as they gave him their church letters when they came, invited them to attend the camp-meeting. I am thankful I had the pleasure to meet them and listen to their Christian song.

At one o'clock we met the class-leaders at the Frankfort tent to look each other in the face, and the love of Christ in our hearts to help along the cause we dearly love and are toiling for. After a few brief prayers and song, brother R. R. Bennett, who has the interest and is laboring hard to build up the interest of the class-meeting, reminded us of the coming Class-Leaders' Convention in Syracuse, Sept. 12th, and urged each one to make an effort to be present. The bell at the stand then called us together to enjoy the afternoon service. A song from the choir broke in upon us, which was very acceptable and had a good influence upon the people to direct their attention to the stand, to listen to the sermon from Rev. W. H. Reese, Ilion. Text: "The perfect man," as found in the Scriptures. He said we often measured men; and the mothers would tie up their little ones in a blanket and hang them up on the steelyards to find out their weight, and speak of it to their friends. He remarked that our aim should

be to pattern after the model man, our Saviour. He was the standard; we must strive daily to be like him. He was very liberal, and said we might call it by any name—perfect man, sanctification, Holy Ghost, rest of faith, perfect love, or use whatever term we wish; the important thing was to get the experience, and live it every day, and do good in the world. The discourse was practical and beautifully pictured out to us, and made a deep impression on many hearts, that would result in good. A song was given by brother and sister Nickle, appropriate for the occasion. We were dismissed, and went with our pastor to the Ilion chapel to hold a prayer meeting. Some strange faces were there; we said, "God bless them." After a few prayers and Christian song the invitation was given for any that wished to seek the Lord to manifest it by rising to their feet. One aged man arose and asked us to pray for him. That gladdened each heart. That man, as we learned, was a believer in Universalism, and lived it all his life, without any concern while everything was prosperous and well. A few months ago death came to his house and took his loved companion; his sorrow was so great he could not bear it; his religion to him was a failure. He then talked with Christians; they of course pointed him to Jesus. That man was saved before the meeting closed, and made happy in the Lord. At seven and a-half o'clock the bell called us to listen to a sermon from Rev. C. Phelps, Westmoreland. Text: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" That is an old and familiar text, but the discourse was new and full of inspiration

The speaker enjoyed what he was saying ; no lack for words ; he was intensely in earnest to honor the Saviour ; his mind was fixed upon the theme, while his voice rang out from the fullness of his heart to flee from the wrath to come, and through faith in Jesus accept salvation. He paid great respect to those of the household of faith, and said the world was better to-day from the preaching of the gospel. He is a firm believer in the power of God to heal disease in answer to the prayer of faith, as recorded in the precious Word, and referred to that subject in the love feast in the morning. The gospel singers then gave us one of their best pieces ; from the quiet of the evening hour we lingered there listening to the songs of Zion speaking to the masses who were on the encampment, and touching hearts that have a passion for music, and no doubt be won for Christ through that instrumentality, and gain the blissful shore, the "Sweet By-and by." We offered a silent prayer from our heart for God to bless the faithful preaching of his ministering servants, and carry salvation to some hearts through song. At nine o'clock the people retired to the different tents for prayer, praise and thanksgiving to God for the mercies of the day and the good advice received from the sacred desk from those devout men of God standing on Zion's walls, preaching a full, free and glorious salvation to every son and daughter of Adam. As we were dismissed by our pastor, we spent a few minutes in hand-shaking and looking into the faces of some for the last time in the grove. We then went to the Remington cottage, our lodgings-

place for the night, feeling in our soul we could say by the grace of God, "We have pitched our moving tent one day's march nearer home." Rev. H. W. Bennett, P. E. Herkimer District, and Rev. L. L. Palmer, P. E. Utica District, were present, and busy from early morn until late at night, making the announcement from the stand the hour for each service, and attending to the wants of the people, with an eye to the keeping of good order, which prevailed during the entire session, and especially on the Sabbath, and saying kind words and giving a hearty, warm shake of the hand to welcome everybody, which was much appreciated by all. At seven o'clock A. M. we walked down to the dining hall for breakfast. We had the pleasure to sit at the table by the side of our much esteemed pastor and a few of the dear people from Ilion that were there. We then paid our bill to the officer in charge, brother Beckwith, took a seat in the bus for the depot, and bade good bye to Trenton camp-ground.

On account of pressing duties in the office of my employers, I was deprived of attending the Class-Leaders' Convention in Syracuse. For fear the brethren, and especially the Secretary, who is a dear friend of mine, might think I had lost my interest in the cause of God and the privilege of the best means of grace which is afforded to a member of the M. E. church, the class-meeting, by not being present to answer to the roll-call, I felt it my duty to write to brother Cobb and explain my absence; also to let him know the reason that brother R. R. Bennett was not there, as he had gone to Florida a few days pre-

vious to spend the winter. Brother Bennett has labored long and hard to bring about a deeper interest in the attendance of the class-meeting, and has succeeded in the organization of the two Conferences to hold an annual meeting to promote the work of a class-leader and prompt the people to attend the class-meeting. I think we all need more enthusiasm and a renewed engagedness in this means of grace. Through the help of divine aid, and an effort on our part to keep the subject before the church, we may help to revive a better attendance at class-meeting of members, and show to them the responsibility which rests upon them, as they have taken vows at the altar when they have entered the pale of our church, to be governed by the discipline and rules of the same. I am expecting grand results and much good from the Conventions; I have attended nearly all of them, and am happy to say God has approved of them, and by his blessing and through the agency of the Holy Spirit led some souls to seek the Lord before the meetings have been dismissed. In answer to my letter to the Secretary (brother Cobb), I have a postal card from him; it cheered my heart and gave me encouragement. I now give its contents to aid you in the service of Jesus:

“ MEXICO, N. Y.

“ DEAR BROTHER—Your letter at hand. We did indeed have a wonderful time—some 150 delegates present—the best meeting we ever had so far. The last night we held a revival service, and four at the altar, and six more for prayer—all adults; the salvation fires kindled all over the room. Our next meeting will be held ———; we will endeavor to change

the day to 16th and 17th, then you can arrange to come. We thought of you all at Ilion. The Lord blesses our meetings in a special manner whenever we meet. We have incorporated now. Give my kind regards to your people. Amen.

“Yours for God, COBB.”

Through the kindness of one of the members of my class, who is absent from home, and has not the opportunity of attending the class-meeting on account of his duties in that popular institution, Hamilton College, where he is preparing himself through study and the help of competent and able teachers, to go out and be a blessing to society in doing good, and by that honor his dear parents, and make a success in the labor and toil of life, and help to make the world better by the use of his talents and gifts that God has endowed him with. I hope the Lord will call him to the ministry, and send him out to preach the blessed gospel, and win men from darkness into light, and from the slavery of sin to God. To my happy surprise I received a letter from that young man. I will give the contents of it to benefit those that peruse these pages. It came unexpectedly to me. He has referred to the meetings, and the help received from me. I am not aware that I have ever helped any one only as Jesus has given me a word to utter, and through the aid of the Holy Ghost power to accompany the feeble utterances, and reach hearts and make impressions that will be lasting, and somewhere in the pathway of life turn their feet into the narrow way. The Lord has given me an interest

a friendly, warm clasp of the hand, and above all a godly walk, a pious example, a Christian influence, and consecrated life for Christ. I like the words of the apostle Paul: "I am all things to all men, that I may win them to Christ." I have that desire in my heart; I try and encourage it by putting it in practice in doing good in every way I can, hoping the good Lord will use his feeble servant to win souls for the Master, and enjoy that beautiful home in the spirit world, for his own name's sake.

" HAMILTON COLLEGE.

" **MR. HUTCHINS:** *Dear Sir*—I learned through my parents that you had called at the house, and was very much disappointed because I was not there to see you. Yet when I next come home I shall endeavor to see you. I am glad to hear so favorable reports of the progress of the church; and I am sure that those whom Mr. Barnes may win for Christ you will keep from straying from the fold. You can have no idea of what good you are doing the young people in your class. Many times when feeling weak and disheartened, I have come from your class feeling strong and happy in Christ, for God had been there. I have spent many glorious moments in that little class-room, and although I cannot be with the class, I think of them very often.

" Mr. Hutchins, you are doing a great work, and God is blessing you. I know it, I feel it; your very words are full of his love; and the young people of the Methodist church are being blessed through your efforts. O, I could write a volume about those little meetings; I could write of words dropped, as you may have thought, on barren and stony ground, which went home to young hearts and bore fruit; of prayers which sank deep into young souls, and set them

thinking; and although I am away from those familiar scenes, I hope that you will never forget to think of, and pray for, L."

ESSAY GIVEN BY THE WRITER AT THE CLASS-LEADERS' CONVENTION, SYRACUSE.

Subject—“Has the interest of the members of the M. E. Church in class-meetings declined?”

Mr. Chairman: Brethren—This question is of vital importance to all lovers of Methodism. I am compelled to answer you in the affirmative; the interest has declined in our church. We must admit of that, as far as our experience extends. To find out the cause, and trace it where it belongs, and obtain a remedy, is what calls us here to-day. Dr. Lowry once said, “Sin has the same effect on holiness that water has on fire.” The great foe we all have to contend with, and the one that is doing us harm in the church and out of it, and is the most busy person I ever heard of, and one that we least think about, and neglect watching to keep him away from the lambs of the flock, to pluck them out of our hands and entice them to absent themselves from the class-meeting, and attend the theatre, go to the ball-room, visit saloons, frequent the fashionable watering place, where you will find the gay and trifling that are in pursuit of happiness in this life, and do not succeed in finding it. If you should engage in conversation with some of those persons that attend the places I have referred to, you will be surprised to hear them say to you, at a certain time in their life they belonged to

the M. E. church and attended class-meeting. For some reason or other they neglected to meet in class, and staid away, and did not go the next week, consequently became backslidden, and to-day are out of the church and away from Christ. Nine times out of ten you will find, if you follow the absentees of your class, and inquire from them, and they are honest, and make a humble confession, you will find it a neglect of duty to attend the meetings and witness for the Saviour. The way of duty is the way of safety. When we as Methodists neglect to attend the class-meeting, unless detained by sickness or being absent from town, we will find out that we are getting cold and indifferent, and losing our zeal and vitality in religion, and our interest and love for the Saviour and his cause is declining. It is a great thing to be a devoted, humble follower of Christ, and attend all the means of grace, and be true to Jesus, and loyal to our beloved church with all her blessed privileges, and faithful seven days in the week. To accomplish all this, we must be willing to pay the price, and make an entire surrender of all we have and are, to God, then and only then can we look up and say, Abba, Father, my Lord and my God. I fear with some of us our conversion is not thorough and genuine; that is, we may stop short in seeking a clean heart saved from all sin, and washed white in the blood of the Lamb. I have known of some Christians that have started out in the narrow way and run well for a season, and in a short time, after the revival spirit has declined, they would remain at home, and not attend class, become cold, and lose their rel-

sh for spiritual things ; they need help immediately, and must get it from some source—from their pastor, or a soul-stirring Holy Ghost sermon, or a prayer from their class-leader, who is devoted and consecrated to God, and will call at their home and pray with his heart filled with the love of Christ, and his soul burdened for the members of his class, or anyone who may be looking for Christian sympathy from some warm-hearted follower of Jesus, that we may go to once to their rescue. We must be on the look-out and ready to act in any case of emergency to assist them that need a kind word to encourage their heart to try again.

I think one reason for the small attendance at class-meeting is, we as class-leaders do not make the meetings interesting ; the members come expecting to get help ; they have perhaps had severe trials during the week. The leader may come in late and not prepared for the duties of the hour, and fail to meet the demands from the members of his class in leading them up higher in the divine life. Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." He also said to the disciples, "Tarry at Jerusalem until ye are endued with power from on high." Brother class-leader, have you complied with that request ? Have you received the Holy Ghost ? It is for you by simple faith in Jesus. O, take it now and go out armed and equipped for the war. You may be called to engage in a hand to hand fight with the enemy of souls, who is lurking about and cunning, to devise ways and means to deceive you and those who are in your charge. Take the word of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and

vield it in the defense of the gospel. A class-leader should be brimfull of religion and running over; in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Then the spray that will come from the overflow of a full heart will stimulate all of his class to renewed life and vigor in the service of Christ. We must have power with God to exert an influence upon men to win them to Jesus. Methodism without the Holy Ghost and the baptism of fire is powerless and dead. Brethren, let us think of this, and ask God to come in power and reign righteousness upon us here and now and use us to advance his cause, and help immortal souls that are hastening to eternity and the judgment, there to be sent to everlasting punishment, or enjoy the company of angels and the blood-washed in glory. Read a few verses from the sacred Word in your meeting and comment upon it as you may be led by the Holy Spirit to guide you in your work. Your own heart will be strangely warmed as you repeat the promises over to those present. There will be a halo of glory in the room; the presence of the Most High will be felt in power; the stillness and quiet of the place will be evident that the Master of assemblies has come to cheer each heart with his tender Spirit and give to them a new experience that they have never witnessed along the pilgrim way. I will not attempt to advise you how to lead your class; you must ask God to teach you how to succeed in doing that, and please him; you must have one object in view, the glory of God and building up of your class; be familiar with the discipline, a good Bible student, in order that you can quote from the

Scriptures to encourage and benefit the class. O, for holy and devout men of God for class-leaders, that are willing to sacrifice time, talent, and use their means if need be, to accomplish the work. A leader must use tact and common sense to get the most out of a meeting and make it profitable for each one. It is true there is great responsibility on a class-leader; any one who does not feel that had better pause and think about it; souls are entrusted to their care, and will become like their leader to a great extent. They should be in love with their work, and rather do it than not; be cheerful, full of hope and courage and exercise great faith in God; be simple and work after the pattern set forth in the Word. I have observed that after a revival in the church the classes are better attended. May we have more of the revival spirit work and go forward expecting to succeed. We, as leaders, need the anointing of the Holy Ghost, so that we can grapple with Satan and defeat his plans and march on to victory with the tread of a conqueror, accomplish our purpose, gain success, and reach heaven. In the Word I read, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me?" O, for that drawing power to be given to each to make us efficient as laborers together with God. We are to toil here and rest yonder; our reward is waiting us. "As you sow so will you reap." We are here to-day to look each other in the face, renew our vows and covenant together, to re-dedicate ourselves to God and the work he has for us to do, and be quickened by his Spirit to renewed consecration and zeal which will be given from Him who sitteth on his throne and

doeth all things well. May a baptism of the Holy Spirit come upon each one ; create in us enthusiasm to advance and defend one of the blessed heaven-bought privileges, mighty for good and powerful, exerting a healthful Christian influence and promoting a holy zeal in the community peculiar in Methodism, and not to be found in any sister church in the land, which is founded on the Word of God and established by that sainted man now in heaven, John Wesley —the class-meeting.

Dear reader, you and I are about to say to each other good-bye ; we have traveled together (in thought) all through the pages of this work. The journey has been a pleasant one to me. I have endeavored to do you good ; my heart is full of good sayings to you ; wherein I have failed to interest you, the fault has come from the head, as the intention of my heart is pure ; nothing toward you but love. Yes, I love your soul ; Jesus loves you, and gave himself for you. Do you love him ? I hope you do. I think no one on earth that ever attempted to put on paper what has been given to them, from whence cometh all our blessings, mercies and good wishes to benefit the human race, has had as strong a desire to do good by the use of the pen as I have. I may never have the enjoyment to look into your pleasant face or greet you with a warm shake of the hand. I am glad that there is one channel of communication to reach your heart, through prayer and faith. My prayer to God daily while I live is, that he will bless and save all that read these words ; that includes you. Perhaps you are already a Christian ; if so, be a cheerful one.

There is no growth in grace to a long, solemn face professor of religion. "A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Some one has said we are to give our smiles to the aged. That is right and proper. I say we are to give our sympathy, friendship, and prayers to the young people. They demand and expect kind words from us ; they do not cost us anything ; but there will come back to us such consolation and satisfaction that we have helped some heart to carry burdens ; we will have a blessed experience in doing that simple thing. Love begets love. I will prove it to you by the Bible. God says in his Word, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Decide now to be wholly the Lord's. You are not your own ; you have been bought with a price ; not silver or gold ; the precious blood of Christ which was shed for you on Calvary. Look at his wounded side that was pierced for your sins ; see the prints of the nails in his hands where he was nailed to the cross, suffered and died for you. O, do not reject him ; he is waiting to receive you with outstretched arms of mercy. He is interceding for you at the throne of grace, and saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." There is a time coming to each one of us when we will need Christ as our friend and Saviour. He is waiting to do great things for you in each step along the pilgrim way. Farewell! May you and I, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord, meet in heaven, for the dear Redeemer's sake. Yours with the abiding Comforter.

